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THE MUNSEY



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MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE

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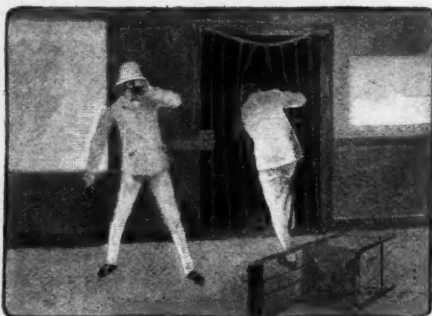
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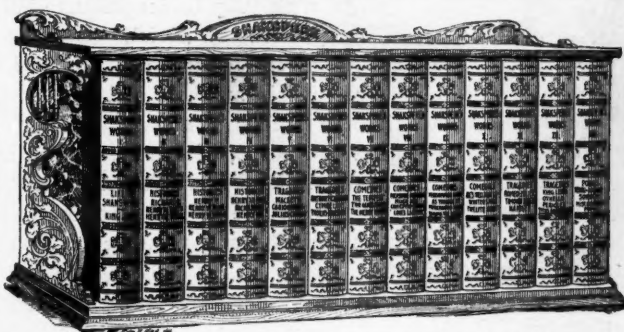
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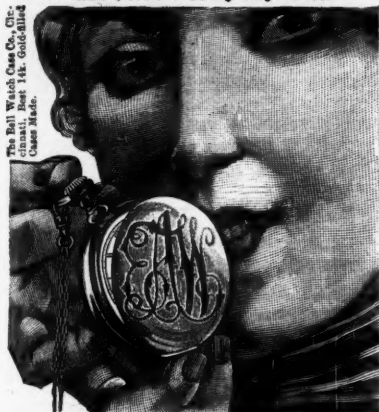
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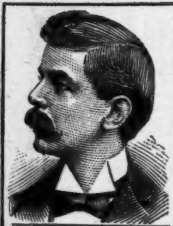
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A Mellin's Food Girl



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Lace—Black King Calf—Double Soles.
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Price, **\$3.50**

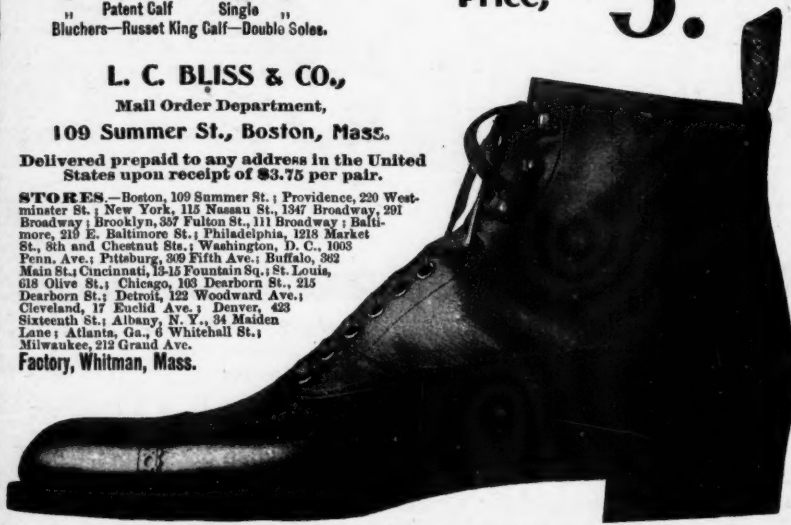
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FOR
INVALIDS.
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DELICIOUS
ICE CREAM
AND
DESSERTS.

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MOST IMPORTANT STATES IN THE UNION, IN AN
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Shipping Depot:—JOHN CARLE & SONS, NEW YORK.**

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THE ARGOSY

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and the subject matter is made up of the surprising details of the voyage of the Raccoon in search of the remains of a lost race. The experiences that befall the voyagers in their quest are of an extraordinary character, and are related in a most captivating style.

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The Choice of John Radcliffe.

A Short Story. How a young man from the West selected his bride.

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A Serial. Part II. How a man in sore straits made an awful resolve, and what prevented him from acting upon it.

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Fifteen Stories about
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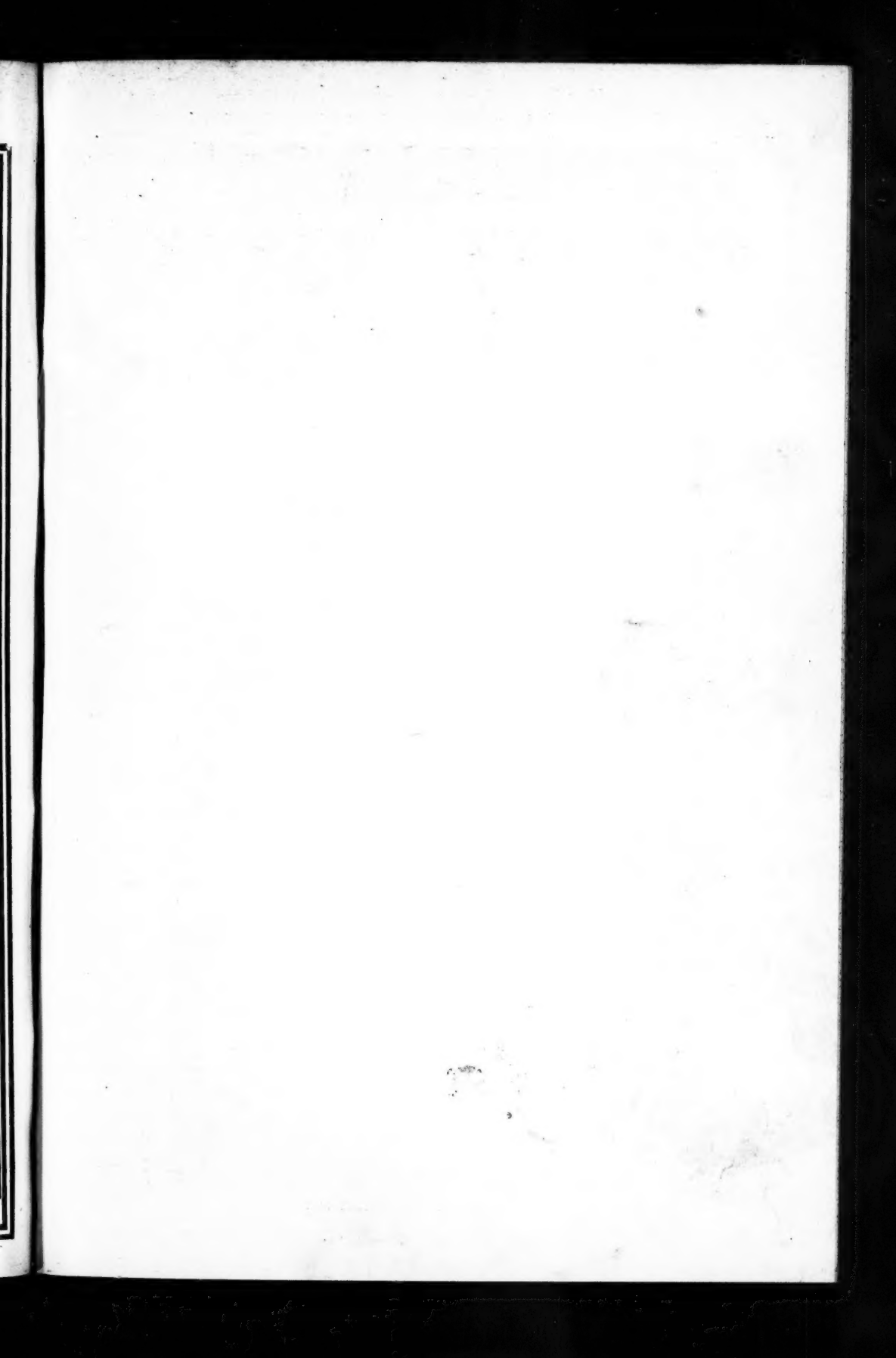
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IRVING WILES' PORTRAIT OF MRS. S. S. CHAUNCY OF NEW YORK.

MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXI.

SEPTEMBER, 1899.

No. 6.

IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

PORTRAYALS OF MEN WHO ARE BEING TALKED ABOUT, WOMEN WHO ARE BEING WONDERED ABOUT, AND THINGS THAT ARE BEING ASKED ABOUT IN THE PRESENT DAY OF THE WORLD'S HISTORY.

A STATUE OF PRESIDENT ARTHUR.

It may or may not be true that republics are ungrateful, but a stranger in New York might be pardoned for thinking so. He would find in the city's streets and parks monuments to such foreign worthies as Humboldt, Schiller, Heine, Beethoven, Mazzini, Garibaldi, Columbus, Bolivar, Burns, Scott, and Shakspeare; but he would search in vain for any memorial of famous New Yorkers like Fulton, Clinton, Jay, and Marey. Of the four Presidents of the United States who hailed from New York the metropolis had no reminder until a few weeks ago, when a statue of Chester A. Arthur was set up in Madison Square.

The fund for the erection of the Arthur statue was raised so quietly among the friends of the dead President that comparatively few heard of it before it was unveiled. The bronze figure was modeled by George E. Bissell, and shows Mr. Arthur rising from a chair in which he has been reading. He holds a book in his left hand, his glasses in his right, as if awaiting a newly announced visitor; and the pose and expression speak the courtesy and urbanity that invariably characterized this typical "gentleman of the old school," as he was often called. While not a masterpiece—as indeed a sculptured presentment of the masculine figure in modern dress can scarcely be—the statue is a creditable one.

is to be the chief entrance of the boulevard connecting the city's fine northern parks, is an instance of the way in which New



THE STATUE OF PRESIDENT ARTHUR MODELED BY
GEORGE E. BISSELL AND RECENTLY ERECTED
IN MADISON SQUARE, NEW YORK.

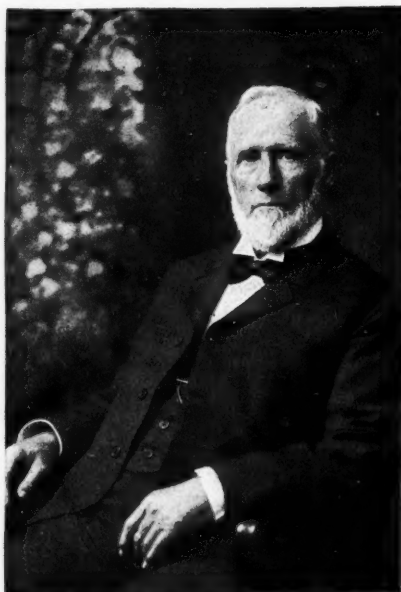
A MONUMENT TO HEINE.

The Lorelei Fountain, recently erected beyond the Harlem River, at a point that



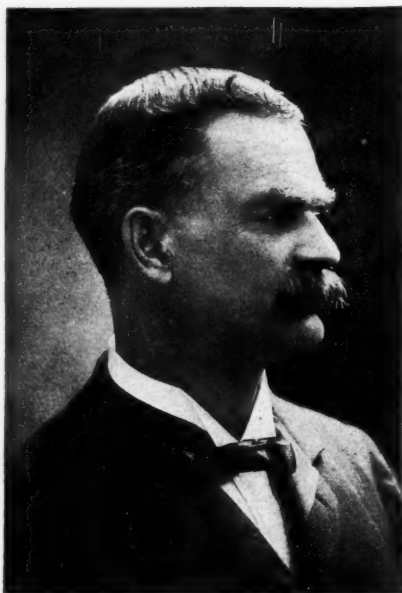
GEORGE HARRIS, D.D., THE NEW PRESIDENT OF
AMHERST COLLEGE.

From a photograph by Marshall, Boston.



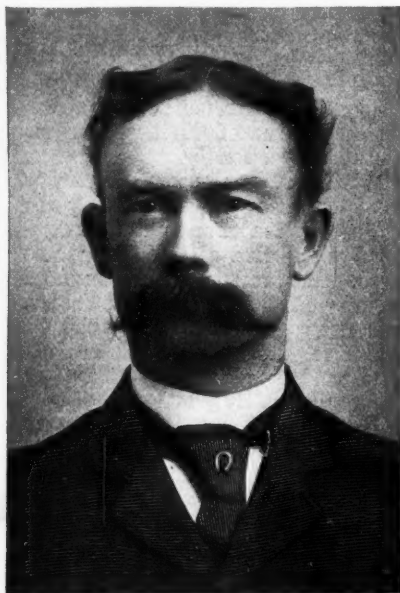
AMOS L. ALLEN, OF MAINE, WHO WILL SUCCEED
TO MR. REED'S SEAT IN CONGRESS.

From a photograph by Lamson, Portland.



CHARLES E. LITTLEFIELD, OF MAINE, WHO WILL
SUCCEED TO THE LATE NELSON DINGLEY'S
SEAT IN CONGRESS.

From a photograph by Merrill, Rockland.



MILES B. MCSWEENEY, WHO RECENTLY SUCCEEDED
THE LATE WILLIAM H. ELLERBEE AS GOVERNOR
OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

From a photograph by Reckling, Columbia.

FOUR AMERICANS WHO HAVE RECENTLY FIGURED IN THE NEWS OF THE DAY.

York has acquired her remarkable collection of monuments to distinguished Germans, Scotchmen, Italians, and other foreigners. Offered to the metropolis by enthusiastic fellow countrymen of the departed worthies whom they commemorate, these memorials are accepted by municipal authorities who are too courteous to look a gift horse in the mouth, and who would rather outrage the artistic

those who see it, though the more critical may persist in questioning its taste and its appropriateness.

THE OFFICIAL HEAD OF THE GERMAN NAVY.

There was practically no sea fighting during the last war between France and Germany, chiefly for the reason that Prussia had but a very small navy and



HERR VON HOLLEBEN, GERMAN AMBASSADOR TO THE UNITED STATES.

From a photograph by Andersen, Stuttgart.

sensibilities of later generations than offend their constituents. This particular work of art is understood to have been declined by more than one city in Germany before it crossed the Atlantic. It was condemned by the Fine Arts Federation and the Sculpture Society; but statesmanship triumphed over professional opposition—founded, no doubt, on mere jealousy—and the fountain is in place.

After all, it is a decorative piece of work, and will probably please most of

her allied states had none at all. Since then the maritime interests and maritime power of the Kaiser's empire have increased tremendously; and should a spark be set to the tinder box of European politics the German war ships, as well as the German soldiers, would be a factor in the situation.

The man who, in case of hostilities, would direct the navy as Moltke directed the army in 1870, is at present Rear Admiral Felix Emil Bendemann, chief of



VICE ADMIRAL FOURNIER, COMMANDER OF THE
FRENCH FLEET IN THE MEDITERRANEAN.

From a photograph by Pirou, Paris.



REAR ADMIRAL BENDEMANN, CHIEF OF THE GENERAL
STAFF OF THE GERMAN NAVY.

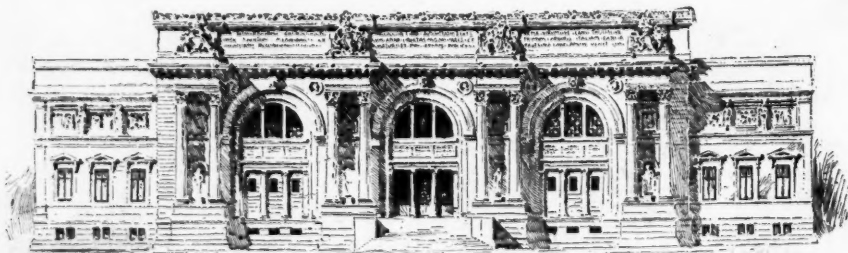
From a photograph by Schmidt & Wegener, Kiel.

general marine staff. Admiral Bendemann is regarded as the ablest naval commander his country possesses. In his career of thirty five years as a sailor there have been two episodes of unusual interest. He was at Samoa in 1889 as chief officer of the corvette *Olga*, lost—through no fault of his—in the terrible hurricane of March 16, by collision with the disabled American man of war *Trenton*; and he is one of the only two German officers now serving in the navy who won the Iron Cross in the war with France. The one sea fight of the campaign, outside of German waters, was an inconclusive duel between the *Meteor*,

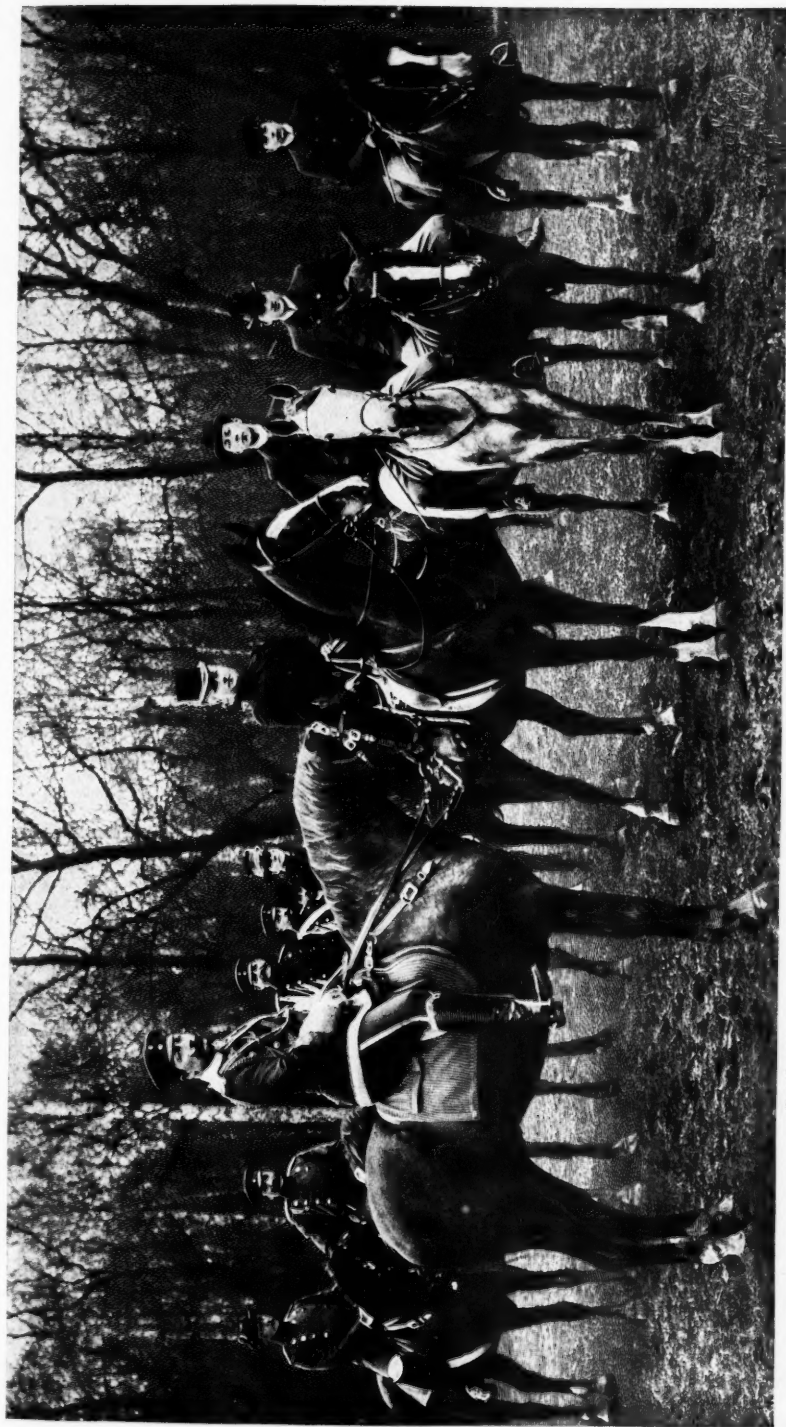
of which Bendemann was navigator, and the small French cruiser *Bouvet*, off Havana. The *Meteor*'s captain was Rear Admiral von Knorr, who has lately been succeeded by Rear Admiral Koster as senior officer of the German forces afloat.

THE VICTORIA CROSS.

The most coveted distinction open to a British subject is the Victoria Cross, instituted in 1856, "as a reward for conspicuous valor in the presence of the enemy." It is the most exclusive. On the roll of the V. C. men alive at the end



THE FIFTH AVENUE FRONT OF THE NEW EAST WING OF THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, NEW YORK.



THE GERMAN EMPEROR AND EMPRESS, WITH THREE OF THE PRINCES AND SUITE, TAKING A MORNING RIDE IN THE SUBURBS OF BERLIN.
The Emperor. The Empress. The Crown Prince. Prince Albert. Prince Albrecht.
From a photograph by Henkel, Charlottenburg.

of 1898 there were but 171 names. In the Order of the Bath, in all classes, there were about 1,200 names, and in the Order of St. Michael and St. George, more than 600.

The whole empire competes for the Victoria Cross. Field Marshal Lord Roberts of Kandahar, "Bobs Bahadur," is

quality which men most admire—courage. It is guarded jealously, and only awarded with the greatest caution. It is no wonder, then, that every manly Briton would rather be able to write V. C. after his name than any other letters within the gift of the sovereign.

In the total of 171 wearers of the Vic-



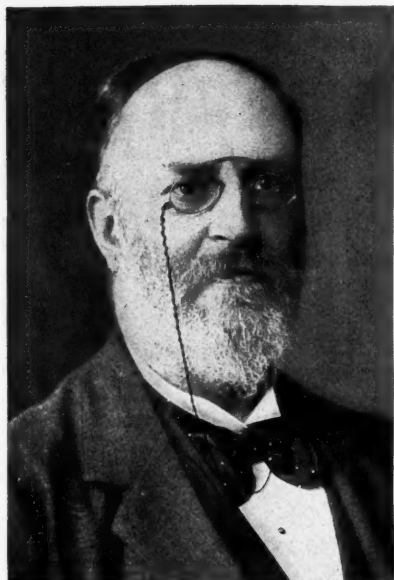
THE LORELEI FOUNTAIN, DESIGNED BY PROFESSOR ERNST HERTER, AND RECENTLY ERECTED AT MOTT AVENUE AND ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTY FIRST STREET, NEW YORK, AS A MONUMENT TO THE POET HEINE.

From a photograph by Wilhelm, New York.

a V. C., and so are Private Thomas Murphy and Seaman William Hall. It is not even confined to soldiers and sailors; we find on the list the Rev. J. W. Adams and one other civilian.

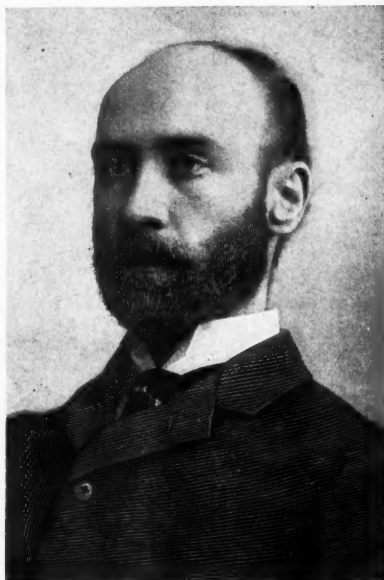
Birth or rank cannot command this decoration. No member of the royal family has it, nor any foreign sovereign or prince. The Victoria Cross can only be got by the personal conduct of the man, and by the exercise of the

toria Cross 113 are officers of the army and navy, and 56 are enlisted men, the other two being civilians. When we consider how aristocratic England is, and especially the army, it is remarkable that nearly one third of the V. C.'s should be enlisted men—sergeants, corporals, privates, gunners, seamen, and musicians. It is not remarkable that there should be but two civilians, for civilians do not often come into "the presence of the enemy."



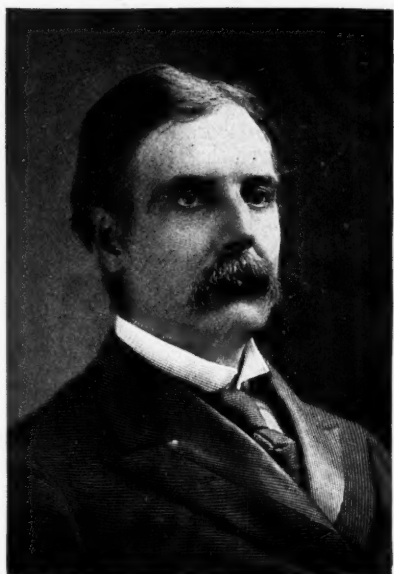
PROFESSOR ERNST HERTER, DESIGNER OF THE
HEINE MONUMENT (SEE PAGE 808).

From a photograph by Wilhelm, New York.



THOMAS J. KEENAN, JR., OF PITTSBURGH, PRESIDENT
OF THE LEAGUE OF AMERICAN WHEELMEN.

From a photograph.



ADDISON C. HARRIS, UNITED STATES AMBASSADOR
TO AUSTRIA-HUNGARY.

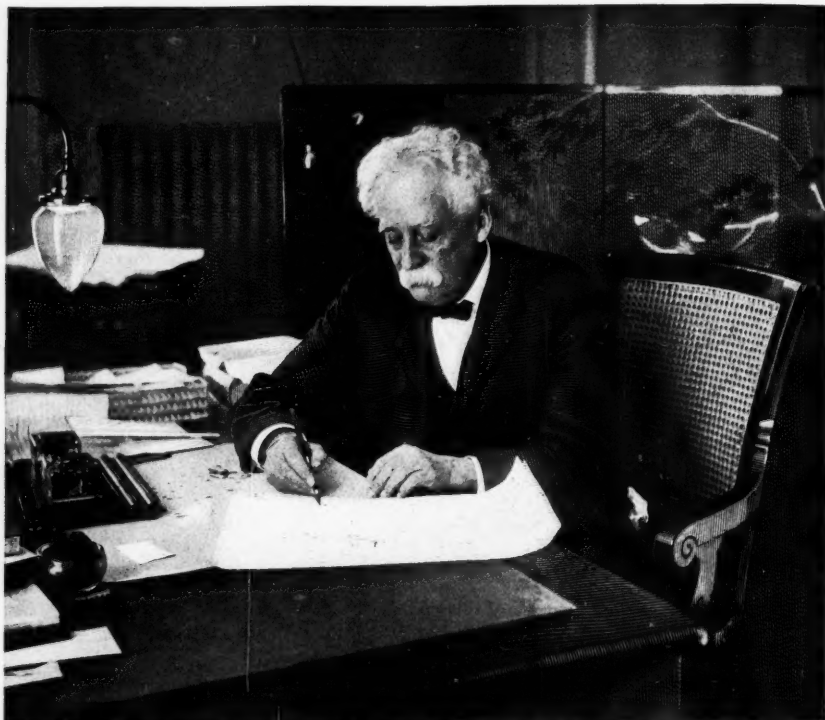
From a photograph by Maxeau & Pover, Indianapolis.



REAR ADMIRAL ALBERT S. KENNY, PAYMASTER
GENERAL OF THE UNITED STATES NAVY.

From a photograph by Butler, Brooklyn.

FOUR MEN WHO HAVE LATELY COME BEFORE THE PUBLIC EYE.



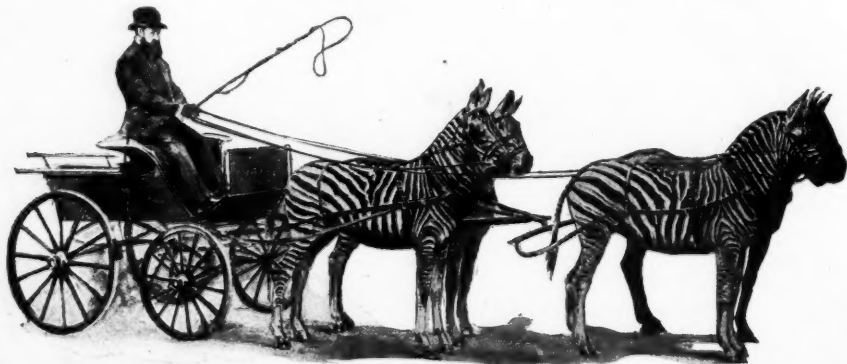
CONRAD N. JORDAN, ASSISTANT TREASURER OF THE UNITED STATES, AT HIS DESK IN THE SUB TREASURY IN WALL STREET, NEW YORK.

From a photograph by Miss Frances B. Johnson.

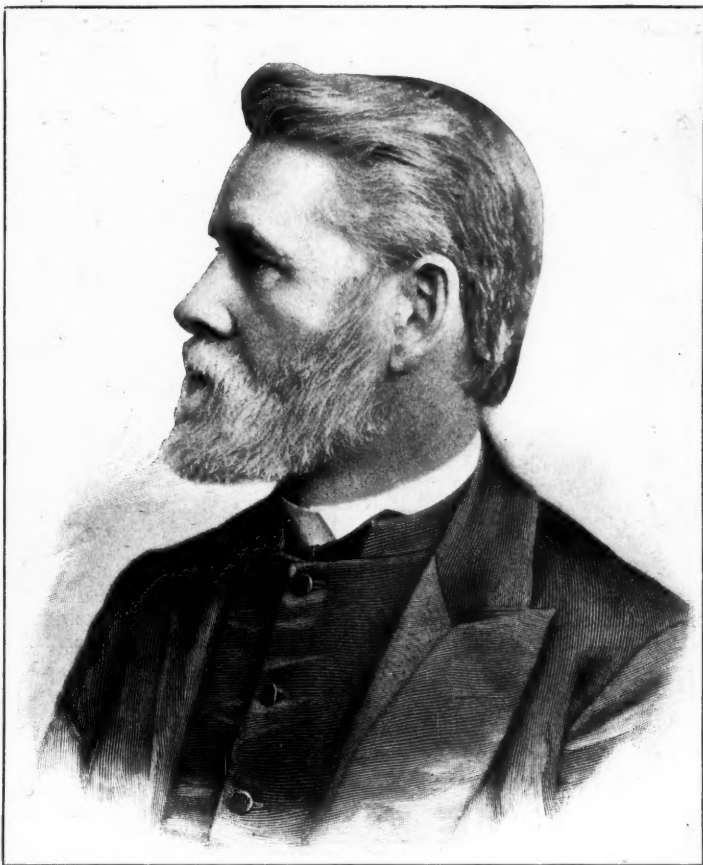
It is worth notice that twelve of those who have the cross are medical officers, or more than one in ten of the total number of officers. As the medical officers in any command are relatively few, and as their duties can very rarely permit them to lead troops, the British surgeons

must be brave men to have gathered in so many of these decorations. The case of Dr. Whitechurch shows how they did it.

Whitechurch was surgeon with Robertson's gallant little band in Chitral in 1895. In a reconnaissance he and Captain Baird were defeated by a greatly su-



THE HON. WALTER ROTHSCHILD, SON OF LORD ROTHSCHILD, AND HIS FAMOUS TEAM OF ZEBRAS.



THE REV. CHARLES A. BRIGGS, D.D., THE FAMOUS BIBLICAL SCHOLAR, NOW A PRIEST OF THE PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

From his latest photograph—Copyrighted, 1899, by George G. Rockwood, New York.

perior force. Baird was shot through the body. Whitechurch put him on a litter and rallied the men to work their way back to the fort. From time to time the litter was set down and all hands halted to beat back the enemy. Finally the four litter bearers were killed. Then Whitechurch drew Baird's right arm over his own shoulders, put his left arm around Baird's waist, and so dragged and carried him back through the steady fire. Poor Baird was again shot, in the face, but, wonderful to say, Whitechurch was not hit, and actually got his comrade and a few of his gallant Ghurkas into the fort. And the beauty of Whitechurch's deed is that he did not go out to win the Victoria Cross, and did not suspect that

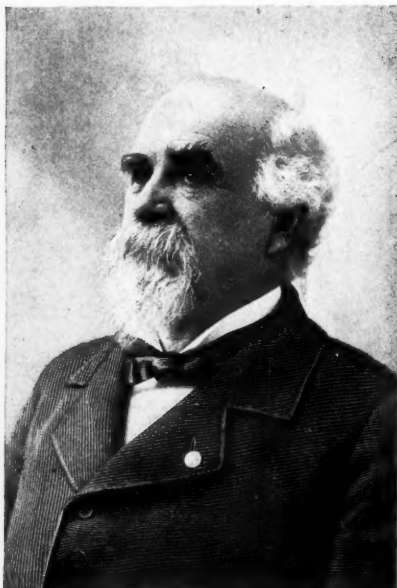
he was winning it. He simply did his duty as a soldier doctor. That is the way the cross is won.

CHANGES IN THE NAVY.

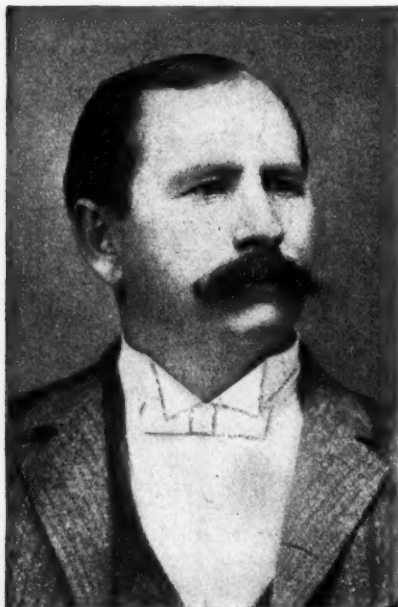
A year after the ending of the war with Spain, the changes of naval life have separated most of Sampson's chief captains from the ships whose guns destroyed the Spanish sea power in the West Indies. The Oregon, the Iowa, the Massachusetts, and the Texas have lost their war commanders, and as we go to press it is announced that the remaining battleship of the quintet that watched and fought off Santiago—the Indiana—is also to change hands.



BRIGHAM H. ROBERTS, THE MORMON CONGRESSMAN
ELECT FROM UTAH.

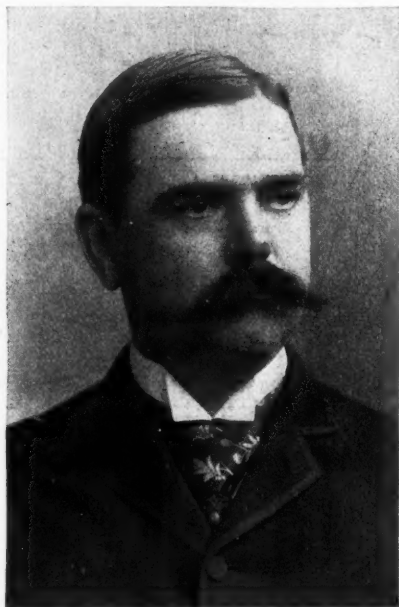


JUDGE M. L. HAYWARD, THE NEW UNITED STATES
SENATOR FROM NEBRASKA.



DANIEL BURNS, WHO IS TO BE APPOINTED UNITED
STATES SENATOR FROM CALIFORNIA.

From a photograph by Taber, San Francisco.



JAMES P. TALAFERO, THE NEW UNITED STATES
SENATOR FROM FLORIDA.

From a photograph by Cummins, Baltimore.

FOUR NEW FIGURES IN THE FIFTY SIXTH CONGRESS.

Captain Taylor has been with the *Indiana* for three eventful years. In the early days of his command she had something of a bad reputation for seaworthiness, her turrets having threatened to break loose in a storm off Cape Hatteras;

to take charge of the Bureau of Navigation, succeeding Captain Crowninshield. His successor on the *Indiana* will be Captain Dickens, who may be remembered as the peripatetic "representative of the President of the United States" during



MRS. ANTONIO DE NAVARRO (MARY ANDERSON) AS SHE IS TODAY.

From her latest photograph by Dupont, New York.

but when a shore berth was offered him, her skipper is said to have declared that he would stay by his ship until she retrieved her good name. That she certainly did by her service in the war; and Captain Taylor, after being in temporary command of the North Atlantic squadron during Sampson's leave of absence, is now

the Duke of Veragua's triumphal procession through the country in the year of the Chicago World's Fair.

THE UGLY SPECTER OF WAR.

Four years ago, when President Cleveland sent a message to Congress that



CAPTAIN HENRY C. TAYLOR, UNITED STATES NAVY, THE NEW CHIEF OF THE BUREAU OF NAVIGATION.

From a copyrighted photograph by S. A. Beadle, taken on board the Indiana.

contained an almost open threat of war against Great Britain, the sober second thought of the country, as the first hurrah of excitement calmed down, very generally deprecated the gratuitous "twisting of the lion's tail," as Ambassador Choate recently termed it. Sincere as is our regard for the present Canadian premier, we must hold Sir Wilfrid Laurier no less culpable for his

recent statement that the comparatively petty questions at issue between ourselves and our northern neighbors must be settled by "either war or arbitration." War is an ugly word, and the mere mention of it by those who bear the responsibility of high political authority makes international good feeling less easy.

The ready excuse for such outbreaks is that they are due to the exigencies of

partisan politics—in other words, that they are meant to catch the votes of the shallow excitability that too often passes for patriotism. Such an excuse is not a dignified one. It is quite unworthy of Sir Wilfrid Laurier.

That was an amusing remark of Sir

have not regarded it as a subject for criticism or complaint.

THE NAVY'S NEW PAYMASTER.

Rear Admiral Kenny, the new paymaster general of the navy, of whom a



ELIHU ROOT, OF NEW YORK, WHO HAS SUCCEEDED GENERAL ALGER AS SECRETARY OF WAR.

From a photograph—Copyright, 1899, by Aime Dufont, New York.

Charles Tupper's in the same day's debate at Ottawa, when he declared that "in his many years' intercourse with English statesmen he had found that one weakness among them was unwillingness to do anything that could possibly bring on a collision with the United States." Others have noticed this same "weakness," and

portrait is given on page 809, is not a sailor who commands squadrons and talks with twelve inch guns; yet he deserves a place among the organizers of our speedy victory over Spain. To him, more than to any one other man, is credited the clock-like working of the Navy Department's supply system, which kept our



BARON CEDERSTROM, THE YOUNG SWEDISH NOBLEMAN
WHO RECENTLY BECAME THE THIRD HUSBAND OF ADELINA PATTI.

From a photograph by Collings, London.



BARONESS CEDERSTROM, FORMERLY M^{LE}. ADELINA
PATTI, MARQUISE DE CAUX, AND SIGNORINA
NICOLINI.

From a photograph by Collings, London.



MRS. HEISTAND, WIFE OF MAJOR HEISTAND, A LADY
WELL KNOWN IN WASHINGTON SOCIETY.

From a photograph by Stalee, Washington.



MAJOR HEISTAND, APPOINTED UNITED STATES MILITARY ATTACHÉ AT THE PARIS EXPOSITION OF 1900.

From a photograph by Stalee, Washington.

men of war constantly in prime fighting condition. It was he who formulated the plan, first put into practice by Secretary Whitney, of a general storekeeper's office, to control all the purchases formerly made by each naval bureau for itself. A high authority has said that "had we gone to war under the old system, there would have been confusion which might have crippled our ships and brought about defeat instead of victory."

Admiral Kenny served as general storekeeper in New York during the war, and his recent promotion is the reward of his efficient work. His record of service goes back to the Civil War, when he was a paymaster in the Federal navy, and was present at both attacks on Fort Fisher.

THE PECCI FAMILY VINEYARD.

The private life of Leo XIII, as is well known, is an exceedingly simple and frugal one, and he is said to grudge all expenditures of money that are not directly for the honor and benefit of the church. According to the Rome correspondent of an English paper, a near relative of the Pope, who was in need of money, remembered, not long ago, that Leo had sold a vineyard belonging to the Pecci family in common, but had said nothing about a division of the proceeds. The young man, spurred on by necessity, took his courage in both hands and went to the Vatican. After much circumlocution he arrived at the point of asking for what he considered his share.

"Share!" exclaimed the Pope, with benevolence. "My son, have you not been to the Church of the Stigmata? Have you not seen there the family chapel, the paintings, the portraits of your grandmother and your two uncles, and the pictures of St. Camile, your own patron, and St. Sylvia, the patron of your grandmother? There, my son, is where your share has gone."

A QUESTION OF NAVAL STRATEGY.

Captain McCalla, who commanded the cruiser *Marblehead* during the war with Spain, and who is now in charge of the Norfolk Navy Yard, recently recorded his opinion that the attempt to block Santiago harbor by sinking a collier in its entrance was, from a military point of view,

a "serious error." Captain McCalla proved himself one of the ablest and most efficient of Sampson's officers, but his judgment upon a matter of strategy is open to question. He thinks that Cervera should have been "encouraged to come outside for battle." No doubt it would have been very convenient if the Spanish admiral had left his harbor of refuge a month earlier than he did; but it must be remembered that we understand his lack of fighting power much more clearly today than we did in the last days of May, 1898, when the Merriam maneuver was planned.

At that time—the most critical time of the war—Cervera's fleet, known to be a formidable one, and believed to be more formidable than it proved, was the one dangerous factor in the naval situation, interfering with our command of the sea, and threatening our coasts with attack. Its destruction in battle was, of course, the foremost object of American strategy; but when it sought shelter in Santiago harbor, and when it became known that the Flying Squadron was unable to blockade it there, the plan of "corking it up"—which Sampson first suggested to Schley and subsequently carried out himself—certainly seemed a desirable alternative. To enter the bay and attack it was, in the judgment of all authorities except General Shafter, impracticable, by reason not of the Spanish batteries but of the mines; how Cervera could have been "encouraged" to come out, when he preferred to stay inside, Captain McCalla does not explain. There were other factors, too, in the complicated situation. One, a very considerable one, was the chance of a severe storm—and storms are not uncommon in West Indian waters—that might scatter the American ships, leaving Cervera free to slip out, before they could reassemble, and resume his menacing career.

In one respect Sampson has armed his critics against himself. It used to be an accepted doctrine that to blockade a fleet as strong as Cervera's, and equipped with swift torpedo boats, was a practical impossibility. The line of steel and fire that the American admiral organized and maintained at Santiago proved otherwise; and in the light of his own achievement it is not strange that strategical theorists should arise to argue that his attempt to

block his prey's escape by closing the harbor entrance was unnecessary and even unwise.

The New York newspapers have so frequently chronicled "the destruction of the Palisades" that credulous people who travel by boat or rail along the Hudson are surprised to see the great wall of rock still standing along the New Jersey shore.

We are fully in sympathy with all efforts to preserve natural scenery, and a park might well be reserved along these fine wooded heights; but as a matter of fact, not the one thousandth part of one per cent of the Palisades has been blasted away, or is likely to be in our time. At certain points where there are stone quarries, the cliff is presumably a few feet further back from the river than it was; but the effect upon the scenery is practically nil.

American troop ships and men of war en route to and from Manila have helped to swell the traffic receipts of the Suez Canal, whose directors report a year of great prosperity. The great ditch between the Mediterranean and the Red Sea is a very valuable piece of property, both politically and commercially. It earned last year seventeen million dollars, paying a twenty per cent dividend, and its receipts are increasing. The largest stockholder is the British government, which owns nearly half of the four hundred thousand ordinary shares. Disraeli bought them from the Khedive, in 1875, for about twenty million dollars—a price much less than their present value.

Mrs. Emmons Blaine, who was formerly Miss McCormick, of Chicago, recently astonished the assessors of that city by voluntarily filing a full and detailed schedule of all her personal possessions, the value of which she put at \$1,563,000. It is sad that such an action should be an astonishing one, and that more owners of wealth do not act upon Mrs. Blaine's theory that the dodging of personal taxes is dishonest and disgraceful. How prevalent the opposite course is may be evidenced by the fact that though there are in Chicago hundreds richer than she, and some famous multimillionaires, hers is

said to be the largest personal tax ever paid in the Lake City.

English business men are supposed to be more deliberate and careful in their methods than the average American; but such a theory is not supported by a recent paragraph in a London newspaper. The inmates of Holloway Jail, it appears, are no longer to be employed in sorting waste paper, for the reason that in the rubbish collected from mercantile houses checks and bank notes were found in such numbers that the warden found the temptation to the prisoners' honesty too great.

Victorien Sardou is one of the few men of letters who have earned a fortune with their pen, and his home at Marly le Roi, near Paris, is a treasure house of beautiful and costly things. But M. Sardou has never cared to invest a fraction of his wealth in the construction of a pretentious family tree, though such things are quite as readily at the command of the *nouveau riche* in France as in America. He frankly admits that there is nothing but plebeian blood in his veins. For three generations his ancestors lived, in very modest circumstances, at Cannes; before that, they were Sardinian fishermen. His great grandfather, he says, may have been wrecked on the southern coast of France and settled where he came ashore; hence the family name, "Sardou" being the local word for an inhabitant of Sardinia.

We trust that we shall not be suspected of publishing a real estate advertisement disguised as reading matter if we observe that New Yorkers who desire to reach high political position should at once hire offices at 32 Nassau Street. That comparatively modest structure has probably had more distinguished tenants during the last twenty years than any other in the metropolis. Here was President Arthur's law office, when he was a Republican leader in New York, and also that of General Horace Porter, now ambassador to France. It has sent several men to the State Senate and Assembly, and one or two to Congress; and among its other occupants, past or present, are Vice President Morton, Lieutenant Governor Sheehan, and Controllers Fitch and Coler. The latest addition to the roll is Elihu Root, the new Secretary of War.

MARGUERITE'S HUSBAND.

BY JULIET WILBOR TOMPKINS.

A RAILROAD ADVENTURE IN WHICH MISUNDERSTANDING MOVES AT RAILROAD SPEED, WITH AN ENDING THAT THROWS A SIDE LIGHT UPON THE FAMILIAR MAXIM THAT HONESTY IS THE BEST POLICY.

THE curtains of the opposite section began to heave and bulge; Beverley lay back in his corner and watched them with very little hope. The other berths had disgorged one by one, producing nothing but frogs and toads—the unalluring convoy of freaks that is native to the east bound overland. He had boarded the train too late the night before to be disillusioned, and he now found himself face to face with the long morning, without a prospect beyond the one tolerably promising man in lower eleven.

Beverley loathed being by himself. He sometimes felt as if, like sound, he did not exist unless there were people around to hear him. In congenial company all his senses were keenly alert and he was full of enthusiasm. Things touched him, and his nose reddened sympathetically to the sound of a violin. Natural beauty thrilled him beyond measure, so long as there was some one to thrill with. When alone, he coldly admitted the attractions of these things, but was bored and restless and irritated, his emotions as dull and flat as uncorked soda. It took an outside personality to generate gas in his case.

The curtains, meanwhile, were growing more and more agitated. A tan shoe appeared for an instant beneath, wavered, drew back, then was planted definitely in the aisle. A few seconds later a line of dark blue appeared over it, lowered from above. There was a quiet interval, followed by a more violent convulsion, then the curtains parted, and, like Minerva issuing from the head of Jove, a young woman stepped forth complete.

Beverley took down his feet and straightened up. Pearls and diamonds at last!

She looked up at his movement, caught the brightened expression in his eyes, and smiled tentatively. Beverley, who had been mentally laying out a discreet siege of window opening and blind

lowering, felt somewhat taken back at this frank skipping of the preliminaries. She did not look like that kind. Nevertheless, he jumped up, ready to take his cue. She held out her hand.

"I saw you get on last night at Sacramento," she said cordially. "I watched all the passengers from my window, and you were the one I picked out."

"What have I run up against!" thought Beverley, trying to shame away a certain pleasant little warmth that crept through him at the idea of being picked out by this attractive young woman.

"I'm glad the others didn't know it," he said. "There would have been a regular cake walk up and down the platform for your approval."

She smiled vaguely, and looked at her watch.

"How about breakfast?" she said. "Have you had yours?" Beverley had, but lied, and a few minutes later found himself carving a domestic little beefsteak at a table for two.

"I hate to be alone when it's à la carte," she was saying. "The portions are too big for one—yet really they're not quite enough for two. I suppose they're gaged for a man and his wife. But you aren't eating even the lioness' share."

He did his best, but with his last beefsteak barely half an hour away, and the waiter eying him in wonder, Beverley felt hampered. Besides, the novelty of the situation would have made eating unimportant in any case. He had played with strange girls before, but they had handled their eyes differently and laughed in another key; and he had known exactly what they wanted. This one was of another race, and he had to feel his way.

"I wish you'd tell me," he said presently, "what good luck led you to fix on me in that dark station."

"Well, partly because none of the others would do," she said tranquilly. "There was one who was possible, in a way, but you were really probable. Of course, I shouldn't have spoken if you hadn't looked so intelligent. Marguerite wrote you what car I was to be in, didn't she?"

Beverley felt a sudden cold contraction under his ribs.

"I—I beg your pardon?" he said, trying to stave off comprehension.

"Why, I telephoned her as soon as I engaged my section, so that she could let you know. It was such a comfort to feel you would be here, for my brother couldn't take me back. I hope waiting over a day didn't put you out."

So that was the hideous explanation, and all her friendliness was on false premises. If she knew the truth, she would grind him to powder with a look, then pointedly forget his existence. And it was five weary days to New York. And he liked her. Strict honor, of course—but he liked her!

"Oh, not at all!" he said. "I was glad to."

"Dear me!" she went on, leaning back to look at the world flying past the window, "it seems so strange to think of Marguerite as married."

Beverley had an alarming vision of coming pitfalls, and felt about for a cautious answer.

"Yes, doesn't it," he ventured.

She smiled around at him.

"Does it—to you?" she said. "Well, I suppose one has to pinch oneself to realize one is married, just as you do to realize you're grown up."

Her meaning shot across his mind with a flash of dismay. So then, he was a married man—the husband of Marguerite. And he was to play the rôle without lines to a clear eyed, wide awake audience who knew exactly how the part should go. He stared unhappily at the inexhaustible beefsteak on his plate, wondering what escape there could be short of falling off the train. She glanced several times at his downcast face, then spoke in a new tone, with gentle gravity.

"Marguerite told me why you were going," she said. "I think it is simply lovely of you both. Of course, I can understand that it is a sad errand for you."

Beverley nodded solemnly. There really wasn't anything else to do.

"I wonder just how bereaved I am," he thought, as he followed her back to their car, after a sympathetic interval of silence.

The dust of the desert was beginning to filter through every crevice, and the air was growing harsh and choking with alkali. She took from her bag several ornate little bottles and made him smell them in turn, then drew out some writing materials.

"Do you keep your family on postal cards while you're traveling? I do," she said. "To write a letter is such a terrible trouble on the train. It hangs over you all day like a black cloud. The prospect of doing the family washing couldn't be half so burdensome in every day life. Even the idea of postals makes my heart sink a little when I'm traveling."

"Well, I never can do anything unless I'm so busy I haven't time to," said Beverley, expanding under an impersonal topic.

"I know. And one feels so cut off from the world, on the train. Let's be good and get our duty all done up right away." She held out to him a postal and a book to write on.

"Tell Marguerite how you found me, while I scribble to my brother," she said.

Beverley sat helplessly before the postal. His few weeks of wandering about the Pacific coast had not resulted in any relation so intimate as to demand a postal bulletin of his progress; yet the thing must be covered. After some consideration, he pulled out his pencil and wrote:

DEAR NED:

Have you seen anything of my strop? It seems to have vanished, and I may have left it at your house during that very jolly Sunday I spent there. Send it to me in New York if it turns up.

Yours,

K. B.

He eyed that with some pride, for, the strop being safely in his bag, he could write tomorrow and explain its reappearance, if this autocratic young woman insisted on another postal.

"Did you say nice things about me?" she demanded.

"Indeed I did—delicately veiled, so that the porter wouldn't be too interested," he answered promptly. He had cut the last rope between himself and

truth, and was prepared to lie his way through without faltering or looking back.

"Let me address it for you with my fountain," and she held out her hand with a matter of course air that paralyzed his ingenuity. He meekly handed it over, and saw "Mrs. Charles Porter Craven" written firmly across it.

"Well, it's a good thing to know my name," he comforted himself, as the two postals went off in the porter's charge to be mailed. "Only I hope Marguerite won't go to any trouble about that stop."

Not long after, tired with the strain, Beverley went back to the smoking room, content for once to be quite alone. The train pounded monotonously ahead, stopping at dreary little stations for breath and courage to attack the blistering desert again. At a small oasis of grass and trees he saw her walk briskly past the window, threading her way among the loitering passengers with an evident desire for exercise. He decided regretfully that he must avoid her as much as possible for the rest of the day. Ten minutes later, when the train started, he was back in his own section with his eyes on the door.

She came in hurriedly and went straight up to him with bright cheeks and an angry light in her eyes.

"Please tell me," she began abruptly, "do I look like the kind of a girl that would strike up train acquaintances with strange men? Do I give you that impression?"

Poor Beverley grew red to his collar button.

"No, no! Not in the least!" he stammered. "I never—please don't think it was—"

"Of course there must be something in my bearing. People don't do such things quite without provocation," she went on, ignoring him. "I'd be very grateful to any one who would tell me—"

"But you don't! There isn't! Believe me, it was all—"

"If I wore a pink shirt and yellow hair, it would be different," she broke in. "He had been staring at me all the morning any way, but I thought I just imagined it. Then, out on the platform, if he didn't come up and try to enter into a conversation! Oh, I hate such things!"

Beverley's color had suddenly become

normal again. He could have yelled with laughter in his relief.

"Some drummer, probably. You know they are professionally friendly," he said soothingly. "Show me who he is, and I'll see that he doesn't trouble you again."

She cooled down at the prospect of active measures.

"Oh, it doesn't really matter," she said. "You see, I never traveled alone before, and I'm silly about things. Probably he was just—fresh. Any way, I think I froze him sufficiently."

"What sort of looking man?"

"Why, rather nice—you've seen him. He got on at Sacramento when you did."

A sickening flash of comprehension crossed Beverley's mind. Till now he had been so busy with his own part that he had not given a thought to the real Marguerite's husband, who was, of course, looking anxiously for his charge. If the two came together, it would be all up with him.

"I know—he sits down near the end," he said slowly. "I think, if I were you, I wouldn't have anything to do with him. I've seen him in the smoking room, and—well, I think I'd rather he didn't talk with you." Which was perfectly true. She accepted his caution with an earnest respect for his superior knowledge.

"Indeed, I wouldn't speak to him for worlds!" she said, and Beverley breathed easier.

Her quick acceptance of his verdict pleased him foolishly. He was not at all advanced. He liked girls that looked up to men for practical guidance, and wives that used "Well, Dick says—" to clinch the argument. His ideal was to build up a crackling fire where some dear little person, still undiscovered, might warm her toes and smile at him while he piled on the logs.

A day on the desert is like a day on a haystack for getting acquainted. Every hour represents at least a week of ordinary town intercourse. By that reckoning, their acquaintance was fully two months old when they reluctantly crawled behind the stuffy curtains of their berths that night. And a great deal can happen in two months. Beverley leaned on his elbow and stared thoughtfully out over the gray desert, mottled with sage brush and ending in dreary little hills—a miserable

amateur desert, endlessly drawn out, but lacking the noble vastness that awes a human atom into respect. Then he pulled down his shade and smiled into the darkness.

"Marguerite, my dear, I'm afraid you're not going to have the happiest kind of a married life," he reflected. "If you want to hold my affection, you shouldn't throw me in the way of strange girls—girls with gray eyes that look straight at you, and corners at each end of their mouths; girls who can interest you without talking rot or having theories. I wonder what her name is?"

Meanwhile, the girl across the aisle was looking fixedly out of the window.

"How very happy Marguerite must be!" she was saying to herself, with a small sigh.

The next morning they breakfasted together, both in high spirits. The rival husband of Marguerite sat a few tables away and watched them covertly. Beverley had seen him go through the train and take a careful look at every feminine passenger. He was evidently puzzled, and the sight of him made his rival feel uncomfortably guilty. The latter planned vaguely to make it all right some day, and meanwhile turned his back on his instincts.

"Do you know, Mr. Craven, you never call me by my name?" the girl said, pouring sugar recklessly into her iced tea. "One would think I was christened 'Oh, by the way.'"

"I don't believe I do use people's names very much," said Beverley uncomfortably. "Especially when I don't know them," he added to himself.

"But it makes talking so impersonal," she urged. "I like a remark to come with my name stamped on it, so that it is mine definitely. Besides, it's a flattering sign that the person knows whom he's talking to."

Beverley glanced up suspiciously and caught a wicked little tightening of her eyelids. A great relief swept over him. So, then, she had found it all out and forgiven him, and he could go forward free of incumbrances, delivered of lies. His face lit up in a laugh of acknowledgment.

"Oh, I saw through you long ago," she went on, smiling back at him.

"And you kept me blundering on, you

merciless person?" he reproached her, affection in his voice.

The ghost was laid in the haunted chamber and sunlight flooded its dark and spidery corners. Her eyes warmed impulsively to his.

"Why, of course I understood," she said. "Marguerite wrote you that Helen would spend a week in San Francisco, and you'd heard her speak of Helen at intervals ever since you were married, and she told you to meet Helen on the train and chaperon her—and you couldn't remember Helen's last name to save your life. Now, isn't that it?"

Poor Beverley felt the ghost rise again, and the light die out. He stared at his plate.

"Why, but you know I don't mind," she went on quickly. "I just teased you a little. It was very natural you should forget. It seems almost silly for you not to call me Helen, any way, considering the years I've known Marguerite. I remember distinctly sending my love to 'Porter' several times."

"Really, I don't believe I've ever known you as anything but Helen," said Beverley, trying to respond with the degree of temperate friendliness suitable to Marguerite's husband, and at the same time not lie unnecessarily.

She tore a piece from the margin of the Salt Lake morning paper and wrote on it.

"I expect you to learn that by heart," she said.

"Helen Blake Landis. There, I know it—by heart—already," said Beverley expressively, forgetting for a moment his rôle of married man. He placed the slip in his pocketbook.

"I don't believe he's a drummer at all," said Miss Landis suddenly.

"Who?"

"The man that spoke to me—just leaving that table now. He wears such good collars, and—oh, I don't know!—I like the way he uses his finger bowl. I dare say he really thought I was some one he knew. Why don't you get acquainted with him and see if he isn't nicer than we think?"

Beverley was hurt and he was also alarmed.

"Of course, I don't know the fellow," he said; "but—well, I've seen more of the world than you have and, frankly, I

don't like certain things about him. He shouldn't have spoken to you that way. Men like that don't make mistakes. He knew perfectly well he had never seen you before. Of course, if you want to meet him, I can easily——"

"I do not, any such thing," said Helen with the touch of resentment he had hoped for. It still lingered in her chin and shoulders when she left the diner, and he was not sorry, for on the vestibuled platform of their own car stood the real Mr. Craven, looking aimlessly at the landscape. There was something in the man's waiting attitude that made Beverley's heart sink. He longed to pick Helen up and rush by with her, but was forced to walk helplessly behind. There was only one thing left to do. He stooped quickly, and in the tone of an indulgent older brother, whispered:

"Here's a good chance, if you'd really like to speak to the fellow." And he thanked fortune for the offended glance she gave him.

The man lifted his cap. "I beg your pardon," he began. "May I ask——"

Beverley stepped quickly up to Miss Landis, with a protecting air. She lifted her chin a little higher and walked on without a glance to either side.

The man on the platform colored a little, then shrugged his shoulders as though to say, "I have done my best," and strolled off to the smoking room.

"Do you know, I can't fit you in a bit well with Marguerite?" Miss Landis was considering Beverley over the top of a salts bottle, several hours later. They had been exchanging confidences at a startling rate, for, though the desert was behind them, the wide green prairies that followed were almost as stimulating to intimacy. He laughed awkwardly, not daring to comment. "You're not like a married man, any way," she pursued. "You haven't any of that 'settled here for life' air. Just how long have you been married, any way?"

It was a trying question. He floundered wretchedly.

"Why, let me see; it's—no—um—it can't be so long as that—why——"

She looked at him somewhat sternly.

"The idea of your not remembering! Men have the least sentiment. It was April, '95, wasn't it?"

"So it was, of course," he answered.

"Dates mean very little, any way. Now, I've only known you two days, and yet——"

"Oh, but I didn't go abroad till '96," she interrupted. "I know it happened while I was abroad."

"What did?"

"Your wedding."

"Yes, of course; '96," said poor Beverley. "That's what I said."

"You didn't. You said '95," said Miss Landis, regarding him with grave eyes. He was about to blunder in still farther when a voice behind them announced:

"Telegram for Mr. Charles Porter Craven." A boy was coming down the aisle, holding up a yellow envelope. The man in lower eleven lifted his head from his book.

"Why, it's for you," said Helen.

"Oh, I think not," Beverley answered quickly. "What town is this? Did you——"

"Telegram for Mr. Charles Porter Craven," repeated the voice.

"It is for you," she insisted, stopping the boy.

"Mr. Craven?" he queried, and Beverley could only nod. The other Mr. Craven was standing up in his section staring at the group. There was evidently a Waterloo close at hand.

Beverley balanced the yellow envelope nervously in his fingers, then laid it down.

"I—I can't bear to open telegrams," he said weakly, in answer to her puzzled look.

"Let me do it," she said with quick sympathy.

"No, I won't be such a baby," he answered resolutely, gripping the envelope. "I'll—I'll go off and face it alone. There's no use—your——" He had no idea what he was saying, but his feet were taking him with tremulous haste in the direction of the smoking room, just in time to avoid a public explanation with the real owner of the telegram, who followed closely on his heels.

"Oh, I was looking for you," said Beverley with clumsy cheerfulness. "I thought this might be your name. Mine is very much like it, so we—I—thought the telegram was for me! Luckily, it wasn't opened."

The man took the envelope, looked at

the clear "Charles Porter Craven" of the address, and then straight into the other's uneasy face.

"What is your name?" he said quietly.

Beverley was worn out with subterfuge. He looked up defiantly.

"Kirk Beverley," he said, and left the room before the other could comment.

Miss Landis was looking troubled. There were things about Marguerite's husband that puzzled and worried her. One was a marked disinclination to talk of his wife. When she forced him into it his tone had been cold and embarrassed. Marguerite had seemed happy enough that week in San Francisco, and had frankly regretted her husband's absence. "But, then, a woman would; she'd pretend," Helen acknowledged, in the light of a new incident. For when the man in lower eleven had passed in pursuit of Beverley, he had held a newly addressed letter in his hand, and she, quite without design, had seen the name written on it, "Mrs. Charles Porter Craven." Why was this man writing fat letters to another man's wife when the other man himself was a total stranger? There was evidently trouble afloat. Men didn't go to pieces so over telegrams unless they were expecting disaster.

"It was nothing—a mere matter of business," said Beverley. He dropped down beside her and relapsed into moody silence, realizing that it might be the last time.

"Whatever it is, he can't be to blame," ran through her mind. "Poor boy; he looks worn out. I wish——"

Beverley glanced up and caught her eyes off guard.

"Helen, I'm—I'm not a bad sort of a fellow, truly," he burst out. "Please believe it. You'll know—find out things—and you may think hardly of me, but truly, on my honor as a gentleman—I am one usually—it was an honest mistake at first. Will you remember?"

"Of course. I will stand by you—in any case. I have seen enough of you to know I can," she said earnestly, and her hand rested on his for a breathless half second.

"Dear me; I hate to think that Omaha is tomorrow," she went on a moment later, making an evident effort to get back to friendly commonplace. "I shan't have a soul to speak to till I

reach Chicago. I wish you were going through."

"But—I am," said Beverley.

"You don't get off at Omaha?"

"No; I find I have to—go straight through. It's unavoidable." He felt his way somewhat as one crosses a dark room, expecting every moment to strike some unseen obstacle. She eyed him with grave surprise.

"But what are you going to do about the baby?" she asked.

There was a sinking in Beverley's chest and a sudden numbness in his faculties. A hideous vista of new lies opened up before him. Was he doomed to play proud parent as well as happy husband? He had an alarming memory of the endless questions women can find to ask about a baby, and hated Marguerite for burdening him with this new incumbrance.

"It can't be helped," he said doggedly. "I've got to go straight through." He did not try to solve what connection there could be between Omaha and the baby. He was tired of feeling around in the dark.

The porter broke in on the silence that followed with a folded slip of paper. Beverley opened it and read:

Will you grant me the favor of a few minutes' conversation in the smoking room?

C. P. C.

He hesitated a moment. Mr. Craven would evidently be leaving the train the next day; but he still had twelve hours in which to make trouble. Better in the smoking room than in the open car. So Beverley excused himself and went dejectedly to his fate.

Helen sat dazed with sudden understanding. With her feminine intuition she had cleared at one bound the mystery that heavier intellects must have broken through bit by bit. Marguerite's husband was going to the Middle West to get a divorce.

It was as plain as daylight. Marguerite had explained the journey by a story of a cousin who had died, leaving a little boy to the guardianship of her husband. He was going to take the child into their own home. Friends were to bring it as far as Omaha. It was like a woman, this elaborate hiding of facts. He had evidently refused to subscribe to the deception or to the farce of married happiness that she still kept up.

"Whatever has happened, I know he wasn't to blame. And he told me he wasn't," she said to herself. "I saw for myself that Marguerite had changed."

The man in lower eleven was evidently in some way connected with the affair. That letter addressed to Marguerite, and her companion's evident dislike of the fellow, threw a lurid light on the affair. The inference was unmistakable. She was shocked beyond measure.

"Perhaps he has to be there, too, for the divorce to go through," she thought, having a very vague idea of legal processes. "How horrible! Poor fellow; how I must have tortured him, harping on Marguerite. And he was too honest to pretend. I'm glad of that."

The truthful Beverley, meanwhile, had walked into the smoking room without plan of any kind. If he could stave the fellow off till tomorrow he would; but chance would have to show him the way. His brain was exhausted.

"I beg pardon for troubling you, but I'm in rather a predicament, and perhaps you can help me," began Mr. Craven somewhat stiffly. "I was asked to take charge of a young lady who was to be on this train, and I cannot find her. Of course, if she does not want to be found—but I want to be sure there is no mistake. I feel responsible in the matter."

A look of ingenuous interest spread over Beverley's face.

"Oh, I see; you are looking for some one," he said, as though the explanation took a weight off his mind. "Well, I don't think it could have been Miss Clark—and that's no lie," he added to himself. The other looked relieved.

"No; Clark was not the name," he said more cordially. "I'm sorry I—she must have wondered at my persistence. Evidently my charge did not come after all. Thank you."

"Oh, that's all right," said Beverley, starting to escape. He got no farther than the door, however.

"I wish you'd explain about that telegram," Mr. Craven said, a look of suspicion coming back to his face. "The names really were—how did you know mine?"

Beverley longed to answer, "Because I'm your wife's husband," but smothered the impulse.

"Oh, that was all an absurd bit of

fooling. I'm sorry for it now," he said, vaguely. "I must have seen your name on your baggage—it was very familiar to me. If you'll excuse me—Miss Clark—"

"I should like to apologize to her for haunting her so persistently," began the other suggestively. Beverley could not tell whether there was suspicion in his glance or not, but cut him off with a hurried:

"Oh, that's all right. I'll explain it. Don't trouble;" and fled.

"If that bluff just lasts till Omaha, and I keep my sanity, we'll be all right for the present," he thought, with a long breath. "For the future—good Lord, how can I ever make it square!" He pressed both hands to his forehead, and wondered if they were crossing a prohibition State. The cares of a wife and child hung heavily on him.

Helen was staring pensively at the glowing fires of the prairie sunset when he came back to her. She gave him a little wistful smile that made him long to put his head down and tell her all his troubles. But he was cruelly shut off from sympathy by the facts of the case.

"He's tired out," she said, with a motherly note in her voice. "What can I do for him?"

"Say nice things to him. He sort of hates himself just now." The words were spoken into the velvet back of the seat, but she heard. "I'll tell you," he went on. "Let's drop off the train and go hand in hand across this big green prairie, straight for that little red cloud on the edge. It will be winter when we get there, and it will be so good to warm our feet at."

"And we can drink this wind when we're thirsty. It's just like warm milk," she said, turning back to the open window. A little lock of her hair fluttered in front of his eyes.

"And forget that there is any one in the world but just ourselves," he added, with a vicious glance towards lower eleven.

"You mustn't," she said, half under her breath. "I understand, of course—I've been very stupid—but you mustn't put it into words. Only I'm very sorry for all I've made you bear. You know that, don't you?"

Beverley was thoroughly mystified, but

dared not show it. He nodded gravely. When they separated that night another month's worth was added to their sense of intimacy. She fell asleep marveling at the blind folly of a woman who could throw away such a possession as the love of this man.

"Marguerite, old girl, you're not in it," was his last waking thought.

All the next day it seemed to Beverley as though fate were on his side. Mr. Craven watched them suspiciously, but he kept to lower eleven. Marguerite was never once mentioned, nor that terrible child, whose probable age and sex had kept him puzzling in his dreams. He almost forgot his peril in the friendly warmth of Helen's manner and the sympathy of her gray eyes. They reached Omaha promptly on time, and he saw lower eleven reach for his hat and stick.

"Come and take a little walk while we're here," said Beverley, and they hurried away with the gaiety of runaway children, she rejoicing that he could put his domestic troubles away from him.

He was a little dismayed when they came back to find the real Marguerite's husband strolling up and down beside the train, but argued that he was waiting to meet some one. Possibly the baby was coming in on another train. Helen climbed up on the steps of their car and Beverley started back for a paper.

"All aboard," came faintly along the train.

"Oh, Mr. Craven," she called anxiously. Lower eleven wheeled sharply and came up to her, lifting his hat inquiringly.

"No—I called Mr. Craven," she said in a chilly voice.

"Oh, pardon me; but that is my name, too—Charles Porter Craven," said the man, his eyes on her face. She started and looked at Beverley, who was coming reluctantly across the tracks, a mass of guilty misery. He saw it was all up.

"All aboard," sounded again, and the train began to move. Beverley swung himself up and so did Mr. Craven.

"But you get off here!" exclaimed Beverley angrily.

"No; I am going on to Chicago."

If he could have thrown him off Beverley would have done it. But the man stood in the protection of the vestibule, and the girl was between them. Beverley glared across.

"What will you do about the baby?" he said sternly. Mr. Craven looked amazed, then smiled sarcastically.

"You may remember I received a telegram," he said. "The people who had my little cousin in charge were detained in Chicago. Is that satisfactory?"

"Not to me," broke in Miss Landis. "Will you kindly explain which of you is Marguerite's husband?"

"I believe I am," said Mr. Craven. The other man made no comment. She turned to him with awful eyes.

"Well?" she said quietly.

"I know," he said. "It was an honest mistake at first, and then I couldn't get out. I mean I couldn't bear to. I knew you'd think I was a cad and an adventurer, and I didn't see any way to prove to you that I wasn't."

"No; I don't believe that there is any way to prove it," said Miss Landis, and walked away leaving the two together.

Neither spoke for some seconds. Then Beverley, in his misery, turned to his enemy and told him the whole story.

"What could I have done?" he ended appealingly. "Tell her in the middle of breakfast that she had found the wrong man? Think how flat she would have felt."

"Scarcely so flat as she does now," commented the other, but his tone was not unfriendly. "Keep away for a while and I'll see what I can do." An hour or so later he came back to the smoking room and stood drumming on the window with his fingers.

"She hasn't much use for you, I'm afraid," he said finally. "I did what I could."

Beverley slept very little that night. Now and then, when the train stopped, a restless movement in the opposite section gave him faint comfort. A girl does not lie awake from justified indignation. In the early dawn he saw Helen, looking very small and young in her wrapper and braided hair, slip out of her berth with her arms full of things and disappear down the aisle. Half an hour later she came back fully dressed, laid some things in her section, and stole away again. Beverley, with the memory of last night's cold snub still on him, dressed and followed her.

"There's a time for pride, and a time to eat dirt," he reflected.

She was standing on the rear platform, and the world was waking up under the first hint of coming sunlight. The train was running slowly, and the air was full of cool stillness. She glanced around at his step, then turned away with a displeased look.

"Please let me tell you how sorry I am," he said humbly. "I've been anything you choose to call me and worse. But I slid into it without quite realizing, and then—I'd have done anything to keep you from getting down on me."

She turned away a little more positively. "I don't care to discuss the matter," she said. "You've put me in a very unpleasant position and deceived me right and left. I couldn't trust you again."

"But I lied very badly. You must have noticed that," he pleaded.

The memory of Marguerite and the divorce and the postal and her wasted sympathy hardened her face.

"I must ask you not to annoy me," she said.

Beverley stood looking down at her for a moment, then turned away without a word. In a few minutes he was back again with his bag and sticks.

"Will you say good by to me?" he said. She looked surprised in spite of herself.

"I am going to drop off at the next station," he explained, "and go on by

another train. My being here under the circumstances will annoy you—and hurt me. I have taken the liberty of falling in love with you."

He saw the struggle going on in her. When she muttered "Good by" he knew it was because she was afraid of crying if she said more.

"Will you let me leave this with you?" he said, writing his address on his card.

"Then, if ever——"

She glanced at the card, then up at him with a startled air.

"Kirk Beverley?" she exclaimed.

"Kirk Beverley! Oh, why didn't you say so in the first place!"

"Do you know me?" he asked, bewildered.

She colored and looked away.

In her mind was a picture of a beach and a small girl following humbly about after a big boy, a nice boy, who ruled the beach sport for the summer, and never dreamed that a little hanger on, in all the humility of first love, was yearning to be noticed. They were the same eyes, too.

"I did once, years ago; only you didn't know it," she said.

The train stopped with a jerk and he held out his hand.

"Here's my station," said Beverley.

"But—you haven't heard yet how I know you. Can't you—wait till the next?" she said.

A LYRIC OF AUTUMN.

WHEN the cheek of the haw grows deeper,
And the quail begins to pipe,
When the fruit on the crimson creeper
Hangs purple ripe,
When the frosty breezes greet one
Striding the morning land,
Then it's oh, my true and sweet one,
Give me your hand!

When the leaf on the linden lusters,
And the southering wild fowl clang,
When the pendant fox grape clusters
Have a winy tang,
When the hills that slope beyond one
Swim in a half eclipse,
Then it's oh, my fair and fond one,
Give me your lips!

When the nights wax clear and crisper,
And the corn is red in the ear,
When the willows lean and whisper
Down by the weir,
Ere the wolf winds lift their snarling—
With troth of "never to part,"
Then it's oh, my dear and darling,
Give me your heart!

Clinton Scollard.

THE WORLD'S FOOD SUPPLY.

BY EDWARD S. HOLDEN, LL.D.

IS MANKIND IN DANGER OF STARVATION?—MALTHUS' OLD QUESTION OF THE PRESSURE OF POPULATION UPON THE MEANS OF SUBSISTENCE RAISED AGAIN, AND ANSWERED IN THE LIGHT OF PRESENT CONDITIONS.

JUST a hundred years ago affairs in England were gloomy indeed. The Napoleonic wars pressed hard on English commerce. English agriculture was prostrate under a long succession of bad harvests. The average price of a quarter of wheat in the years 1771-'80 was about 34 shillings. From 1791 to 1800 it was 63 shillings. In the decade from 1811 to 1820 it rose to 87 shillings. During the years 1793 to 1815 the national debt was increased yearly by enormous amounts, so that in 1816 England owed nine hundred million pounds sterling, or \$4,500,000,000—something like \$225 for every man, woman, and child in the kingdom.

At this very time, inspired by these conditions, the celebrated Malthus published—in 1798—the first edition of his "Essay on the Principles of Population," which was the earliest attempt to discover the relations existing between the population of the world and its food supply. The conclusions of Malthus made a profound impression on his contemporaries, and they have influenced all subsequent thinking. They were not all true; many of them were entirely misunderstood in his own day and are still misconceived. He was the first philosopher to emphasize "the struggle for existence," and to work out some of its consequences, as Darwin, two generations later, worked out many others. Whether he interpreted the consequences correctly or not, it is certain that the struggle exists: on the one hand, there are just so many mouths to be fed; on the other hand, there is just so much food to supply their wants.

The land area of the earth is limited, and can produce no more than a fixed maximum of food. Each individual of the population of the globe must eat or die. If he is not reasonably sure, today, of food for the morrow, he lives in anxiety and wretchedness. Population cannot,

then, increase beyond a certain maximum without entailing universal misery. Such is a statement of so much of the Malthusian doctrine as concerns us here, in the rather general and loose form in which it is commonly received. There are two factors—number of mouths to be fed, and food to supply them—and there is a definite relation between the two.

Now, the food supply is strictly conditioned by the area of the cultivated land and by the productiveness of the soil. In a limited region like England, for example, there are just so many acres available for the cultivation of wheat (for Englishmen are very much given to thinking of all the world as bread eaters and of all food supply as wheat) and each acre can produce only so much wheat at a crop. It is obvious that under the pressure of necessity every energy would be bent to increasing the product per acre, and every resource of science brought in to aid. It is conceivable, Malthus says, that in each generation the product might be increased by a quantity equal to the original yield. If, for instance, a certain region produced *one* million bushels of wheat in 1800, we may conceive that by strenuous exertions it could be made to yield *two* millions in 1833, *three* millions in 1866, *four* millions in 1899, and so on. Every generation of workers, by immense labor, patience, and skill, and by taking advantage of every discovery in science, might be able to add to its wheat product a quantity equal to the original harvest of its fathers. Starting at any generation, the wheat supply might be represented in succeeding generations by the numbers

2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, etc.

But in the mean time the population will be increasing. Let us suppose that each married pair has four children who grow to maturity. In each generation the population will be doubled. The num-

bers of any generation will be represented by the numbers of the preceding generation *multiplied* by two. It is no longer an addition, as in the case of the wheat supply, and the results (numbers of the population in each succeeding generation) are represented by the figures

2, 4, 8, 16, 32, 64, 128, 256, 512, 1,024, 2,048, 4,096, etc.

While the food supply increases thirteen fold, the mouths to feed increase four thousand fold, and so indefinitely. What is once true for limited regions (witness the famines in India, in Russia, and in other countries) will finally be true for the whole earth. The result is disaster. Such, in a more detailed form, is the general understanding of Malthusianism, and it is instructive.

Malthus' own words are:

"Population, when unchecked, goes on doubling itself every twenty five years. Taking the whole earth and supposing the present population equal to a thousand millions, the human species would increase as the numbers 1, 2, 4, 8, 16, 32, 64, 128, 256, and subsistence as 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9. In two centuries the population would be to the means of subsistence as 256 to 9; in three centuries, as 4,096 to 13; and in two thousand years the difference would be almost incalculable."

It is, at first glance, obvious that disaster is not *imminent*. Man has lived on the earth for hundreds of centuries. He was never so well fed as at the present moment. North America three hundred years ago scantily supported perhaps a million Indians. Today the population of the United States alone is more than seventy five millions. More men use bread made from wheat today than at any previous time.

And must we calculate for the future in terms of wheat? Man does not live by bread alone. The Hawaiian subsists and grows fat on *poi* made from *taro*. A plot of ground four feet by seven, cultivated for five or six days in a year, yields sufficient food for an individual, when it is supplemented by fish taken from the ocean. The land area required for the support of a Hawaiian living is no greater than the space needed for his grave. For thousands of years men have taken fish from the sea, but it is only lately that our commissions have begun

systematically to study the means of increasing the supply of food fishes. There need never be another famine on the earth so soon as quick transportation is provided from the sea coasts to interior regions. Mankind is but just beginning to take possession of the earth and the sea—and easy transportation is the remedy for many of our present ills, from famines in India to overcrowding of the poor in city tenements.

In the United Kingdom the population increased ten per cent during the ten years 1855-'65, and ten per cent during 1865-'75 also; but the *wealth* of the country increased thirty per cent in the first of these decades, and forty four per cent during the second. In the United States in 1790 the average wealth of each person was \$187, while in 1870 it had increased to \$777. In 1890 it was more than \$1,000 per inhabitant. Wealth is not food supply, but it represents general comfort far better than the statistics of wheat production.

The paragraphs just written are sufficient to show that the disaster foretold by Malthus is not imminent. It would not be difficult, with sufficient space at command, to demonstrate that it is probably more nearly true to reverse the law announced by him and to say that the populations of the earth increase nearly as the numbers 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, etc., while the supply of food and the average comfort increase as the numbers 4, 8, 16, 32, 64, 128, 256, etc. Whatever the general law may be, there are always two factors to be considered—the number of mouths to be fed, and the amount of food to feed them—and every now and again the problem is restated from a new point of view, and is reconsidered.

The latest reconsideration of the question is contained in the address of Sir William Crookes, president of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, delivered at the Bristol meeting in August, 1898. Like a true Englishman, Sir William makes all his calculations in terms of wheat, and takes a gloomy view. Like a true man of science, he afterwards points out the remedies that science has to offer. A short abstract of his very interesting address follows.

In the first place, Sir William points out that the consumption of wheat in the United Kingdom is about 240,000,000 bushels per annum, and that an annual

increase of some 2,000,000 bushels is required to provide for the annual increment of population. He takes the annual consumption of wheat per inhabitant to be more than six bushels—a datum that is very doubtful, it may be said in passing.

We may contrast this consumption with that of Japan (a rice eating community), where it is about half a bushel only.

Three quarters of the wheat consumed in the United Kingdom is imported. Only one quarter is produced at home. The average yield per acre, according to recent statistics, is thirty five bushels, and to make the kingdom self supporting it would be necessary to add some 13,000 square miles (an area nearly one fourth that of England) to the wheat acreage at once. About one hundred square miles more must be added annually to provide for the annual increase of population. While it is not impossible that these demands might be met under the imperious pressure of impending starvation, his calculations lead him to believe that for the present, at least, 150,000,000 bushels must be annually imported from foreign wheat fields.

He says "the burning question of today is, what can the United Kingdom do to be reasonably safe from starvation in presence of two successive failures of the world's wheat harvest, or against a hostile combination of European nations?" When the Princesse de Lamballe heard the Parisian revolutionary mob crying for bread, the story goes that she innocently asked why, if they lacked bread, they did not eat cake. In the same way it may be answered here that wheat bread is not essential to life. The habits of a nation are not sacred, especially in times of war. The flour from corn (maize) is nearly as good a food as that from wheat. The meal from oats has been the food of the Scottish people from time immemorial, and it is, weight for weight, a better food than the meal from wheat. Rye flour supports millions of hardy soldiers and virtuous citizens on the continent of Europe. More than a billion bushels of rye are annually consumed, chiefly in the form of bread.

If the wheat harvest fails, other harvests will not fail. So long as England keeps her dominion over the seas, and an open door for foreign products, she will not starve. It is conceivable that a hos-

tile combination of foreign nations might force a change of habits, but her policy of steady friendship with her colonies all over the world, and with her foster daughter, the United States, insures her food supply so long as the British navy is supreme on the seas.

It is to be noted in passing that the lacking elements in other cereals than wheat can readily be supplied by supplementing one's habitual food by other commodities. Maize bread and baked beans supplied the wants of the English colonists in New England for the first century of their transplantation, and they were fully as vigorous both in mind and body as their cousins in the old country.

Sir William next considers the wheat supply of the world. The bread eaters in 1871 numbered 317 millions, he says; in 1881, 416 millions; in 1891, 516 millions and more. The needs of the 516,500,000 bread eaters are more than 2,300 millions of bushels. Russia, Siberia, Canada, Manitoba, Australia, New Zealand, the Argentine, Africa, and finally the United States are considered in turn, and the dismal outlook is summed up as follows:

"Should all the wheat growing countries add to their area to their utmost capacity, the yield would give us only an addition of some 100 million acres, supplying, at the average world yield of twelve and seven tenths bushels to the acre, 1,270 million bushels, just enough to supply the increase of population among bread eaters till the year 1931. When provision shall have been made, if possible, to feed the 230 million units likely to be added to the bread eating populations by 1931—by the complete occupancy of the arable areas of the temperate zone, now only partially occupied—where can be grown the additional 330 millions of bushels of wheat required ten years later (in 1941) by a hungry world?"

Here we have a term set. Up to 1931 A. D., by strenuous exertions, the bread eaters of the world may, conceivably, be supplied. They will form part of "a hungry world" after that time unless new remedies are found. Sir William, himself a chemist of the first eminence, finds these remedies in the discoveries of chemistry—in fact, in a discovery of his own.

To produce more wheat, we must have more nitrogen. To produce it cheaply, we must have cheap nitrogen. The

guano and nitrate beds of the world will not last, at a liberal estimate, more than fifty years longer. The only source of nitrogen that can be depended upon is the atmosphere. A room 146 feet by 80 feet by 70 feet contains 27 tons weight of nitrogen in its air. If this nitrogen could be freed and combined with soda, it would be worth \$10,000 as a fertilizer. An experiment of Sir William's, made in 1892, shows that the nitrogen of the atmosphere may be freed by burning it out of the air by a powerful current of electricity. To have cheap nitric acid we must have cheap electricity, and therefore we must resort to natural forces like those of waterfalls, and not depend upon steam derived from fuels. Niagara alone, it is calculated, is capable of supplying the necessary electrical energy to make the fertilizers sufficient to increase the world's yield of wheat from 13 to 20 bushels per acre. "The future can take care of itself. The artificial production of nitrate is clearly within view, and by its aid the land devoted to wheat can be brought up to the 20 bushels per acre standard. In days to come, when the demand may again overtake supply, we may safely leave our successors to grapple with the stupendous food problem." The disaster is not to come after all. One waterfall is sufficient to avert it.

With this conclusion the matter might be left. The president of the British Association has raised a question of the Malthusian order. He has not left us, like Malthus, to despair, but has shown how the laboratory of the chemist will serve "a hungry world"—a world that might be hungry in 1931. But in considering such mighty matters it is well to be sure, first of all, that the data are correct. Is the wheat supply of the world so near to the point where distress and want are to begin? The question has been studied by several commentators since the president's address, and the result is not a confirmation of its dismal prophecy.

It is not true that the wheat supply is in this parlous state. Denials come from experts all over the world. It is telegraphed from Sydney that the wheat growing area of New South Wales has been increased 26 per cent in a single year. The fertility of soils can be augmented amazingly. The yield per acre in Den-

mark is today nearly 42 bushels. An expert from Canada estimates that that Dominion alone has 100 million acres of new land available for wheat culture. The statistics as to the number of bread eaters are questioned. The Argentine Republic and other countries, so far from being near the limit of their product, as he says, are in fact just beginning to develop their resources in this direction. Africa, which Sir William dismisses with a few words, has "limitless possibilities." It is very doubtful if the per capita consumption of wheat is increasing even in England. The new foods—refrigerated beef and the like—have actually diminished the demand for wheaten bread, formerly the staff of life.

The statistics in relation to America are more immediately interesting to us, and these have been set forth by various writers; notably by Mr. Edward Atkinson, who has discussed returns obtained through the United States Department of Agriculture. Sir William Crookes says of America: "Practically there remains no uncultivated prairie land in the United States suitable for wheat growing. The virgin land has been rapidly absorbed, until at the present day there is no land left for wheat without reducing the area for maize, hay, and other necessary crops. It is almost certain that within a generation the ever increasing population of the United States will consume all the wheat grown within its borders, and will be driven to import, and, like ourselves, will scramble for a lion's share of the wheat crop of the world."

The statements of this paragraph are amazingly erroneous. At the present time a fraction under four per cent of the arable land of the United States is devoted to wheat growing, and on this four per cent (some 71,000 square miles) between 600 and 700 million bushels are produced. This is more than a fourth of the present annual consumption of the world. Will any one hesitate an instant in declaring that, under proper stimulus, the wheat growing area of the country would not quickly be increased ten fold? There are at least 100,000 square miles of our territory suitable to the production of wheat now entirely idle so far as agriculture is concerned. There are millions of acres that would be put to use under sufficient stimulus.

The matter is put in a most convincing way by Mr. Atkinson when he asks what would be the practical result of an offer by Great Britain to pay one dollar for every bushel of wheat grown in America and delivered in London. "Dollar wheat" in London would mean a price of from sixty to eighty cents per bushel on the farm. It has been seriously proposed in England to build huge national granaries for storing a supply of grain. Suppose instead of this that England should contract with the United States for "dollar wheat" for a long term of years, and that the navies of England and of this country should engage to keep the ocean passage clear of enemies. What would be the result?

The American farmer would, under this permanent advantage, turn his energies to wheat growing. Soils would be fertilized and cultivation improved so as to insure an average crop of at least twenty bushels to the acre. Only 128 million bushels are required annually to supply the wants of the United Kingdom. 128 million bushels at twenty bushels per acre requires 6,400,000 acres, or ten thousand square miles of new wheat land. Let us say that *new* land is to be taken, since in this way we insure that there shall be no interference with the present disposition of other crops—hay, maize, etc. Let us suppose, again, that in order to prevent the exhaustion of the land, wheat is to be the crop on each square mile only one year in four. An area of forty thousand square miles is called for, then. The unoccupied area of the Indian Territory contains more than thirty thousand square miles, and could, if necessary, perform three fourths of the required service. The unoccupied regions of Oklahoma would take care of the rest. It is reported by experts that substantially the whole area of these Territories is suitable for raising wheat. All of England's needs could be met by these two Territories, and every other acre of the United States might remain as it now is!

Kentucky's area is 40,400 square miles; Tennessee's is 42,050; that of Kansas is 82,080; of Nebraska is 77,510; of Minnesota is 83,365; of the two Dakotas is 148,445; of California is 158,360; of Oregon is 96,030; of Washington is 69,180; of Texas is 265,780. To engage 40,000 square miles for wheat growing from these regions under the stimulus of good prices would be the matter of a few weeks and of a little telegraphing. There are many firms now in existence who would gladly take a contract to deliver "dollar wheat" in London for a term of years, and this without invoking any new aids from science. It would be a mere matter of business and a fortunate one for them.

These estimates of Mr. Edward Atkinson's are based on returns from the Agricultural Experiment Stations of the United States. In details they may need revision; but his general conclusions are not likely to be overturned. It is likely that, before many years have passed, a general system of storage reservoirs and distribution canals for irrigating the so called arid lands of the great West will be established. When this is done millions of acres of rich land will be added to the wheat growing area of the country in Montana, Idaho, Nevada, Arizona, New Mexico, etc.

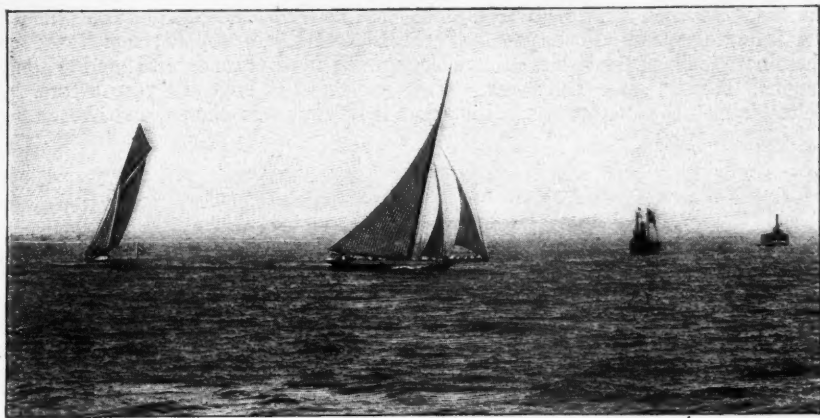
It is entirely unnecessary to follow the inquiry any further for our present purpose. The dismal prophecies of the new Malthus have no solid foundation. They are based on incorrect data. It is not necessary to go outside of the United States to find a food supply for "a hungry world." It is not even yet necessary to call upon science for advice. The old and well worn methods will still apply. When they do not, scientific chemists—Sir William Crookes first among them—will supply what is lacking to our special processes. And in the mean time the vast army of bread eaters may live in peace undisturbed by the prognostics of evil times shortly to come.

LEGACIES.

Unto my friend I give my thoughts,
Unto my God my soul,
Unto my foe I leave my love;
That is of life the whole.

Nay, there is something—a trifle—left;
Who shall receive this dower?
See, earth mother, a handful of dust—
Turn it into a flower.

Ethelwyn Wetherald.



THE COLUMBIA AND THE DEFENDER IN THEIR TRIAL RACES OFF SANDY HOOK—THE COLUMBIA LEADS AROUND THE TURNING STAKE.

THE AMERICA'S CUP IN 1899.

BY W. J. HENDERSON.

THE LATEST PHASE OF THE LONG CONTEST FOR THE BLUE RIBBON OF THE YACHTING WORLD—
HOW THE OLD RACES BETWEEN AMERICAN "SKIMMING DISHES" AND ENGLISH
"KNIFE BLADES" HAVE DEVELOPED INTO A MATCH BETWEEN TWO
BOATS ALMOST EXACTLY ALIKE IN DESIGN.

IN spite of the fact that very few persons can claim to rank as nautical experts, there are still fewer who take no interest in the approaching races for the America's Cup. The average American loves a race of any kind, and adores a contest in which skill and pluck play conspicuous parts. And somewhere in the current of our national blood there are certain drops—probably the last remnants of the ruddy stream in the veins of the early adventurers who came in mere row-boats to seek for the fountain of eternal youth or the secret of boundless wealth—which make us a seafaring people, as the nations of the earth have recently had occasion to learn. Great Britain has for centuries, with substantial reason, claimed to be the mistress of the seas, yet for more than forty years she has coveted in vain the trophy of the world's yachting championship, taken from her by us and held with the vigor of self confident youth.

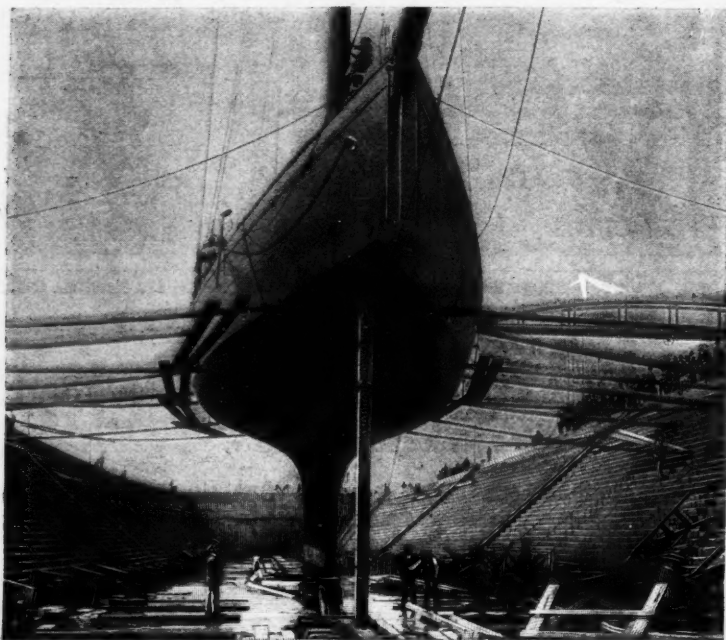
It was in the summer of 1851, when one of the great international expositions

was in progress, that the British offered a cup to be sailed for by the yachts of all nations. A few Americans, owners of the schooner yacht America, sailed her across the ocean and entered her in that race. The course was around the Isle of Wight, and the America defeated all her British competitors in a manner exceedingly painful to the English spectators. Six years later her owners presented their trophy to the New York Yacht Club, to be held as a perpetual international challenge cup; and that was the origin of the contests for the famous bit of silverware.

The British were too plucky and too justly proud of their own prowess on the water to allow the cup to rest undisturbed in the lockers of the New York Yacht Club. In 1870 James Ashbury challenged for it, and on August 8 of that year his schooner Cambria sailed a race against the whole fleet of the local club. That was the way the contest was conducted at that time. The schooner Magic was the winner, the Cambria coming in tenth. Thereupon Mr. Ashbury went home and

built another schooner, which he named *Livonia*. He tried again with this yacht the following year. Four yachts were chosen to sail against him—*Columbia*, *Sappho*, *Palmer*, and *Dauntless*. The *Columbia* met the Englishman in the first

tions were made. Two new sloops, the *Mayflower* by Burgess and the *Atlantic* by Ellsworth, were built; and these competed in trial races with the *Puritan* and the *Priscilla*, built the year before. The *Mayflower* was chosen, and she beat the



VALKYRIE III IN DRY DOCK, PREPARATORY TO HER RACES WITH THE VIGILANT, IN 1895.

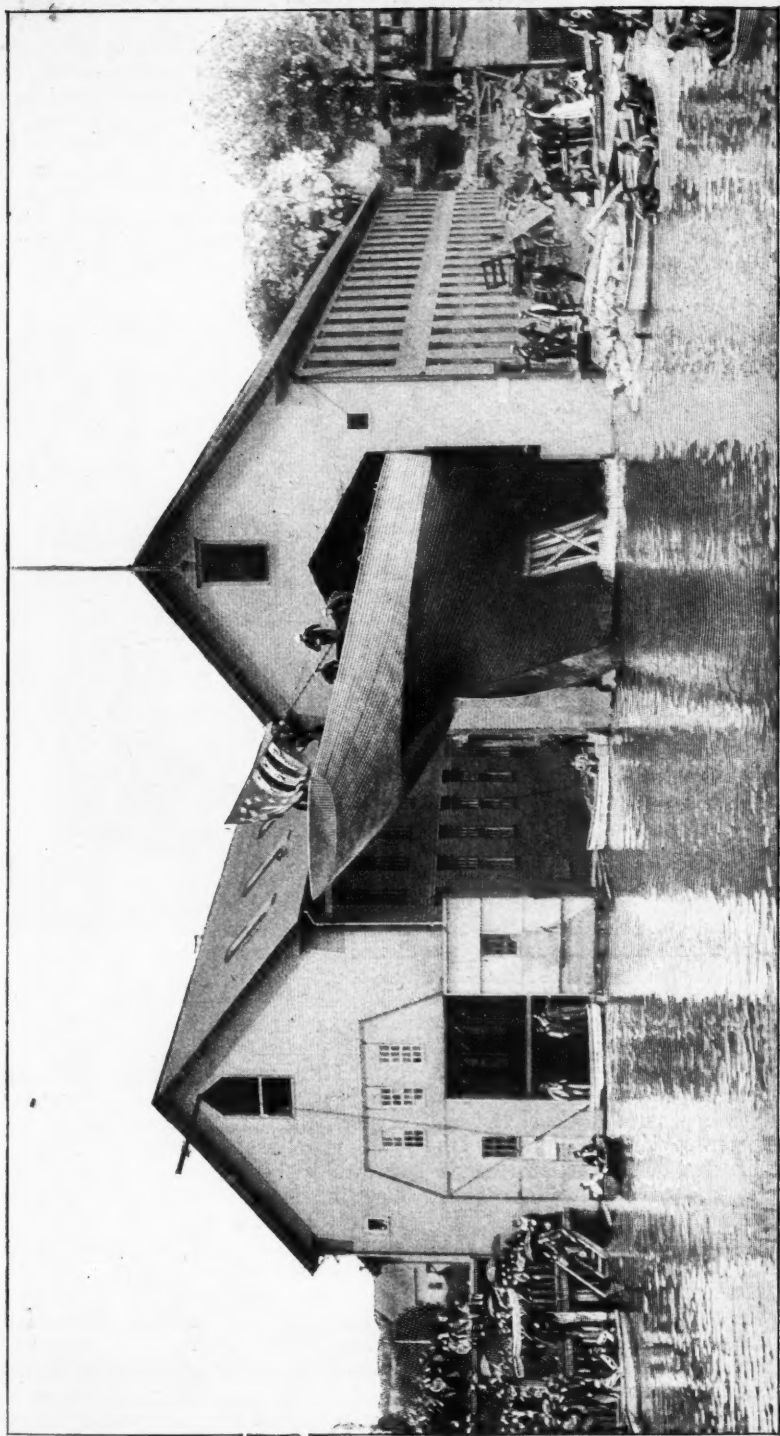
From a photograph by Hemmen, New York.

two races, winning one and losing the other. The *Sappho* sailed the next two, winning both.

In 1876 the Canadians tried it. Their schooner, *Countess of Dufferin*, was beaten in two consecutive races by the beautiful *Madeleine*. In 1881 they tried it again, this time with a sloop. She was called the *Atalanta*, and she was beaten with great emphasis by the iron sloop *Mischief*. In 1885 the English came once more. Sir Richard Sutton's cutter *Genesta* was the challenger. The defender was the now famous sloop *Puritan*, designed by Edward Burgess, and she defeated the *Genesta* in two races. In 1886 came the *Galatea*, owned by Lieutenant William Henn of the Royal Navy, one of the most popular foreign yachtsmen who have ever visited this country. To meet her the most careful prepara-

Galatea in two consecutive races. In the following year came the Scotch cutter *Thistle*, now the Kaiser's yacht *Meteor*. Trial races resulted in the selection of the new Burgess sloop *Volunteer* as the champion to defend the cup. She beat the *Thistle* in the now customary two straight races.

The *Thistle* had been so confidently expected to win, and her defeats were so decisive, that the British yachtsmen seemed for a time to be discouraged. In 1893, however, came the first of the Earl of Dunraven's cutters named *Valkyrie*. Three new yachts were built to compete for the honor of meeting her, and of these the *Vigilant*, designed by N. G. Herreshoff, whose *Gloriana* had given him much repute among yachtsmen, was chosen to defend the cup. The contest was extended to three races out of five, instead

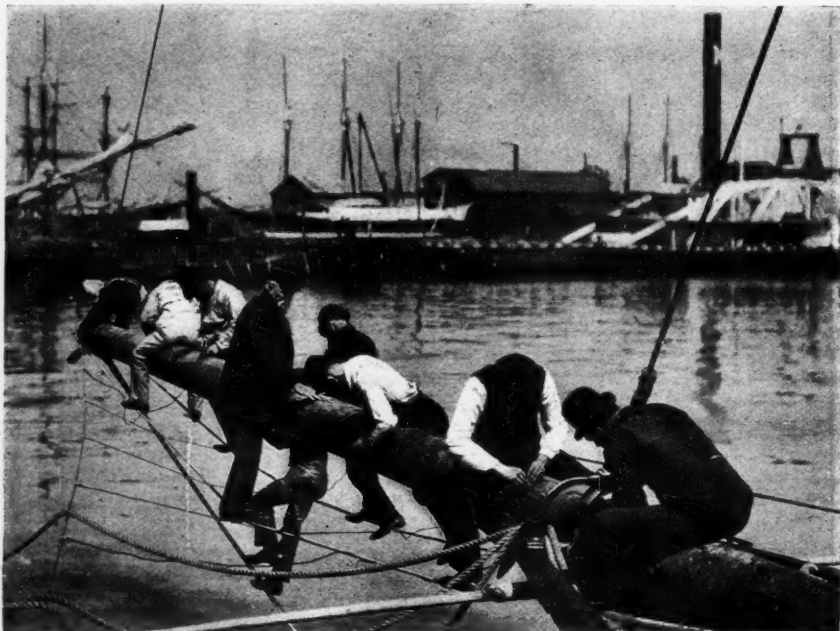


THE LAUNCH OF THE DEFENDER AT THE HERRESHOFFS' YARD, IN BRISTOL, RHODE ISLAND, 1895.

From a photograph by Hemment, New York.

of two out of three, and the Vigilant led the way to the finish in the first three. Lord Dunraven returned to England and built him another Valkyrie, but she was lost in a storm. A third Valkyrie he had made, and with this one he came to get the cup in 1895. J. Pierpont Morgan, W. K. Vanderbilt, and C. Oliver Iselin built the Defender, designed by Herreshoff, and she was carefully tried against

performances of the irascible Irish earl. The challenge of Sir Thomas Lipton, who is not of the nobility, but is a self made business man, a wholesale grocer and tea merchant, knighted by the queen in her bountiful distribution of jubilee honors, was not received with demonstrations of delight by those who sympathized with the unhappy Dunraven, but it gave real pleasure to the yachtsmen of this country.



SKIPPER HANK HAFF AND HIS CREW RIGGING THE DEFENDER'S BOWSPRIT.

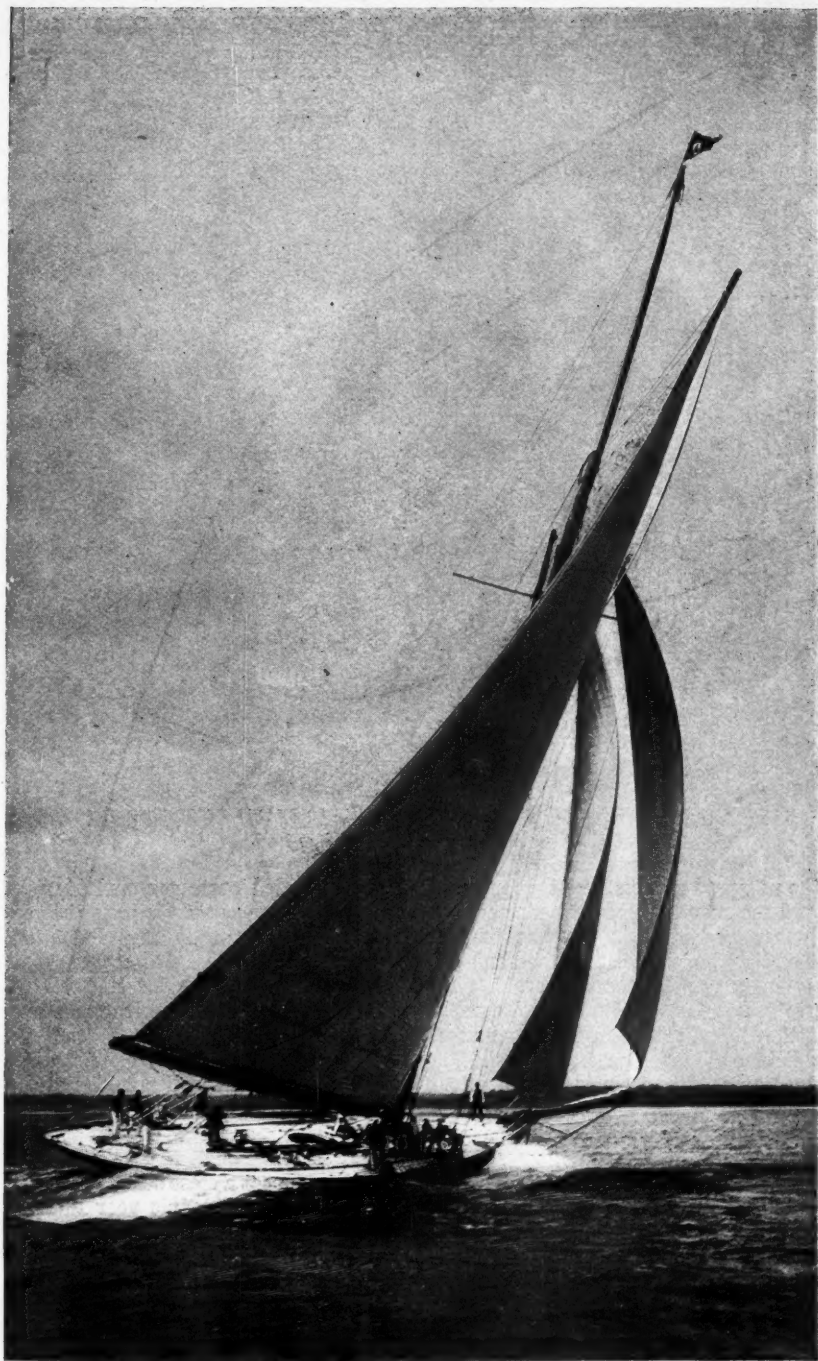
From a photograph by Hemment, New York.

the Vigilant. Proving several minutes faster, she was chosen to defend the trophy. She beat the new Valkyrie in three straight races. Lord Dunraven accused his opponents of foul play, and the charges were examined by a very dignified committee, of international reputation, selected by the New York Yacht Club. The accusations could not be substantiated, and the club expelled the noble lord.

This unfortunate incident threatened to put an end to yacht racing between this country and Great Britain, but the events of the present year have gone to show that the desire for amity between the two countries was too strong to be disturbed by any unpleasant recollection of the

There was no hesitation in the acceptance of the challenge, nor in the manner in which the same old syndicate set about meeting the challenger.

Messrs. Morgan, Vanderbilt, and Iselin once more asked Herreshoff to design them a yacht, and he set about laying down the lines of a vessel that should be faster than the Defender. She was launched on June 10 at Bristol, Rhode Island, and was christened Columbia by Mrs. Iselin. The Defender, in the mean while, had been put into commission, and William Butler Duncan, Jr., one of the smartest amateur yachtsmen in the country, had been asked to assume the management of her. She was to be used entirely as a trial yacht to test the speed



SIR THOMAS LIPTON'S CUTTER SHAMROCK, THE 1899 CHALLENGER FOR THE AMERICA'S CUP.

From a photograph by West, Southsea.



JOHN B. HERRESHOFF, THE BLIND BOAT BUILDER, HEAD OF THE HERRESHOFF FIRM.

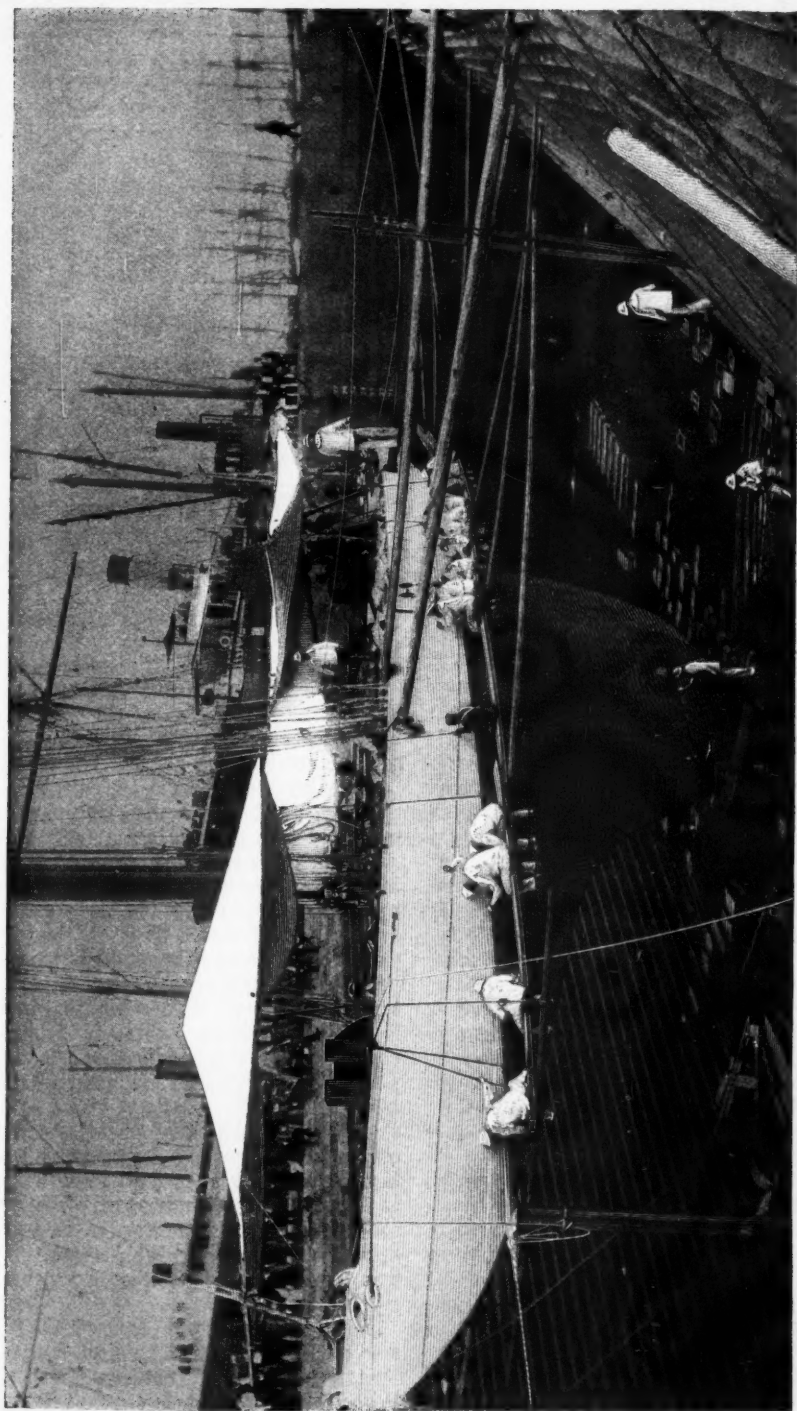
From a photograph by Hemment, New York.

of the new production. For that purpose several races were sailed between the two early in the season. In the most important of these, one off Sandy Hook and the other over the Larchmont Yacht Club course in Long Island Sound, the Columbia beat the Defender by about three minutes. The distance, in each case thirty miles, is that which is to be sailed in the international races. Just what prediction is to be made as the result of these preliminary contests no one knows. The speed of the challenger is yet practically an unknown quantity.

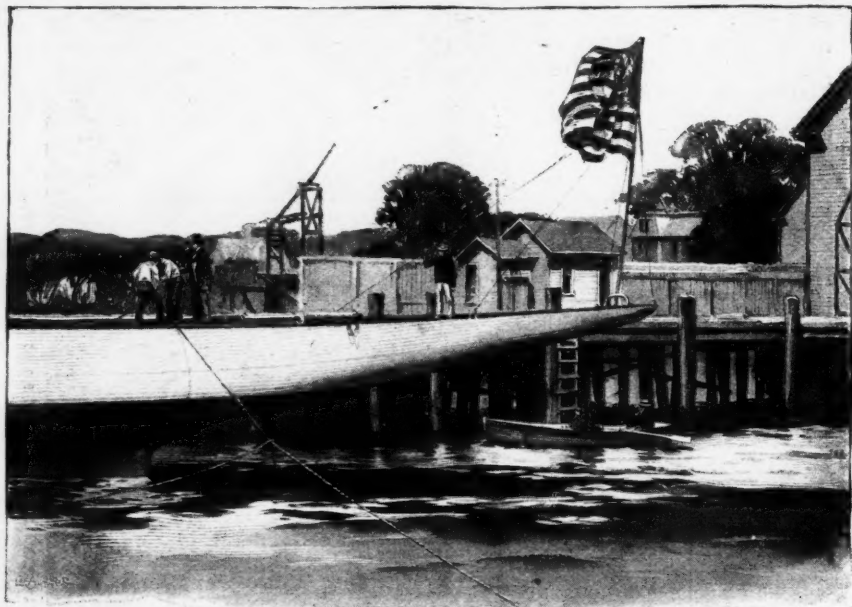
When Sir Thomas Lipton's yacht was launched, on June 26, she was christened Shamrock by Lady Russell. There was no doubt of the interest excited by her advent, though every attempt to belittle it was made by the disgruntled Dunraven party. Sir Thomas Lipton said: "We have engaged to win back the America's Cup. We have

fairly extended ourselves, and if we are beaten, all I can say is, honor to the yacht which is better than the Shamrock." William Fife, Jr., the designer of the Shamrock, said: "Brains and all that careful thought and knowledge of naval architecture can put into a yacht are there. Every man of us is satisfied that with a fair field we shall give a tight race to any opponent."

High hopes are only natural at such a time; but it seems as if there were more reason to expect a close series of contests for the historic cup this year than ever before. In the early races, the yachts were not specially equipped to meet the conditions they had to meet. The English challengers came over just as they stood, and took things as they found them. The Thistle was the first challenger designed to meet the conditions of yacht racing in the waters off Sandy Hook. That she failed was only natural. Her designer, Wil-



THE DEFENDER IN DRY DOCK AT THE ERIE BASIN, NEW YORK, PREPARATORY TO HER RACES WITH THE VALKYRIE, 1895.
From a photograph by Hemmen, New York.



THE STERN OF THE COLUMBIA, SHOWING HER TREMENDOUS OVERHANG.

Drawn by L. A. Shafer from a copyrighted photograph by Hemment, New York.

liam Watson, tried to produce a yacht in which the essential features of the American racer existed, but his work was largely experimental. Before that time the typical English racing cutter was a long, narrow, deep vessel, frequently referred to by her opponents as a plank on edge. She was kept from being turned over by an immense weight of lead bolted to her keel. She was slow in light airs, because she had so much body under water and so little sail above it. When there was a nasty, choppy sea, such as prevails frequently in the English channel to the discomfort of travelers, she was fast and could go about her business while light weather yachts were clinging to their anchors behind protecting points.

Off Sandy Hook in the yachting season there are seldom heavy winds or rough seas. Moderate to brisk winds prevail, and the sea is smooth, or runs in long swells. It was for such conditions as these that the American yachts of the early day were made. On two or three occasions it chanced that they were caught in rather lumpy weather in races with foreign competitors; and whenever this happened they were beaten. So the

native designers set about producing some sort of craft which should combine the best features of the old fashioned light weather yacht with sufficient power to overcome something of a sea and a blow.

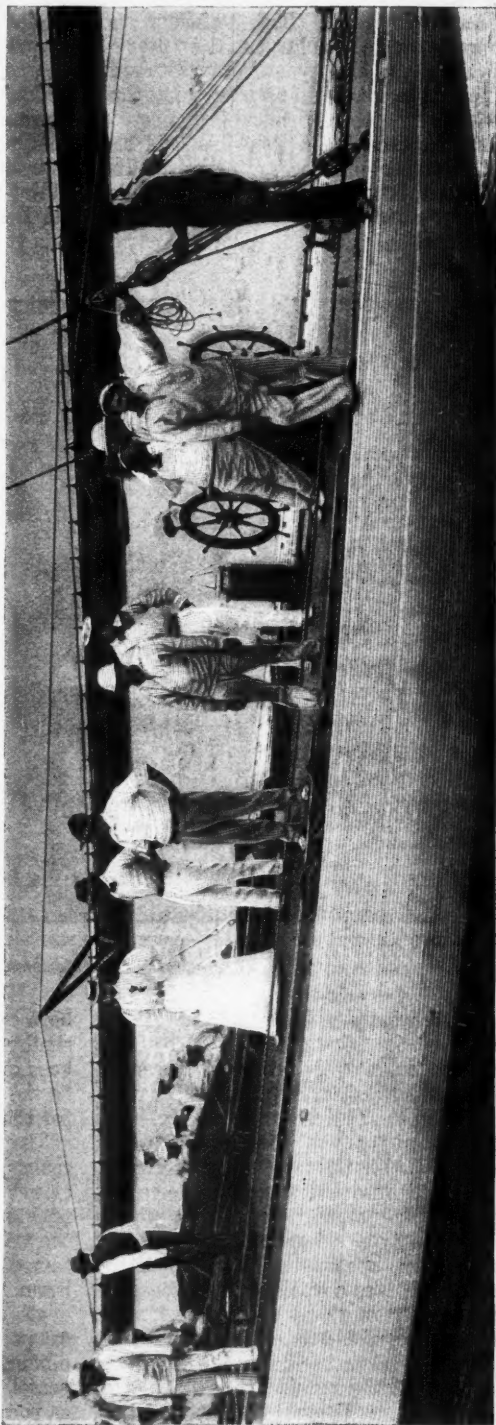
In the beginning of the series of contests, the Americans had met the challengers with such yachts as they had on hand. But in the course of time the element of nationality began to make itself strongly felt in the races, and attempts were made to develop the American type of shallow, wide yacht with a centerboard to its fullest perfection. The endeavor was long continued and costly, but in the end it revealed to us the radical weakness of our model, and our methods of designing were revolutionized. Our old type of yacht was known as the skimming dish, because there was so little of her under water that she seemed to skim along the surface. She was a splendid boat for smooth water and moderate breezes.

In 1881, however, we learned the first lesson. The famous little Scotch cutter *Madge* came over in that year. She was in the thirty five foot class, and what is a brisk breeze for a large yacht is a con-

siderable blow for one of that size. The Madge met several of the crack yachts of her class in this country, and as she usually had the good fortune to catch them in fresh winds and lumpy seas, she beat them in what the horse-men call hollow style. Now, the Madge was a cutter of the extreme type. She was very narrow and very deep. When the seas met her, they did not seem to have any serious effect on her, while our light weather yachts did not seem to go forward when there was a steep head sea. This fact set the designers to thinking, and the result was a gradual change in the plan of the typical American yacht.

The change was hastened by the advent of the forty foot cutter Minerva, some two or three years after the Madge. The Minerva, which was sailed across the Atlantic and in all her early races here by Captain Charles Barr, the present skipper of the Columbia, again beat our smartest yachts in her class. Our yachtsmen naturally said that if the British should come over with a ninety footer of the same type as one of these little fellows, and we should meet her with one of the old fashioned skimmers, the cup would go back to the land of its origin.

When Sir Richard Sutton challenged with the Genesta, it was known that she was one of the deep and narrow cutters, and so a yacht was designed to meet her. This was the famous Puritan, and with her the deepening and narrowing of the American racing yacht may be said to have begun. It was believed in those days that the centerboard was an essential element in the success of our boats; and the first attempts at improving our representative model were based on this idea. It is only within the last five years that the conviction has been general that the deep keel yacht can be just as clever at beating to windward as the



Captain Hart.

C. Oliver Iselin.

W. Butler Duncan.

Mrs. Iselin.

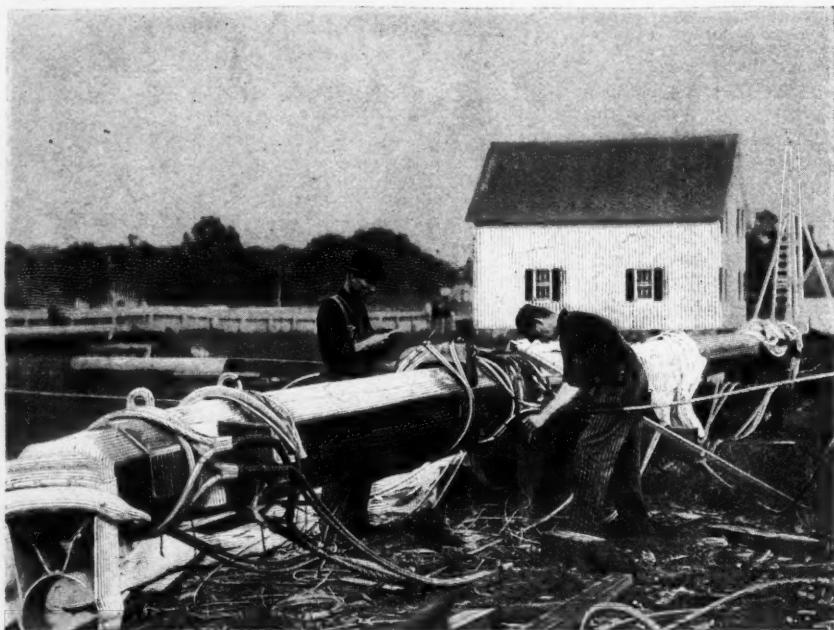
N. G. Herreshoff.

ON THE DEFENDER'S DECK, BEFORE HER RACES WITH THE VALKYRIE, 1895.

from a photograph by Hemmen, New York.

centerboard vessel. Both Defender and Columbia are keel yachts, and the writer of this article, in many years' observation of racing craft, has never seen anything that could equal the Defender in going to windward except the Columbia, and she can beat her predecessor handily. The Shamrock, according to all the accounts, is also a remarkable yacht in beating to windward.

the designers of the two countries had approached as nearly to each other's model as was possible. The Vigilant and the Valkyrie I, however, showed a still nearer approach, while in the Defender and the Valkyrie III the two countries seemed to have exchanged models. The Valkyrie III was the wider yacht of the two that year; the Defender the narrower and deeper. This year the wonder of all observers has



THE HUGE SPARS OF A CUP DEFENDER—RIGGING THE DEFENDER'S MAST IN THE HERRESHOFF YARD, 1895.

From a photograph by Hemment, New York.

But in what may be called the middle period of our development of designing, we were anxious to retain what seemed to us to be a distinctively national feature—namely, the centerboard—and to combine with it some of the elements which we had found in the smart English yachts. Thus came into existence the deep and comparatively narrow centerboard yacht.

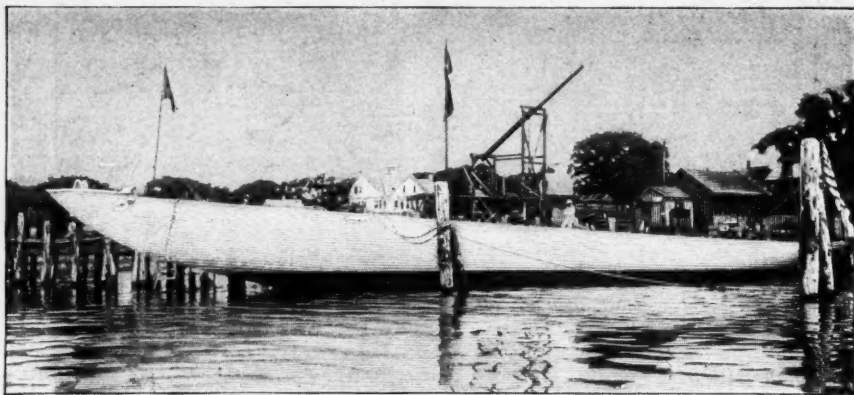
Of this type of yacht the Volunteer was a fine specimen. Her opponent, the Thistle, was a yacht of wide beam, a new feature in English yacht designing; she was also of deep draft and had a great weight of lead on her keel. The Volunteer also carried the outside ballast, as it is named. It was thought at that time that

been excited by the still more remarkable similarity of the two designs, and it has been argued from this that the races will be the closest ever seen in the contests for the cup.

The problems before the designers of racing yachts are the increase of the sail carrying power and the decrease of the resistance of the hull in passing through the water. Sail carrying power is obtained, first, by giving a yacht plenty of beam. It is increased by giving her depth and placing the ballast at the lowest point. The resistance to the water is diminished by making that part of the vessel which is under the surface as small as possible. To accomplish this designers



MAKING SAIL ON A NINETY FOOT YACHT—HOISTING THE DEFENDER'S MAINSAIL BEFORE HER RACES WITH THE VALKYRIE, 1895.
From a photograph by Hemment, New York.



THE COLUMBIA AT BRISTOL, ON THE DAY AFTER HER LAUNCHING.

From a photograph by Hemment, New York.

cut away the forward part of the underbody of their vessels so that the whole bow is nothing but a long, narrow blade. Then they raise the bilge—the shoulder formed at the point where the inward and downward curve of the side begins—as high as possible. A deep keel, with some ninety tons of lead at its extreme lower edge, completes the outfit.

Both the Columbia and the Shamrock show all these features. The only real

difference between the two yachts is in the proportion of length to breadth. This is, of course, the result of the entertainment of slightly conflicting theories by the two designers. The difference is so small that to any one but an expert it seems to mean nothing at all. The greatest care has been taken to keep the Shamrock's dimensions secret, but a recent article in the London *Daily News* seems to be authoritative, and that gives

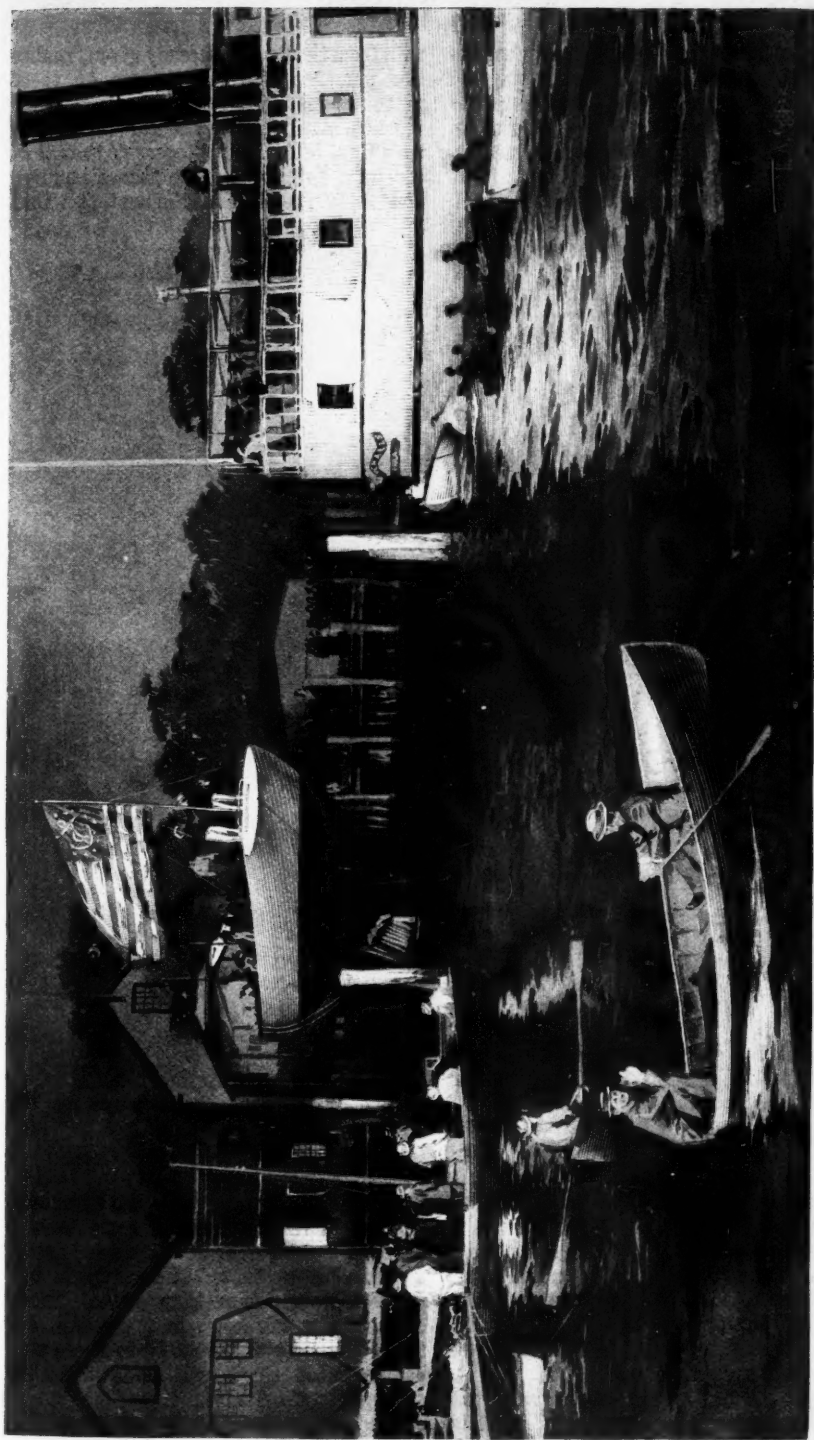
the figures as follows: length over all, 132 feet, 2 inches; length on the water line, 89 feet, 6 inches; beam, 24 feet, 6 inches; and draft, 20 feet. Her sail area is put at 14,125 square feet and her displacement at 147 tons. The Columbia's dimensions have also been kept officially secret, but they are pretty accurately known. She is 131 feet over all, 89 feet, 6 inches, on the water line; 24 feet, 2 inches, beam; and 19 feet, 10 inches, in draft. Her sail area is about 13,940 square feet.

If the figures of the English newspaper are correct, the challenger may have to allow the defender a small amount of time. This is less of an advantage to the recipient than is usually supposed. It is a fine thing in very light weather, but when there is a good breeze a big boat always beats a little one. The fourteen inches greater length and four inches greater beam of the Shamrock should make her a slightly more powerful vessel than the



WILLIAM FIFE, THE DESIGNER OF THE SHAMROCK.

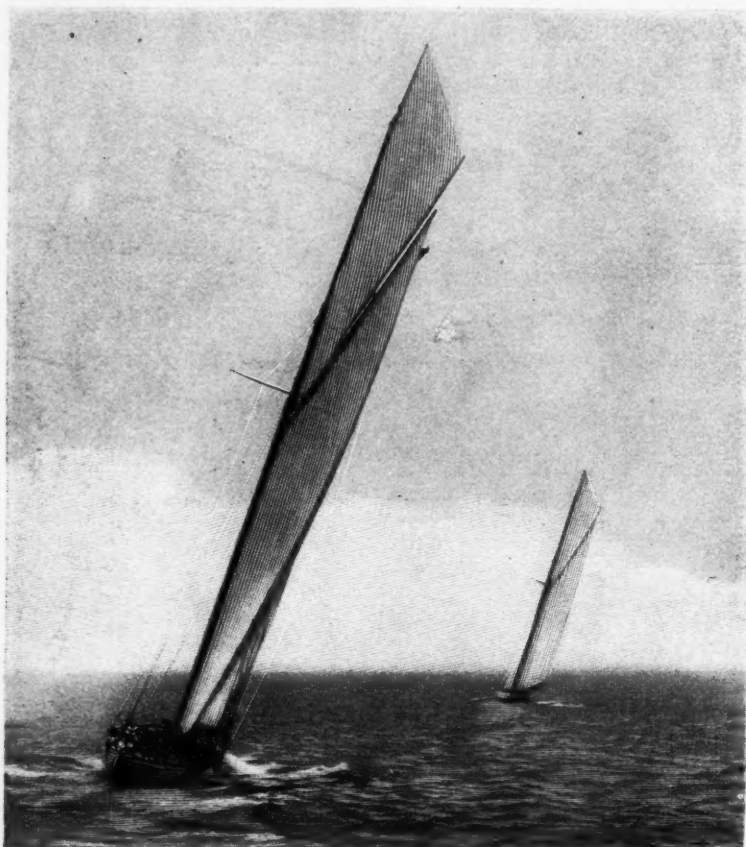
Drawn from a photograph by Davis & Sanford, New York.



THE LAUNCHING OF THE COLUMBIA AT THE HERRESHOFF YARD, BRISTOL, RHODE ISLAND, 8.30 P. M., JUNE 10, 1899.
Drawn by L. A. Shafer from a copyrighted flashlight photograph by Hammond New York

Columbia in either light or heavy weather; but there may be something in the shape of her hull to overcome the benefit of the extra power. There can hardly be any room for doubt that Mr. Fife has designed a very fast light weather yacht; but so has Mr. Herreshoff.

will, from the figures already given, realize the immense size and power of these giant sloops which are to wage such glorious nautical battles for the America's Cup. Think of a topmast that towers to a height of more than a hundred and forty feet above the water! That



THE COLUMBIA AND THE DEFENDER IN THEIR TRIAL RACES OFF SANDY HOOK—THE DEFENDER (ON THE RIGHT) LEADING TO WINDWARD.

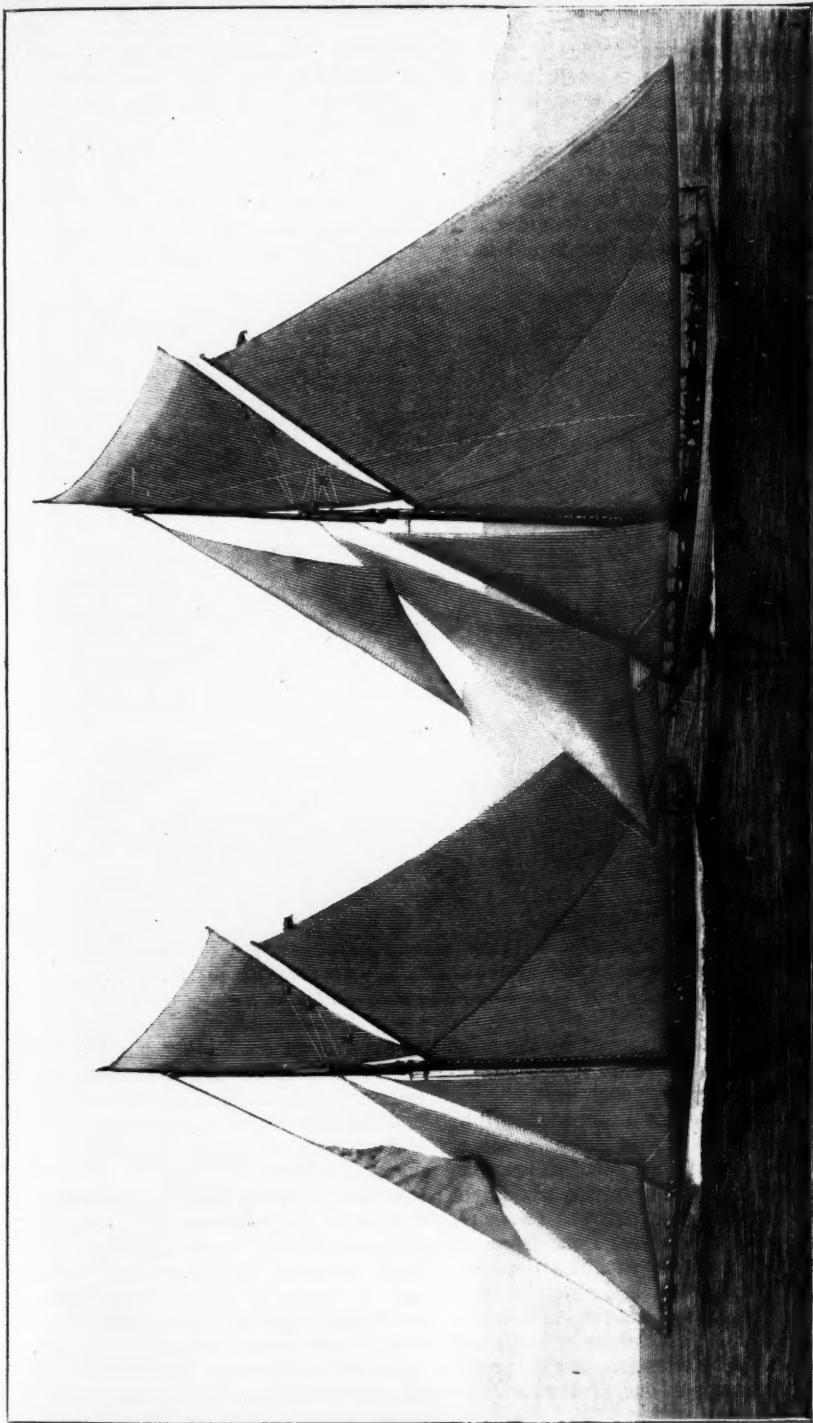
From a photograph by Hemment, New York.

The manner in which the Columbia glides through the water when there is not enough breeze to raise a ruffle on the surface of the sea is a most encouraging sight to see. She has also a very pretty trick of lying over on her side and racing like a steamship when there is a good breeze and smooth water.

Those who are at all familiar with the handling of the little "sail boats," as they are called, at the popular summer resorts,

is the sort of a spar that the Columbia carries. Her main boom is more than a hundred feet long, or five times as long as a good sized catboat. The canvas in her mainsail weighs more than a ton. These same figures will apply in a general way to the Shamrock, so that when these two yachts meet there will be a veritable struggle the Titans.

They will race off Sandy Hook, and the contest will be decided by the winning of

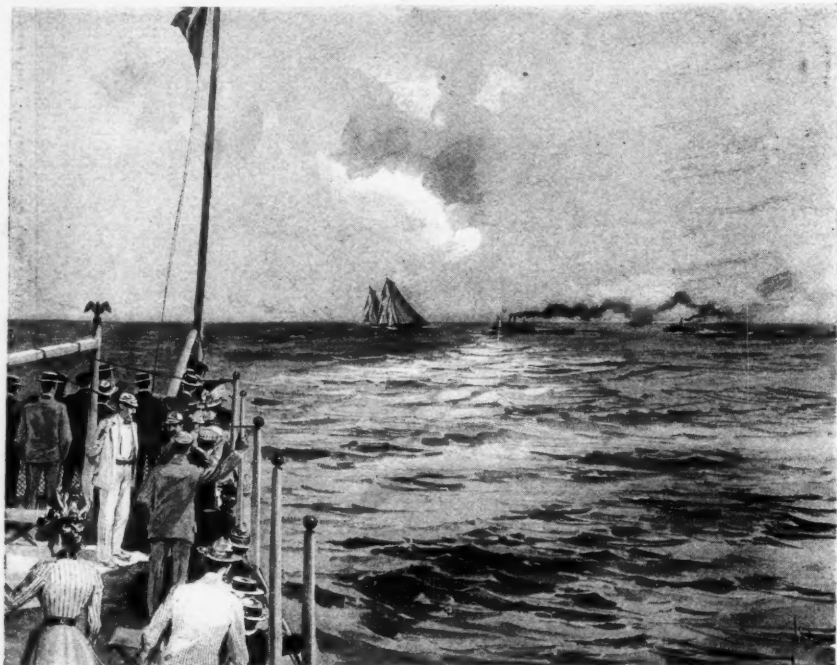


THE COLUMBIA AND THE DEFENDER IN THEIR TRIAL RACES OFF SANDY HOOK—THE COLUMBIA (ON THE LEFT) OVERHAULING AND PASSING THE DEFENDER, JULY 6, 1899.
From a photograph by Hemment, New York.

two out of three races. The courses will be alternately fifteen miles to windward and return, and around a triangle measuring ten miles on each side. These courses give abundant opportunities to test the yachts on every point of sailing. The better vessel is bound to be the winner, provided she is not wholly slaughtered by bad handling; and that this is not likely

Maine, a place which has the reputation of producing the best sailors in this country. All summer long these men have been drilled in their duties and tried out in frequent races with the Defender, so that by this time they are familiar with every strand of rope in the Columbia, and are as active as so many cats.

Last, but not least, comes the element



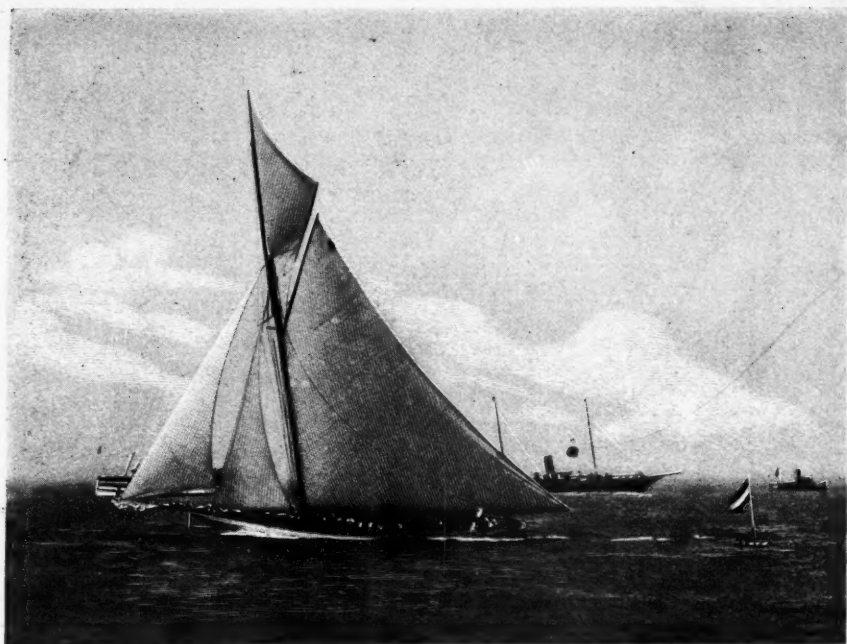
WATCHING THE TRIAL RACES OF THE COLUMBIA AND THE DEFENDER OFF SANDY HOOK.

Drawn by E. V. Nadherny from a photograph by J. H. Ruggles.

to be the case is proved by the pains which have been taken to secure the finest available talent for each boat.

The Shamrock, it is announced, will be sailed by Captain Archie Hogarth, one of the most accomplished yacht skippers in Great Britain; and her owner, who is not himself a yachting expert, will be represented on board by Peter Donaldson, one of the crack amateur yachtsman of England. The Columbia is in equally good hands. Her sailing master is Captain Charles Barr, a Scotchman by birth, but an American by adoption, and for some years recognized as one of the smartest sailors of large yachts. He has a crew of American sailors, all from Deer Isle,

of expense in conducting these remarkable races. They are the most costly sporting contests in this up to date world, and the bills would make even Nero and Heliogabalus gasp and stare. It costs about \$75,000 to build and fit out a sloop like the Columbia, and then the expense has just begun. The crew numbers thirty men, and to these must be added a captain, who commands high wages; a mate, who is also not a cheap man; and the cooks and stewards. Then there are the endless repairs and alterations, and the tender—in this case, the little steamer St. Michaels, hired for the entire season to go about with the Columbia, to tow her when necessary and to keep her



THE COLUMBIA ROUNDING A TURNING STAKE IN HER TRIAL RACE OF JULY 6 WITH THE DEFENDER.

From a photograph by Hemment, New York.

spare gear on board. It is easy to see that if \$150,000 were banked to the Columbia's credit in June, there would be no balance by the middle of October. But there is also the Defender. She had to be fitted out for the season, and has to be kept in commission all summer as a trial horse.

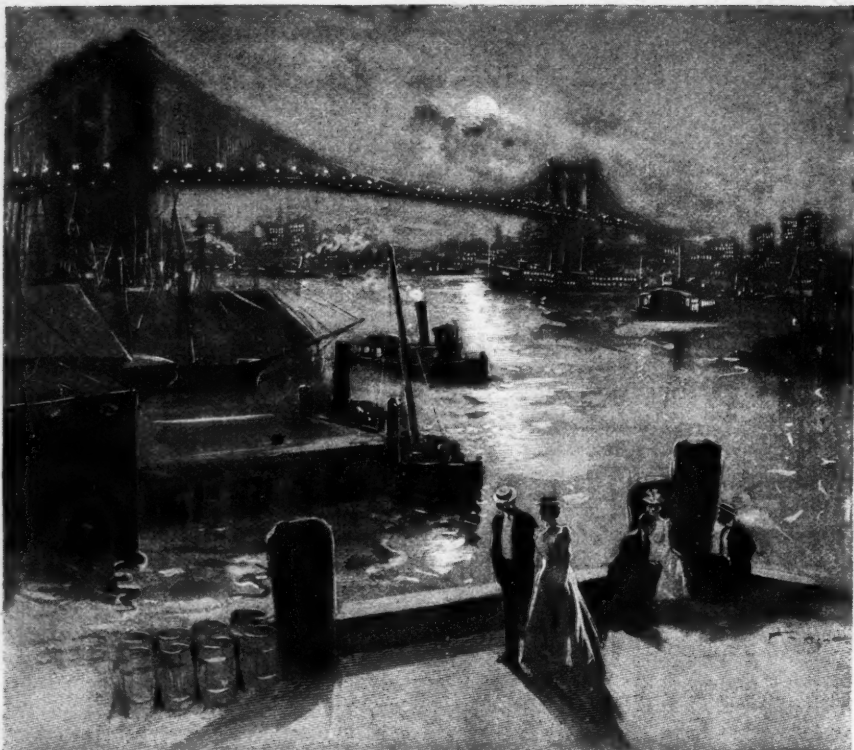
Sir Thomas Lipton's expenditures must be almost, if not quite, as large. In addition to building the Shamrock, he purchased the Erin, a large steam yacht, to accompany her across the ocean and to act as a consort to her on this side. Sir Thomas and his friends will live on the Erin, and their account will not be paid in shillings.

The New York Yacht Club also shoulders a share of the pecuniary burden. It provides the necessary tugs for measuring and marking the courses, and has many other small incidental expenses. It appears, therefore, that a struggle for the America's Cup costs, all told, about half a million of dollars. Such an outlay on a single sporting contest demonstrates the shallowness of the old saying that horse racing is the sport of kings. Only the financial monarchs of our modern period

could dream of entering upon the pursuit of such a formidably costly game as yacht racing for the championship of the world.

There have been plentiful proofs all the summer of the wide spread popular attention that centers upon the coming contest, and when the two yachts come together off the Hook next month there will be a mighty fleet of excursion steamers and yachts bearing eager and excited spectators. Special efforts are to be made to prevent these uninvited vessels from incommoding the racers, but there is no doubt that the old familiar scenes at the finish will be repeated. If the Columbia wins, as all good Americans hope, and most of them firmly believe she will, there will come such a pæan of victory from guns and steam whistles as will rouse old Father Neptune from his lair. But if the challenger should be the better yacht, then her crew will learn that Americans know how to appreciate the valor and skill of a worthy foe.

After that—should the Shamrock win—we shall begin preparations to win the cup back. And it will not take us forty years to do it.



THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE—"WHOSE STONE PILLARS AND BUTMENTS, SEEN FROM AFAR, SEEM FRAIL AS AIR IN THE GRAY MIST OF NIGHT, BUT SUPPORT AN EVERLASTING STREAM OF TRAFFIC."

A SUMMER EVENING IN NEW YORK.

BY ANNE O'HAGAN.

WHEN THE GREAT CITY, ITS DAY'S LABOR DONE, GIVES ITSELF OVER TO RECREATION AND THEN TO REST—THE METROPOLIS AT NIGHT, A BRILLIANT PICTURE THAT HAS ITS DARK TOUCHES.

TO New York, by day a hundred cities, the summer night brings a sort of unity. From the farthest northward bridge, marked against the shadowy darkness by a sagging line of lights hung in midair, down miles of glittering streets to the utmost point where the Island of Manhattan juts into the Bay, there is a oneness which daylight, emphasizing differences, does not reveal—a homogeneity of velvety gloom and spangling lights, of idleness and pleasure seeking.

In summer, nightfall puts an end to labor in any general sense. To be sure there are side streets where in dingy

laundries Chinamen move noiselessly about their ironing, imperturbable and tireless by gaslight as by sun. And in Chinatown itself—the town of narrow streets overhung with balconies, its thick, fetid gloom glimmering with lights of rose and purple and green from a thousand lanterns, its sidewalks alive with its silent footed, stately race swathed in silks and dull colored cottons—here all the activities of the day and many besides are in progress.

Through the basement windows of bakeries open against the intolerable heat, come warm whiffs of wheaten fragrance

in testimony that here men are still working. In the East Side stores are still open, though business has ceased to be brisk, and now and again from crowded tenement rooms where uncovered gas flares harshly, there comes the sound of the ceaseless whirr of the sewing machine. The sweat shops are not idle.

On Park Row, where from every uncur-

ing is taken, as well as to the subtle influence of the sun which, as the wise men show, is responsible for pretty pageants in Italy, for Spanish serenades and bull fights and merry makings, and for all the gaiety of the southern countries. Perhaps that idle, easy, joyous spirit of warmth works its transformation in the studious or the energetic northerner, and



ON THE DOORSTEPS—"THE SUMMER DUSK BRINGS GLIMMERING TO THE STOOPS GROUPS OF GIRLS,
PALE GOWNED AND PRETTY."

tained, unshuttered window of every newspaper office lights flash as though for a festival, men hasten to and fro and disappear into the glittering buildings with the bent, hurried shoulders of those whose toil is still before them. But work in its general sense ceased with sunset and all the world, according to its definitions and its opportunities, is seeking recreation.

This appetite for amusement is far more evident in the summer than at any other season. That may be due to the open fashion in which the dog day pleasur-

disposes him to make merry. Or it may be merely that the outdoor nature of the entertainments offered him in the summer reveal a quality which exists as strongly though less conspicuously in winter.

However that may be, after dark on a summer evening every one gives himself up to the pursuit of pleasure in some form or another. From the time a man, fresh from his office, buys his evening paper, he puts away his cares and seeks recreation. It may be on a boat or a roof garden, it may be on a bicycle or in an automobile, it may be behind a

leisurely horse in a hansom, it may be in the Park or along Riverside Drive, or in an open air restaurant or on a roof, or even on the stone steps of his own abode.

But wherever it is, and however dear or however cheap, he is no true citizen of the big city, and still less is he a visitor worthy of his opportunities, if he does not court relaxation and amusement.



ON GREELEY SQUARE—"FROM THE TIME A MAN, FRESH FROM HIS OFFICE, BUYS HIS EVENING PAPER."

If he is of a contemplative and esthetic turn of mind, or if he is one of those rare creatures in whom there is civic pride enough to rejoice in the city's beauties, he may take his pleasure cheaply on Riverside Drive. A scene of true loveliness is there.

The sunset dies slowly in the western sky above the long, narrow, river park. There are clouds of vaporish crimson and bands of violet blue and placid lakes of primrose still lingering over the river when the lamps are already twinkling in the streets that run back toward the heart of the city. The colors fade gradually, and by and by the pale stars come. Along with them, across the broad water, lights shine out upon the Jersey cliffs and send tremulous, ghostly bars of silver across the waves.

The terraced park that slopes down to the Hudson, or to the railroad that skirts the Hudson, is green and sweet. The night air is charged with the juicy odor of grass just cut and with the faint fragrance of fresh water that somewhere meets the sea and so has a vague taste of brine in its depths.

Along the river now and then a sail, crossing a bar of light, whitens for a minute and is again absorbed in the grayness beyond. The red and green signals of yachts swinging idly at anchor, or passing up and down the stream, punctuate its length. The broadside of a passing excursion steamer sends a whole vast sheet of lights against the watchers' eyes.

Back of the green slopes of the park lies the driveway. It is never crowded at night, but neither is it deserted until very late; there is the leisurely trot of occasional horses; the automobile grinds its way with discordant clanging of its alarm for those whom its wheezing whirling, like an old mill wheel's, does not warn of its approach; bicycles, by twos and threes, speed by with crunching of the gravel road and silvery peeling of bells to clear the path before them.

In the evening Riverside belongs to those who like to take their pleasure quietly. It is seldom overrun with visitors, therefore. There are no resorts of musical gaiety and of culinary attraction along it to charm the sort of bicyclist who loves the Coney Island track. There is not enough foliage to give the dense shadow which makes Central Park the paradise of those lovers to whom, for some reason, the front parlor is denied. Here the benches quite often hold elderly folk, alone or in congenial couples—now a duo of old gentlemen who discuss this and recall that, and again an elderly married pair whose desultory talk is of the scene or of their children or of tomorrow's dinner.

In this neighborhood the children are put early to bed, and the only ones who are ever seen on the Drive after sunset are an occasional band of half grown

boys from some other section of the city, who march merrily through the hillside paths to the time of a popular song, which they sing with great gusto.

Not far from this peaceful place

him. One Hundred and Tenth Street, for the brief distance it runs in connecting these pleasure roads, is the antithesis of Riverside.

Riverside is green and restful to the



ON THE LAKE IN CENTRAL PARK—"THE DIP OF OARS, THE LAUGHTER OF THE ROWERS, THE SWISH OF THE WATERS, MINGLE IN ONE RIPPLING MELODY."

of misty shadows and glimmering lights there is another spot, much more populous, much more gay. It is the thoroughfare which leads, by the easy asphalting dear to the wheelman's heart, from Riverside eastward to the Boulevard, to Central Park and to Seventh Avenue—where there is more easy bicycling for

eyes, even its electric lights being placed at distances to dim their garishness. At this point seems to focus all the electric power of the city; it is a glare compared to which the unhindered beating down of the sunlight upon the pavements all day seems cool and peaceful. The white light pours from a hundred white globes upon

the white asphalt road. Bicyclists by the score whirl down it every minute.

Here are the road houses which the parks lack, big barn-like structures, with piazzas filled with tables and with "gardens" made by the simple, unagricultural process of erecting a ten foot fence. Along these fences Japanese lanterns hang, not of course for lighting purposes in that great glare, but to give touches of color—red and rose and purple—to the scene.

It seems an indescribably busy place at night. Bicyclists dismount to discuss whither next they will go, to have their punctures mended, their tires blown up, their chains tightened, or some other one of their ceaselessly recurring repairs made. They sit at the tables on the piazza or in the gardens and drink according to their tastes. Here waiters run pushing straws down into a mass of ice and lemon; here they balance foaming glasses of beer with such nicety that the foam does not fly; again it is the innocuous ice cream that they bear. Young women sit in short skirted ease and rest their feet upon the lower rounds of their chairs. They take off their sailors and their sombreros and brush their hair back from their flushed faces. They pucker up their lips as though to whistle the tunes which the bands play noisily.

As for the music—it is loud, insistent, harsh. It is of the "popular" variety so far as selection is concerned. It roars and beats itself into the summer air. It would suffice for a marching regiment in volume. It is the fitting accompaniment of the hard light, the hurrying waiters, and the crowds. In its blare, in the glare of the light, and in the general hubbub, those who take their pleasure noisily find it.

There are places like this all over the city, though none of them is quite so populous, quite so loud, quite so bright. Beyond the crowded part of the town, along the roads which wheelmen use continually, there are "gardens" of the same wooden paling and lantern variety. But beyond the walled and chimneyed section they have sometimes little touches of country greenness which make the name seem less of a mockery.

Along Jerome Avenue and like roads, where wheelmen are many and "wheelmen's rests" not scarce, there are little

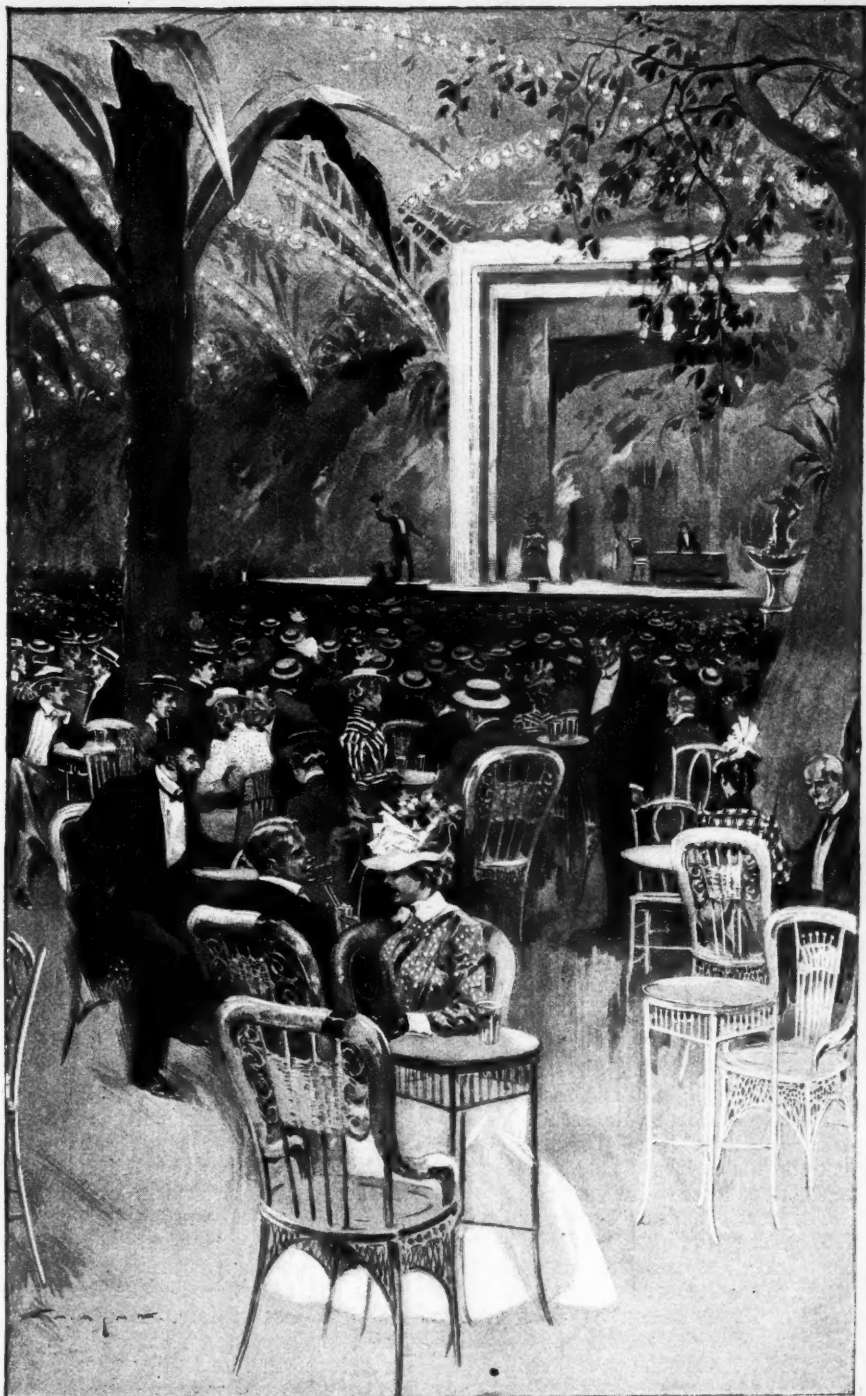
stretches of woodland, little patches of meadow. If on one side there is a wooden "garden," there may be opposite to it a bit of pine grove on whose dense, mysterious gloom the eyes of the bicyclists may rest as they quaff their beer or sip their lemonade. A honeysuckle from a neighboring porch may send its sweetness out into the dark. The music—for even here there is music—will not be the loud mouthed braying of a brazen band, but the intermittent melody of a banjo or a fiddle with no more strenuous mission than to furnish the obligato for talk and laughter.

The patrons of all these road houses in the evening are mainly bicyclists, as has been said. Generally neither the men nor the women are of the caste of Vere de Vere. That favored circle may take its exercise at other hours and in more expensive ways. These are, for the most part, young persons who have been at work all day and who are unaffectedly glad to be out in the air, in tolerable society, and in pursuit of their most cherished delight, which is to whizz back and forth on their wheels.

The girls are out with young men, singly or in parties, entirely unabashed at the absence of a chaperon. Indeed, they would in many cases be unaware of the objects of that noble institution if it were mentioned to them. They are entirely unafraid; their eyes fall before no one's, not because they are forward, but because they are fearless and so democratic that they refuse to yield precedence, even of glances, to any one.

They often have bad manners; they chew gum and make comments in tones audible to the person commented upon; they wear lace ties with cycling skirts, and they play with long watch chains of gaily variegated stones. But for all the gum and the tawdriness, for all the shrill laughter and the aggressively unfaltering gaze, there is about most of them the comfortable air of entire ability to control any situation which may arise. The impromptu repartee of some of them shows that they carry their chaperon and their other weapons of defense at the tip of a sharp tongue. They are unsentimental, athletic in a way, and quite as honestly respectable as they are honestly inelegant.

In Central Park the darkness collects

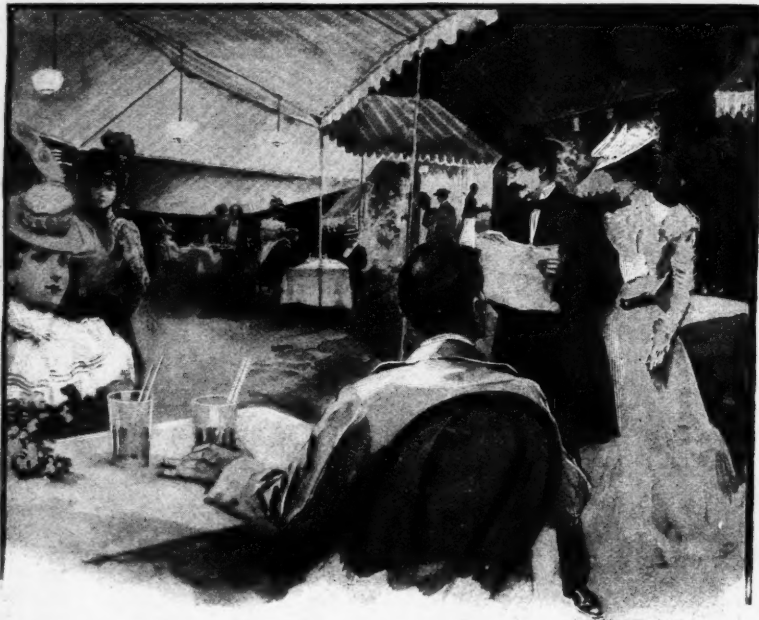


AT THE ROOF GARDEN — "THERE IS A SEA OF STRAW HATS BETWEEN THE FRONT OF THE ROOF AND THE STAGE."

quite another class of young persons. By the time that daylight has really faded, it is safe to say that there is not a bench in the whole two and a half mile stretch north and south, or in the half mile east and west, which is not preëmpted by a loving couple.

Everything there is conducive to romance. There is a sense of remoteness from the city which is pulsating on every side; there is dense shadow, lit here and there by yellow lights. There is the in-

Their voices have often the roughnesses of those to whom English was a new tongue not more than a generation ago, or they have the dialect peculiarities of the "tough"—as strange as those of the foreigner. Sometimes, probably in half of the cases, they are servant girls with their lovers, and they seek the park for love making not because of any deep rooted taste for giving public offense, but because they find more of privacy and solitude in the friendly darkness than is



AT THE CENTRAL PARK CASINO—"THERE IS BUBBLE OF LAUGHTER, CLINK OF ICE IN TALL PITCHERS, FRIVOLITY AND FESTIVITY."

fluence of honey sweet air and dews, of swiftly gliding lights that pass and leave the darkness deeper; there are depressions—"valleys lamp bestarred"—and heights where the lonely lamps make the solitude more solitary still.

The result of this beauty is that no foot passenger making his way through the park after nightfall dares to look either to the left or to the right, unless he is a person of strong nerves. For half the heads are resting tenderly on a quarter of the shoulders, and the long silences are broken only by sighs and murmurs.

When the silence is broken by speech, the lovers of the park reveal themselves.

granted to them anywhere else in the world.

They are blissfully oblivious of the benches five feet to the right and five feet to the left of theirs; they are indifferent to the strolling policeman who is their only duenna. There is no buzz of talk, no chime of laughter, where they are. They are—poor servant maids and factory hands and cash girls!—sad witnesses to the witlessness of love. For they spend long evenings silently as in a stupor, and straggle forth like shabby ghosts when the hour approaches when the mistress or the father has said they must be at home.

This, though by far the most numerous class that patronizes the park on

summer evenings, is not the only one. The ubiquitous bicyclist is there, though not in great numbers. There are a few carriages and many hansom. The horses' footfalls bespeak a lax rein. There is no hurry anywhere within the green inclosure.

On the little lakes there are pretty pageants of gliding boats with lights at their sterns. The dip of oars, the laughter of the rowers, the swish of the gently cut waters, all mingle in one rippling melody indescribably soft and gay.

Before night has quite fallen, at the hour when the question of dinner is the one which agitates every well regulated mind, there is considerable animation in the region of the park restaurants. Waiters who have been languidly attending to the wants of stray break-fasters or lunchers during the day, arouse themselves. The restaurants, broad piazzas, standing on green knolls with gay, geometrical little flower beds about them, wake too.

At the pet tables chairs are tilted at the angle that denotes a preëmption. People begin to arrive in pairs and in parties. Hansoms clatter up to deposit tardy guests. There is bubble of laughter, clink of ice in tall pitchers, clatter of dishes, chatter of tongues, frivolity and festivity. As it grows darker the flower beds are illuminated by low borders of colored lights that shine more gaily than the pansies and the pink daisies, and the piazza itself is aglow with brilliancy.

The parties are of all kinds, with perhaps a trifling preponderance of the fraternity which makes the serious vocation of life enjoyment, and pursues stockbroking or wine selling or acting or what not as a mere avocation. There are gentlemen whose obituary notices will refer

to them as "bon vivants" and whose brief biographers of a day may take the trouble to point an obvious moral at their expense—gentlemen who put on flesh and ruddi-



IN WASHINGTON SQUARE—"PARKS, GIVEN OVER TO YOUNG LOVERS AND GAY CHILDREN, FILL WITH THE HOMELESS DRIFT OF THE CITY."

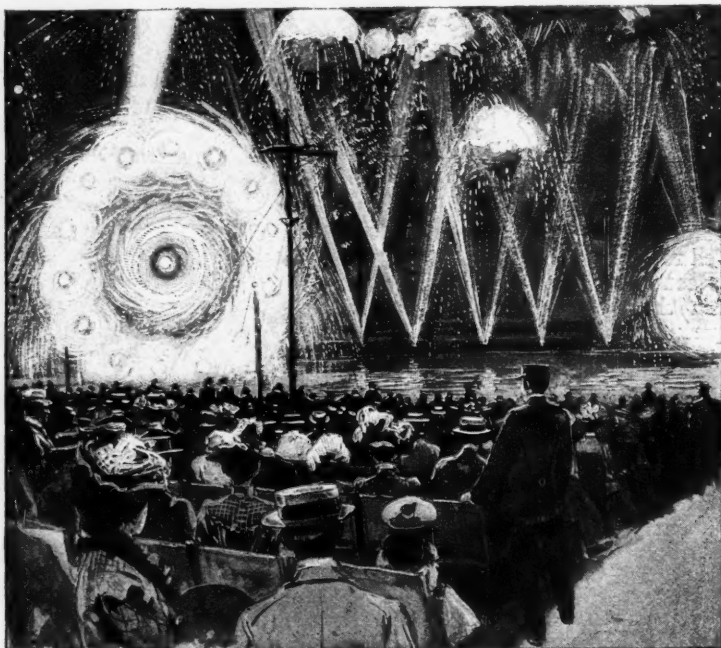
ness before middle age, whose clothes are irreproachably cut, but not so blameless in color, whose faces are the somewhat vacuous but not unamiable records of a decade or two of discriminating care in food and drink, and of critical if not good taste in other things.

With them are their feminine counterparts, robed as Solomon in all his glory was not, dazzling of color, of eyes, of teeth and hair, tinkling with laughter and kindly disposed to find in their escorts unrivaled grace of manner and unparalleled wit.

But the bright little open air restaurants have other patrons. The visitors to the city come to eat their evening meal on the piazzas that overlook the colored flower plots. Staid and severe parties at some tables counterbalance gay ones at others—and the women of each eye those of the other with the sharp curiosity which is the real "eternal feminine" quality.

people who passed the viands with informal helpfulness and talked with informal brilliancy. And, as the laureate of that particular restaurant put it, "the tip was but a nickel and the dinner thirty cents."

Of course by the time that the worthy citizens and citizenesses who do things because "they're so Bohemian," traveled to Washington Square, the restaurant was



AT MANHATTAN BEACH—"THE NIGHT IS ILLUMINED WITH SHOWERS OF EARTH BORN STARS, FALLING IN WONDERFUL CASCADES."

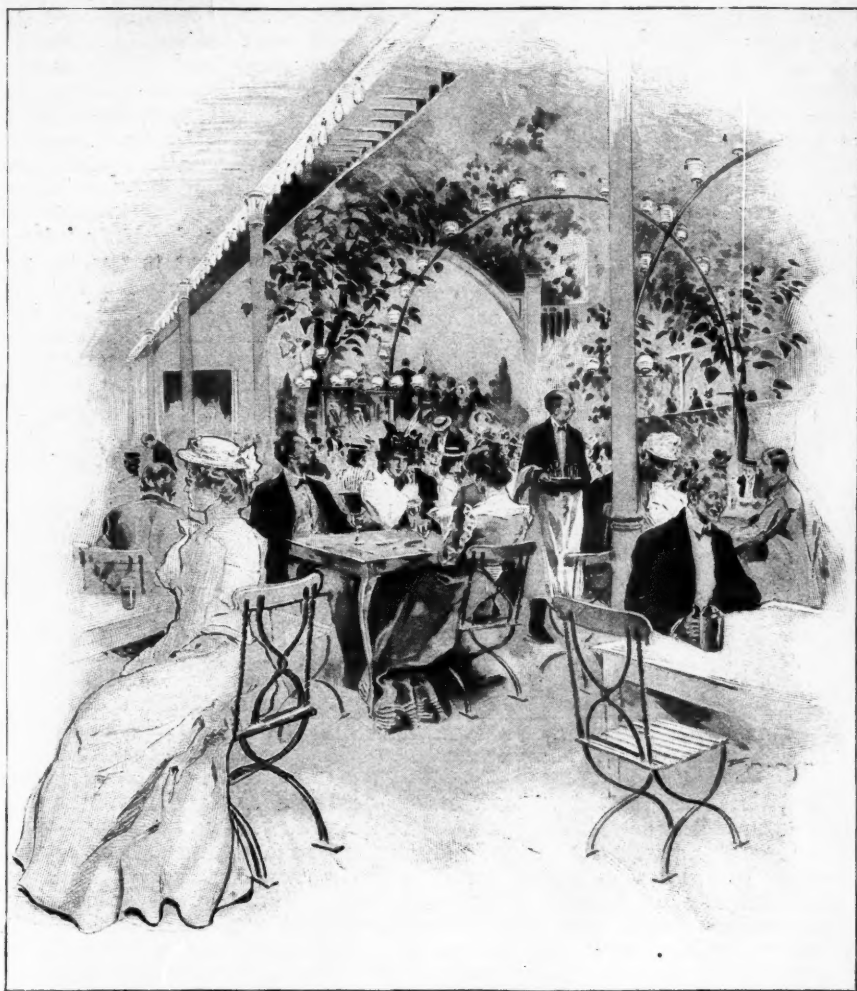
These park restaurants, and similar ones where there is at least a semi outdoor effect, are not the only ones which are patronized on summer evenings by those who would combine sustenance and amusement. The restaurant of "the quarter"—the eating house famous in one or another foreign section of the town—has not yet ceased to be an attraction.

A little while ago the region was somewhere about South Washington Square, and rumors of it drifted up town, borne by artists and kindred spirits who were supposed to dwell in the neighborhood. The fame of spaghetti cooked in some marvelous way traveled fast, there was talk of great jollity—of a long table full of

spoiled by popularity. The spaghetti was commonplace and the long table was surrounded by ladies and gentlemen who could not bring their Bohemianism to the point of acting as though they did not expect their pockets to be picked.

This doubtless had successors in the hearts of the "Bohemians," but this summer it has been Hungary and not Italy which attracted; goulash was enthroned where once spaghetti reigned. Chianti gave way to Tokay, and the worthy citizens and citizenesses journeyed far on to the East Side in search of food and enlivenment.

Once, when the café was first discovered and before it met with fatal friendly



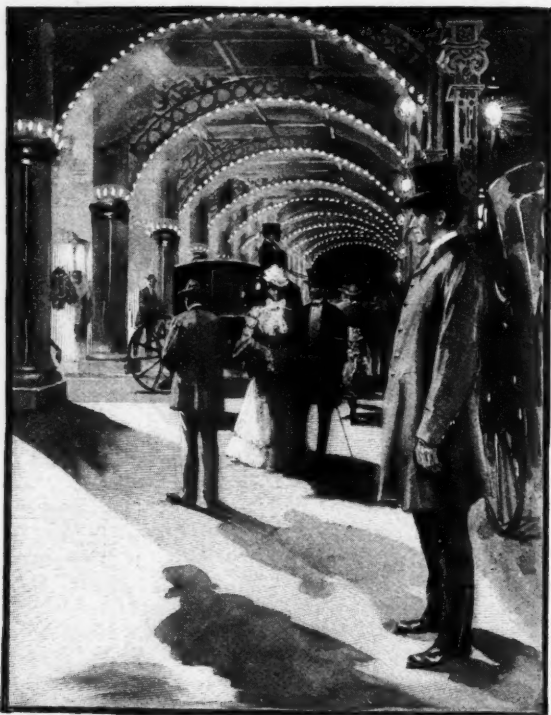
AT THE TERRACE GARDEN—"WHERE IN A GREEN, TERRACED GARDEN, THEY MAY CATCH THE ECHO OF STREET NOISES MADE MUSICAL BY DISTANCE."

advertisement, it was a wonderful place, a place where in a cool cellar full of casks there were tables where men might sip their wine and smoke undisturbed a whole evening through. There were quaintly atrocious pictures painted upon the wall: soldiers with their eyes out of focus taking leave of loved ones with arms as long as their bodies; peasant maids, the drawing of whose faces suggested mumps, spurning gold offered by lowering lords, and the like.

Up stairs a Hungarian band, led by a wonderful man with a sleepy satyr face,

played wild Hungarian music. And the residents of the neighborhood were the constant patrons of the place.

Now there is no leisure and no dawdling. The casks have disappeared, to make room for the tables. He must be an enterprising resident of the neighborhood who can eat his dinner there now. He would have to order his table twenty-four hours in advance! The "Bohemians" from up town have found the place out. Their hansoms line the street for a square—up town "Bohemians" are given to the hansom habit.



AT THE WALDORF CARRIAGE ENTRANCE—"WHERE LAMPS HANG LIKE CLUSTERS OF YELLOW GRAPES."

The tables are very close together. If it were possible to have them in double tiers like sleeping car berths, they would probably be filled. The waiters hustle as energetically as those in an "unrivalled coffee" room at noon. The food is still the same and it is excellent. The wines are still the fruity liquids of Hungary. The proprietor still maintains his old, pleasant custom of moving about among his guests—only now he rushes, as he must to speak to them all, and they catch but a sparkle of his new diamonds before he is gone.

And the music! The satyr faced leader, with scorn in his sleepy eyes and a sneer on his lips, gives the fatuous, self satisfied Bohemians in evening clothes, and the shrill, giggling Bohemianesses in spangled nets, who are his hearers this summer, what he thinks they like. There are no more gipsy dances, no more wild things that are heart break and winter wind and passion and bitterness and the sudden peace of spent emotions.

But "The Western Union Telegraph Is

Handy" and gems of that sort he has played for their delectation. Often they are able to join in the chorus of his selections now, which they do, beating time themselves with their forks and smiling as though to assure one another that they know they are doing a dreadfully informal thing, but that it is, isn't it?—so Bohemian and such fun! When he plays them "The Star Spangled Banner" they do not so readily supply the words, but content themselves with growlings and hummings behind their closed lips while they stand awkwardly.

The pursuit of pleasure in New York on summer evenings seems to be rather largely the pursuit of food. At the open air restaurants, in the Hungarian quarter café, in the road houses—everywhere—men and women are eating and drinking. Even the roof gardens, which make an effort to furnish other than bodily refresh-

ment, depend as largely on the activity of their waiters as on the grace of their dancers and the sweetness of their singers to bring them prosperity.

In New York the roof garden has attained great popularity. Like the summer garden of the road houses, it does not employ agricultural methods or vegetable growth in its construction. About its parapet there may be green boxes of vines or of tall palms growing, but more often there is nothing but an intricate tracery of dazzling lights. There are a few casks in which ferns or palms are planted, scattered here and there over the roof, but not many, for the space is needed for wooden tables and chairs. At the back is the high platform whereon vaudeville favorites disport themselves for the entertainment of an audience often blasé and indifferent to their performance.

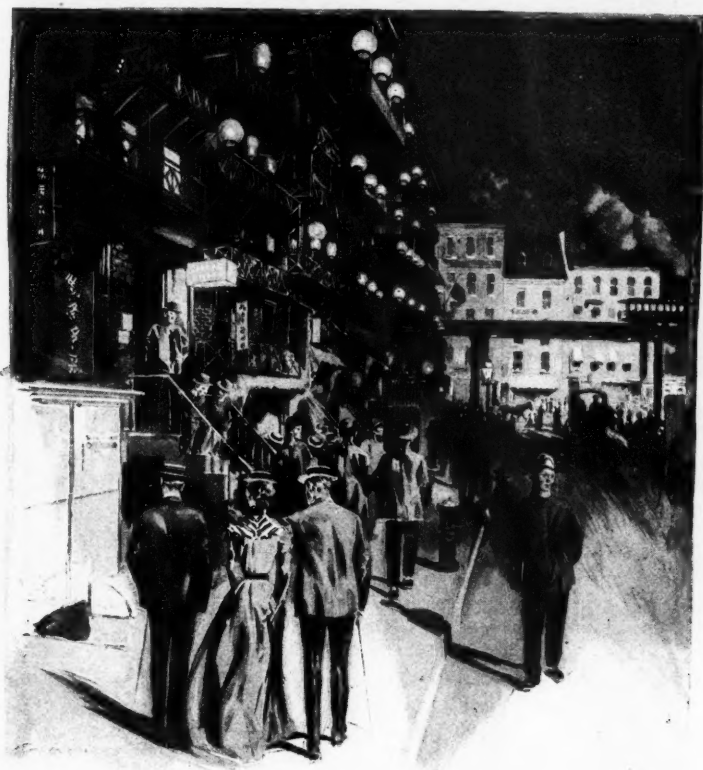
On hot nights the roof gardens are packed. There is a sea of straw hats between the front of the roof and the stage. There are clouds of smoke ascend-

ing from myriads of cigars and cigarettes, blurring what the hats have not already hidden. But no one minds that much, except perhaps the young provincial on a visit to New York, who labors under the delusion that the "show" is what he came to see.

Sometimes when he catches a glimpse

summer makes temporary widowers, and those whose families and acquaintances are out of town, are apt to saunter on to the roof gardens.

Still, there are enough women to give the needful feminine touches to the scene—the touches which are supplied by lavender organdies, by yellow ribbons, by



IN CHINATOWN—"THE TOWN OF NARROW STREETS OVERHUNG WITH BALCONIES, ITS THICK, FETID GLOOM GLIMMERING WITH LIGHTS OF ROSE AND PURPLE AND GREEN."

of the stage or overhears the refrain of a song, his loud delight attracts to him the momentary attention of those around him.

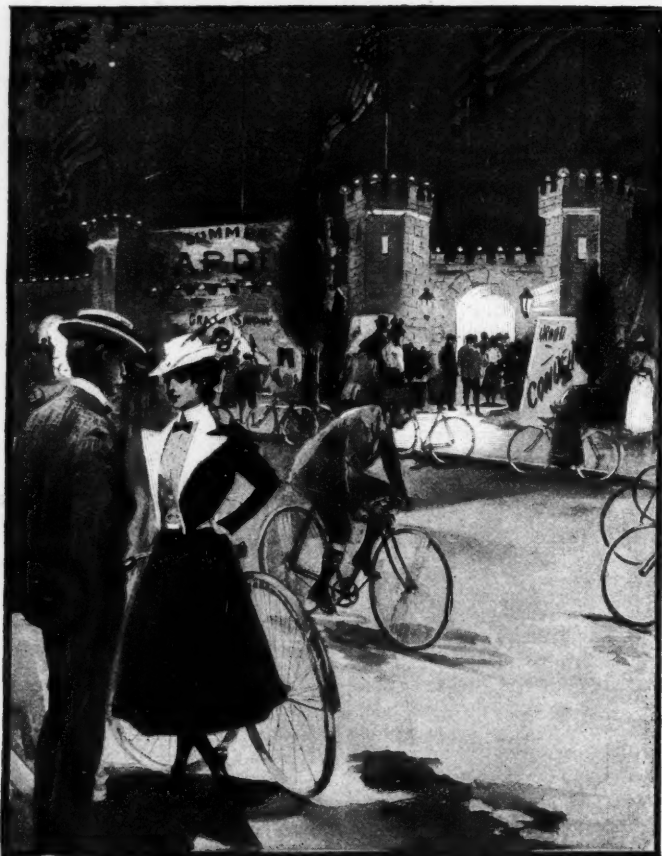
There are many more men than women at the roof gardens. The free and easy nature of the place, the possibility of walking about, of leaving, of smoking, of drinking, the delight of not being forced to keep a thread of plot in mind—these things appeal to the easy going sex which does not like to have to be keyed up to its amusements and prefers relaxation to entertainment. Moreover, the men whom

flowered hats, and by the omnipresent shirt waist.

All sorts of people come. The diners of the park restaurants are here again—the about town contingent, the visitors; and all. The Southerners who have come on to watch the horse trade during the racing season are here, large and affable. Sometimes they have with them the women of their families—gentle, mild eyed, and smiling. Stage folk—the minor ones who are in New York all the summer, and the larger figures which flit through

it—lend the luster of their well known presences to the scene. And the plain inhabitant of the town, who is not even remotely connected with any more roseate occupation than bookkeeping or grocering, is here with his family to drink his glass of beer and to smoke his cigar to the

audience than at the more fashionable roof gardens. There is loud laughter, and hands and feet join in applause. When these do not lend enough emphasis to approbation the bottom of a beer glass pounded enthusiastically upon a table helps.



ON WEST ONE HUNDRED AND TENTH STREET — "BICYCLISTS BY THE SCORE WHIRL DOWN THE WHITE ASPHALT ROAD EVERY MINUTE."

pleasing accompaniment of music and breeze.

To see the family really in pursuit of enjoyment, however, one must leave the gayer and more expensive resorts and must betake himself to the lower part of the city. In the halls and gardens where beer and melody flow all the evening for the more prosperous of the "masses," the family is gathered in its might.

The performance on the stage at these resorts wins more attention from the

To these places come the workmen and their wives and children. Babies sleep in their mother's arms undisturbed by the merry tumult. Small sons and daughters whose chins barely reach the top of the tables, gaze round eyed at the show. If they grow drowsy, they lean against the broad maternal bosom, or maybe creep into their fathers' laps to cuddle down and sleep.

But not all the masses can afford the beer and concert hall. Not all the

"classes" can afford the roof garden or the road house, whether it be the barn-like home of noise and glitter or some quiet place where, in a green terraced garden, they may catch the echo of street noises, made musical by distance, or where they may breathe in the faint odor of hops lying ready for brewing. There are still open air delights for them.

There are open car rides. Sometimes the city seems to be full of men and women possessed of a maniacal determination to see how many trips they can make on one car in one evening. Sometimes it is the out of town trolley that attracts them—the cars that whizz in ceaseless, glittering lines across the great bridge whose stone pillars and buttments, seen from afar, seem frail as air in the gray mist of night, but support an everlasting traffic. They fly—the trolley riders—out through dingy Brooklyn streets, through sweet smelling country stretches, and over salty marshes to some Coney Island, big or little. There they find the ceaseless eating and drinking; they hear the ceaseless shriek of bands, but there, perhaps, there is a sound of the solemn surf as well, or the night is illumined with showers of earth born stars, falling in wonderful cascades. So that they have the little change for which they seek.

There are quiet, stay at home folk, too, who do not even patronize the trolley. There are side streets where the summer dusk brings glimmering to the stoops,



ON THE TENEMENT ROOFS—"THEY SLEEP FITFULLY UNTIL THE EARLY SUN-LIGHT MALIGNANTLY POKES FINGERS INTO THEIR EYES."

like fireflies in fairer regions, groups of girls, pale gowned and pretty. They sit bare headed, with ease and informality, upon the stone steps of their houses. They are joined by darker figures; they receive their guests on the city substitute for a piazza; the heavier forms of older persons loom up in the lighted halls beyond—out of range of rheumatic breezes, but in the group and in the talk and laughter.

All over the city there are little crowds differing in detail, but like these in their idle and informal spirit. Before small stores of the sort that keep open all the evening, because they are attended by the proprietor and his wife, there are placid groups—the head of the family, smoking in shirt sleeved ease with his chair tipped back against the wall.



THE SKY LINE OF DOWN TOWN NEW YORK AT NIGHT.

His wife, undisturbed by the bright light in which she is revealed to all the passers by, sits comfortably at one side and maybe knits to the accompaniment of desultory talk. The children play around—and next door there is a similar gathering, and so on all the way along the thoroughfare.

All this is the story of more or less prosperity and pleasure — of the life of those who dine where lights hang like clusters of yellow grapes, of those who drive and ride and hear gay music, or who at least may take their ease and seek their pleasure on summer nights. They seem to be all the world, if one keeps to the most traveled roads and does not penetrate beyond a certain line east or west—and does not stay out too late.

Late at night the parks that have been given over to young lovers or to gay children fill slowly with the homeless drift of the city. Late at night a line forms, silently, mysteriously, at a certain corner of the town where a gray Gothic church stands nobly beautiful, and a green latticed garden restaurant tells of the comfortable things of the world.

The line is very quiet; the men who form it are very shabby. Their glances are furtive. Newcomers fall into place noiselessly with soldier-like precision. It grows for two or three hours—an unsightly blot upon the quiet summer midnight. It is waiting for a distribution of yesterday's loaves from the bakery belonging to the green latticed garden. The men take their share. Sometimes

they go away munching and tearing their loaves at once. Sometimes they button their shiny coats over it and slink shamefacedly away to eat in solitude, or maybe with their families.

There are tenement roofs whither resort whole families, with pale lips, panting for air. They drag mattresses up and make the children lie inward toward the center. They sleep fitfully until the early sunlight malignantly pokes fingers into their tired eyes and rouses them. Now and again one rolls too near the edge—or, waking, stumbles sleepily about in the unfamiliar region—and then the summer night becomes a thing of shuddering horror.

But for the most part it is a pleasant time, even among the tenements, where the children play in the streets until midnight and the grown people swarm lazily upon the sidewalks. It is pleasant whether one sees it from the quiet of Riverside Drive or from the crowded, garish, music noisy floor of an East River recreation pier; from the deck of a graceful yacht or that of a cumbrous excursion boat; from the seclusion of a cushioned carriage or from the seat of a plebeian open car. There are warmth and lights and leisure; there is the holiday spirit which no remembered stress of daytime work can quite banish.

And where these things are, life must find itself, at least for the moment, a little less gray and a little less harsh than is its wont—even the life of regions the crudest and least lovely.

NOCTURNE: HARP AND VIOLIN.

Twilight and one pale star—then low is heard
The tender cooing of a nesting bird,
Where rife with balm the timid, gentle gales
Blow down, far down the asphodelian dales.

Starlight and eastern glow—then faintly floats,
Fresh from the heart of Heaven, a seraph's notes,
A strain wherein most blessed thoughts abide
Of cradle songs and prayers at eventide.

Moonlight and brooding peace—and then the fall
Of gossamer from Eden bowered wall,
A Jacob's ladder, white with wings that bear
Pale poppy wreaths, the anodyne for care.

Now softly sail, O soul, on Slumber Sea,
Thy silken sails attuned to melody,
Thy destined port the Isle of Calm, where grows
The dreamland tree that yields the world repose.

Clarence Urmy.

SOPHIA.*

BY STANLEY J. WEYMAN.

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS ALREADY PUBLISHED.

SIR HERVEY COKE seeks Sophia Maitland's hand in marriage, but his dispassionate style of wooing proves distasteful to the young girl, who has bestowed her affections on an Irish adventurer named Hawkesworth. The latter worthy, who is seeking to win Sophia for her fortune, has also plotted to bring about the marriage of her twin brother, Tom, to a woman of doubtful character known as Oriana Clark, who is really the daughter of a clockmaker named Grocott; for Hawkesworth has ascertained that if the young fellow marries without the consent of his guardians, he will forfeit a large part of his inheritance, half of which will become Sophia's, and incidentally Hawkesworth's, if he can win her. With this object in view, he lures the boy from Oxford, where he is at college, to London. Sophia's guardians, Mr. Northey and his wife, who is the young girl's elder sister, try to coerce her into marrying Sir Hervey, foreseeing advantages to themselves in such an alliance; but Sophia has accidentally learned of Tom's danger, and that, although they are aware of it, they have done nothing to save him, and she remains obdurate. Mrs. Northey thereupon harshly declares that she must go to Chalkhill, her shrewish Aunt Leah's home, where existence promises to be a burden to her. In sheer desperation, Sophia consents to an elopement which Hawkesworth has planned; but afterwards discovers that before the appointed time arrives, she will have been sent away from London. She is sorely perplexed as to what to do, when Lady Betty Cochrane visits her, and on learning of her dilemma persuades her to exchange clothes with her, so that she may escape from her room, where she is locked in, and seek her lover. On her way to Hawkesworth's residence, Sophia is arrested by bailiffs, who mistake her for the woman Oriana Clark; but Lane, a mercer, identifies her, and she is permitted to go. When she reaches her destination, she finds that the Irishman is not at home. She is grudgingly permitted to come in and wait for him, and in Hawkesworth's room she finds damning evidence of his perfidy. Before she can decide upon a course of action, she hears Hawkesworth's voice on the stairs. Unable to escape from the room, the girl takes refuge behind a high backed settle, where she overhears the conversation between the Irishman and his companion, who proves to be her brother Tom. While discussing the lad's approaching marriage, Hawkesworth arouses the lad's ire by playfully suggesting that his sister Sophia may some day have similar business to transact with Dr. Keith, the clergyman who has been engaged for young Maitland's wedding.

VIII (Continued).

HAWKESWORTH knew perfectly well that it would be prudent to quit the subject, but his love of teasing or his sense of the humor of the situation would not let him. "She's not for such as me, you mean?" he said, with a mocking laugh.

"You can put it that way if you like."

"And yet, I think—if I were to try?"

"What?"

"I say, if I were to try?"

Sir Tom scowled across the table. "Look here!" he said, striking it heavily with his hand, "I don't like this sort of talk. I don't suppose you wish to be offensive; and we'll end it, if you please."

Hawkesworth shrugged his shoulders. "Oh, by all means, if you like," he said. "Only it looks a little as if you feared for your charming sister. After all, women are women. Even Miss Sophia Maitland is a woman, and no exception to the rule, I presume."

"Oh, damn you!" the boy cried furiously; and again struck his hand on the table. "Will you leave my sister's name alone? Cannot you understand—what a gentleman feels about it?"

"He cannot!"

The words came from behind Sir Tom, who sprang a yard from the settle, and stood gaping; while Hawkesworth, his glass going to shivers on the floor, clutched the table as he rose. Both stood staring, both stood amazed, scarce believing their eyes, as Sophia, stepping from the shelter of the settle, stood before them.

"He cannot!" she repeated, with a gesture, a look, an accent, that should have withered the man. "He cannot! He does not know what a gentleman feels about anything. He does not know what a gentleman is. Look at him! Look at him!" she continued, her face white with scorn; and she fixed the astonished Irishman with an outstretched finger, that would not have confounded him more had

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it been a loaded pistol set to his head. "A gentleman!" she went on passionately. "That a gentleman? Why, the air he breathes pollutes us! To be in one room with him disgraces us! That such a one should have tricked us will shame us all our lives!"

Hawkesworth tried to speak, tried to carry off the surprise; but a feeble smile was all he could compass. Even Irish wit, even native impudence, were unequal to the emergency. The blow was so sudden, so unexpected, he could not in a moment arrange his thoughts or discern his position. He saw that for some reason or other she had come to him before the time; but he could not on the instant remember how far he had disclosed his hand before her, or what she had learned from him while she lay hidden.

Naturally, Tom was the quicker to recover himself. His first thought on seeing his sister was that she had got wind of his plans and was here to prevent his marriage. And it was in this sense that he interpreted her opening words. But before she had ceased to speak, the passion which she threw into her denunciation of Hawkesworth turned his thoughts into a new and fiercer channel. With an oath, "Never mind him!" he cried, and stepping forward gripped her, almost brutally, by the wrist. "I'll talk with him afterwards. First, miss, what the devil are you doing here?"

"Ask him," she answered; and again pointed her finger at Hawkesworth. "Or no, I will tell you, Tom. That man, that man who calls himself your friend, and called himself my lover, has plotted to ruin us. Tomorrow he would have married you to—I know not whom. And when he had seen you married and knew you had forfeited a fortune to me, then—then I should have been a fit match for him! I! I! And in the evening he would have married me! Oh, shame, shame on us, Tom, that we should have let ourselves be so deluded!"

"He would have married you!" Tom cried, dropping her hand in sheer astonishment.

"The same day."

"Hawkesworth? He would have married you?"

"You may well say *he*!" she answered, a wave of crimson flooding her cheeks and throat. "The thought kills me."

Tom looked from one to the other. "But I can't understand," he said. "I didn't know—that he knew you, even."

"And I didn't know that he knew you!" she answered bitterly. "He is a villain, and that was his plan. We were not to know."

Tom turned to the Irishman; and the latter's deprecatory shrug was vain. "What have you to say?" Tom cried, in a voice almost terrible.

But Hawkesworth, who did not lack courage, was himself again, easy, alert, plausible. "Much," he said coolly. "Much, my dear lad. The whole thing is a mistake. I loved your sister—" he bowed gravely in her direction, stealing a glance as he did so, to learn how she took it, and how far he still had a chance with her. "I loved her, I say, I still love her, though she has shown that she puts as little faith in me as she can ever have entertained affection for me. But I knew her as Miss Maitland; I did not know that she was your sister. Once I think she mentioned a brother, but no more, no name. For the rest, I had as little reason to expect to find her here as you had."

The last words hit Tom uncomfortably; her presence here was a fact hard to swallow. The brother turned on the sister. "Is this true?" he hissed.

Sophia winced. "It is true," she faltered.

"Then, what brought you here?" Tom cried, with pitiless cruelty.

The girl shivered; she never forgot the pain of that moment, never forgot the man who had caused her that humiliation. "Ask him!" she panted. "Or no, I will tell you, Tom. He swore that he loved me. He made me, poor fool that I was, believe him. He said that if I would elope with him tomorrow, he would marry me at Keith's chapel; and fearing they—my sister—would marry me against my will to—to another man, I consented. Then—they were going to send me away in the morning, and it would have been too late. I came away this afternoon to tell him, and—and—"

"There you have the explanation, Sir Thomas," Hawkesworth interposed, with an air of good nature. "And in all you'll say, I think, that there is nothing of which I need be ashamed. I loved your sister, she was good enough to fancy she was not indifferent to me. My intentions

were honorable, but her friends were opposed to my suit. I had her consent to elope, and if she had not on a sudden discovered, as she apparently has, that her heart is not mine, we should have been married within a few days."

"Tomorrow, sir, tomorrow!" Sophia cried. And would have confronted him with his letter; but it was in the folds of her dress, and she would not let him see where she kept it.

"Tomorrow, certainly, if it had been your pleasure," Hawkesworth answered smoothly. "The sole, the only point it concerns me to show is, Sir Tom, that I did not know that Miss Maitland was your sister. I give you my word I did not."

"Liar!" she cried, unable to contain herself.

He shrugged his shoulders and smiled. "There is but one Sir Thomas Maitland," he said, "but there are many Maitlands. Miss Maitland may hold what opinion she pleases, and express what view of my character commends itself to her, without fear that I shall call her natural guardians to account. But I cannot allow a gentleman to doubt my word. I repeat, Sir Tom, that I did not know that this lady was your sister."

The boy listened, scowling and thinking. He had no lack of courage, and was as ready to fly at a man's throat as not. But he was young; he was summoned, suddenly and in conditions most perplexing, to protect the family honor; and it was no wonder that he hesitated. But at this, "Then, why the devil were you so ready to bet," he blurted out, "that she would be married at Keith's?"

Before Hawkesworth could frame the answer, "That is not all!" Sophia cried; and with a rapid movement she snatched from the table the book that had first opened her eyes. "Here, here," she cried, tapping it passionately, "in his own handwriting is the plot! The plot against us both! Tom, look; find it! You will find it under my name. And then he cannot deny it."

She held the book out to Tom, he went to take it. But Hawkesworth was too quick for them. With an oath he sprang forward, held Tom back with one hand, and with the other seized the volume and tried to get possession of it. But Sophia clung to it, screaming; and before he could wrest it from her hold, Tom, mad-

dened by the insult and her cries, was at his breast like a wild cat.

The fury of the assault took Hawkesworth by surprise. He staggered against the wall, and alarmed by the girl's shrieks, let the book go. By this time, however, Sophia, too, had had enough of the struggle. The sight of the two locked in furious conflict horrified her; her grasp relaxed, she let the book fall; and as Hawkesworth, recovering from his surprise, gripped her brother's throat and by main force bent him backwards—the lad never ceasing to rain blows on the taller man's face and shoulders—she fled to the door, opened it, and screamed desperately for help.

Fortunately, it was already on the road. Mr. Wollenhope, crying, "Lord, what is it? What is it?" was half way up the stairs when she appeared; and close on his heels followed his wife, with a scared face. Sophia beckoned them to hasten, and, wringing her hands, flew back. They followed.

They found Hawkesworth dragging the boy about, striving savagely to force him to the floor. As soon as he saw Wollenhope, "Will some one take this mad dog off me?" he cried, with ill suppressed fury. "He has tried his best to murder me. If I had not been the stronger, he would have done it!"

Wollenhope, panting with the haste he had made, seized Tom from behind and held him, while Hawkesworth disengaged himself. "You'll—you'll give me satisfaction for this!" the lad cried, gasping and almost blubbering with rage. His wig was gone, so was his cravat; the ruffle of his shirt was torn from top to bottom.

The other was readjusting his dress, and stanching the blood that flowed from a cut lip. "Satisfaction, you young booby?" he answered, with savage contempt. "Send you back to school and whip you! Turn 'em out, Wollenhope! Turn them both out! That devil's cub sprang on me and tried to strangle me. It's lucky for you, sir, that I don't send you to Hick's Hall!"

"Oh, Lord, let's have none of that!" Wollenhope said hastily. "Mine's a respectable house, and there's been noise enough already. A little more, and I shall be indicted. March, young sir, if you please. And you, too, miss."

Tom swelled with fresh rage. "Do you know who I am, fellow?" he cried. "I'd have you to know——"

"I don't want to know," Wollenhope rejoined, cutting him short. "I won't know! It's march—that's all I know. And quick, if you please," he continued, trying to edge the lad out of the room.

"But, William," his wife protested, and timidly touched his arm, "it's possible that they may not be in fault. I'm sure the young lady was very well spoken when she came."

"None of your advice!" her husband retorted loudly.

"But, William——"

"None of your advice, I say! Do you hear? Do you understand? This gentleman is our lodger. Who the others are I don't know, nor care. And I don't want to know, that's more."

"You'll smart for this!" Tom cried, getting in a word at last. He was almost bursting with chagrin and indignation. "I'd have you know, my fine fellow, I am Sir——"

"I don't want to know," Wollenhope retorted stubbornly. "I don't care who you are; and for smarting, perhaps I may. When you are sober, sir, we'll talk about it. In the mean time, this is my house, and you'll go, unless you want me to fetch the constable. And that mayn't be best for the young lady, who seems a young lady. I don't suppose she'll like to be taken to the round house, nor run the risk of it. Take my advice, young sir, take my advice, and go quietly while you can."

Tom, half choked with rage, was for retorting; but Sophia, who had quite broken down and was weeping hysterically, clutched his arm. "Oh, come," she cried piteously, "please come!" And she tried to draw him towards the door.

But the lad resisted. "You'll answer to me for this," he said, scowling at Hawkesworth, who remained in an attitude, eying the two with a smile of disdain. "You know where to find me, and I shall be at your service until tomorrow at noon."

"I'll find you when you are grown up," the Irishman answered, with a mocking laugh. "Back to your books, boy, and be whipped for playing truant!"

The taunt stung Tom to fresh fury. With a scream of rage he sprang forward

and, shaking off Wollenhope's grasp, tried to close with his enemy. But Sophia clung to him bravely, imploring him to be calm; and Wollenhope seized him again and held him back, while Mrs. Wollenhope supplied, for assistance, a chorus of shrieks. Between the three he was partly led and partly dragged to the door, and got outside. From the landing he hurled a last threat at the smiling Hawkesworth, left master of the field; and then, with a little rough persuasion, he was induced to descend.

In the passage he had a fresh fit of stubbornness, and wished to state his wrongs and who he was. But Sophia's heart was pitifully set on escaping from the house—to her a house of bitter shame and humiliation—and the landlord's desire was to see the last of them, and in a moment the two were outside. Wollenhope lost not a moment, but slammed the door on them with a clang; they heard the chain put up, and, an instant later, the man's retreating footsteps as he went back to his lodger.

IX.

If Tom had been alone when he was thus ejected, it is probable that his first impulse would have been either to press his forehead against the wall and weep with rage, or to break the offender's windows; eighteen being an age at which the emotions are masters of the man. But the noise of the fracas within, though dulled by the walls, had reached the street. A window here and a window there were open, and curious eyes, peering through the darkness, were on the two who had been put out. Tom was too angry to heed these on his own account, or care who was witness of his violence; but for Sophia's sake, whose state as she clung to his arm began to appeal to his manhood, he was willing to be gone without more.

After shaking his fist at the door, therefore, and uttering a furious word or two, he pressed the weeping girl's hand to his side. "All right," he said, "we'll go. It'll not be long before I'll be back again, and they'll be sorry! A houseful of cheats and bullies! There, child, very well, I'll come. Don't cry," he continued, patting her hand with an air that, after the reverse he had suffered, was not

without its grandeur. "I'll take care of you, never fear. I've rooms a little way round the corner, and you shall have my bed. It's too late to go to Arlington Street tonight."

Sophia, sobbing and frightened, hung down her head, and did not answer; and Tom, forgetting in his wrath against Hawkesworth the cause he had to be angry with her, said nothing to increase her misery or aggravate her sense of the folly she had committed. His lodgings were in Clarges Row, a little north of Shepherd's Market, and almost within a stone's throw of Mayfair Chapel. Four minutes' walking brought the two to the house, where Tom rapped in a peculiar manner at the window shutter; after this had been twice repeated, the door was grudgingly opened by a pale faced, elderly man, bearing a lighted candle end in his fingers.

He muttered his surprise on seeing Tom; but made way for him, grumbling something about the late hour. When he saw the girl about to follow he started, and scowled, and seemed to be going to refuse her entrance. But Tom was of those who carry off by sheer force of arrogance a difficult situation. "My sister, Miss Maitland, is with me," he said. "She'll have my room tonight. Don't stare, fellow, but hold a light for the lady to go up."

The man let them enter, and barred the door after them. Then snuffing his candle with his fingers, he held it up and surveyed them. "By go!," he said, chuckling, "you don't look much like bride and bridegroom!"

Tom stormed at him, but he only continued to grin. "You've been fighting!" he said.

"Well, what's that to you, you rogue?" the lad answered sharply. "Light the lady up, do you hear?"

"To be sure! To be sure! But you'll be wanting a light in each room," he continued with a cunning look as he halted at the head of a narrow boarded staircase, up which he had preceded them. "That's over and above, you'll remember. Candles here and candles there, a man's soon ruined!"

Tom bade him keep a civil tongue, and himself led the way into a quaint little three cornered parlor, boarded like the staircase; through it was a bedroom of the

same shape and size. The rooms had a small window apiece looking on the Row, and wore an air of snugness that would have appealed to Sophia had her eyes been open to anything but her troubles. Against the longer wall of the parlor stood a couple of tall clocks; while a third eked out the scanty furniture of the bedroom, and others, ticking with stealthy industry in the lower part of the house, whispered that it was a clockmaker's shop.

Sophia cared not, asked nothing. She felt no curiosity. She put no questions, but accepted in silence the dispositions her brother made for her comfort. Bruised and broken, fatigued in body, with a sorely aching heart, she took the room he gave her, sleep offering all she could now hope for or look for, sleep bounding all her ambitions. In sleep—and at that moment she would fain have lain down not to rise again—she hoped to find a refuge from trouble, a shelter from thought, a haven where shame for the time could not enter. To one in suspense bed is a rack, a place of torture; but when the blow has fallen, the lot been drawn, the dulled sensibilities sink to rest in it as naturally as a bird in the nest—and as quickly find repose.

She slept as one stunned, but weak is the anodyne of a single night. She awoke in the morning, cured indeed of love by a radical operation, but still bleeding; still in fancy under the cruel knife, still writhing in remembered torture. To look forward, to avert her eyes from the past, was her sole hope; and speedily her mind grew clear; the future began to take shape in it. She would make use of Tom's good offices; and through him would negotiate terms with her sister. She would not, could not, go back to Arlington Street! But any penance, short of that, she would undergo. If it pleased them, she would go to Chalkhill; or in any other way that seemed good to them, she would expiate the foolish, the worse than foolish escapade of which she had been guilty. Life henceforth could be but a gray and joyless thing; and provided she escaped the sneers and gibes of Arlington Street, she cared little where it was spent.

She was anxious to broach the subject at breakfast; but, through a natural reluctance to open it, she postponed the

discussion as long as she dared. It was not like Tom to be over careful of her feelings; but he, too, appeared unwilling to revert to past unpleasantness. He fidgeted and seemed preoccupied; rose frequently and sat down again; and often went to the window and looked out. At last he rose impulsively, and disappeared in the bedroom.

By and by he returned, still in his morning cap and loose wrapper, but with a shirt over each arm. "Which ruffles do you like the better, Sophy?" he asked; and he displayed one after the other before her eyes. "Of course, I wish to look my best today," he added shamefacedly.

She stared at him, at first in perplexity, then in horror, as she discerned on a sudden what he meant. "Today?" she faltered. "Why today, Tom, more than on other days?"

His face fell. "People generally dress," he said, "to be married. At least, I thought so until yesterday," he added, with a glance at her dress.

She was sitting on the narrow window seat; she stood up, her back to the window. "To be married?" she exclaimed. "Oh, Tom! It is impossible you intend to go on with it, after all you have heard!"

His face grew more and more sullen. "I am not going to marry Hawkesworth!" he sneered. And then, as she winced under the cruel stroke, he repented of it. "I only mean," he said hurriedly, "that—that I don't see what he and his villainy have to do with my marriage."

"But, oh, Tom, it is all one!" Sophia cried, clasping her hands nervously. "He was with—with her when you met her. I heard you say so last night. I heard you say that if it had not been for him you would never have seen her or known her."

"Well!" Tom answered. "And what of that? If her chaise had not broken down, I should never have seen her or known her. That is true, too. But what has that to do with it?"

"He planned it!"

"He could not plan my falling in love," Tom answered, stroking his chin fatuously.

"But if you had seen the book," Sophia retorted, "the book he snatched from me, you would have seen it written there!

His plan was to get you married first. You know you forfeit ten thousand pounds to me, Tom, and ten to Anne, if you marry without your guardians' consent."

"Damn them and the ten thousand!" Tom cried grandly. "Lord, miss, I've plenty left. You are welcome to it, and so is sister. As for their consent, they'd not give it till I was Methuselah!"

"But surely you are not that yet!" she pleaded. "You are only eighteen."

"Well, and what are you?" he retorted. "And you were for being married yesterday?"

"I was!" she cried, wringing her hands. "And to what a fate! I am unhappy enough today, unhappy indeed; but I shall be thankful all my life that I escaped that. Oh, Tom, for my sake, take care! Don't do it! Wait, at least, until——"

"Till I am Methuselah?" he cried.

"No, but until you have taken advice," she answered. "Till you know more about her. Tom, don't be angry," Sophia continued, as he turned away with an impatient gesture. "Or, if you will not be guided, tell me, at least, who she is. I am your sister; surely I have the right to know who is to be your wife."

"I am sure I don't mind your knowing."

"I have only your interests at heart," she cried.

"I have no reason to be ashamed of her, I am sure," he continued, coloring. "Though I don't know that she is altogether one of your sort. She is the most beautiful woman in the world, that I know. And so you will say when you see her," he added, his eyes sparkling. "She has as much wit in her little finger as I have in my head. And you'll find that out, too. She don't look at most people, but she took to me at once. It seems wonderful to me now," he continued rapturously. "But—you should see her! You must see her! You can't fancy her until you do see her."

It was on the tip of Sophia's tongue to ask, "But—is she good?" Like a wise girl, however, she refrained; or, rather, she put the question in another form. "Her name," she said timidly, "is it by any chance—Oriana?"

Tom was pacing the room, his back to her, his thoughts blissfully occupied with

his mistress' charms. He whirled round so rapidly at the word that the tassels of his morning wrapper—at that period the only wear of a gentleman until he dressed for the day—flew out level with the horizon. "How did you know?" he cried, his color high, his eyes reading her suspiciously.

"Because I read that name in the book," Sophia answered, her worst fears confirmed. "Because——"

"Did you see Oriana only or her full name?"

"What is her full name?"

"You don't know? Then, you cannot have seen it in the book!" Tom retorted triumphantly. "But I am not ashamed of it. Her name is Clark."

"Oriana Clark?" Sophia repeated. Where had she heard the name?

"Oriana Clark. But what matter?" Tom answered irritably. "It will be Lady Maitland by night."

"She's a widow?" Sophia asked. She did not know how she knew.

Tom scowled. "Well, what if she is?" he cried.

"What was her husband, Tom? I suppose she had a husband."

"Look here, take care what you are saying!" Tom exclaimed, with an ugly look. "Don't be too free with your tongue, miss. Her husband, if you must know, was a Captain Clark of—of Sabine's Foot, I think it was. He was a man of the first fashion; but he treated her badly, spent all her money, you know, and—and when he died she had to look out for herself, you understand," Tom added vaguely.

"But she must be years and years older than you!" Sophia answered, opening her eyes. "And a widow! Oh, Tom, think of it! Think of it again. And be guided. Wait at least until you know more about it," Sophia pleaded, "and have learned what life she has led, and——"

But Tom would hear no more. "Wait?" he cried rudely. "You are a nice person to give that advice! You were for waiting, of course, and doing what you were told. I tell you what it is, miss: I kept my mouth shut last night, but I might have said a good deal! Who got us into the trouble? What were you doing there, in his room? The less you say, and the quieter you keep, the better for all, I think! A man's one thing, but a girl's

another, and she should do what she's bid and take care of herself, and not run the risk of shaming the family."

"Oh, Tom!"

"Oh, it's every word true, and less than you deserve, ma'am! Wait till sister sees you, and you'll hear more. Now, cry, cry, that's like a girl!" the lad added contemptuously. "All the same, a little plain truth will do you good, miss, and teach you not to meddle. But I suppose women will scratch women as long as the world lasts!"

"Oh, Tom, it is not that!" Sophia cried between her sobs. "I've behaved badly, if you please. But take me for a warning. I thought—I thought him all you think her!"

"Oh, damn!" Tom cried, and flinging away in a rage, he went into the bedroom and slammed the door. Sophia heard him turn the key, and a minute later, when she had a little recovered herself, she heard him moving to and fro in the room. He was dressing. He had not, then, changed his mind.

She waited a while, trying to believe that her words would still produce some effect. But he did not emerge. She caught the rustle of his garments as he changed his clothes, and in a fever of anxiety she began to pace the room. Nature has provided no cure for trouble so wholesome or so powerful as a generous interest in another's fate. Gone was the apathy, gone were the dullness of soul and the grayness of outlook, with which Sophia had risen. Convinced of the villainy of the man who had nearly snared her, she foresaw nothing but ruin in an alliance between her brother and one connected, ever so remotely, with him. Nor did the case rest on this only, or on Tom's youth, or on the secrecy of the marriage. Oriana was the name she had spelled out in the book, the name of one of the women suggested in Hawkesworth's sordid calculations. No wonder Sophia shrank from thinking what manner of woman she might be, or what her recommendations for a part in the play. It was enough that she knew Hawkesworth, and was known by him.

The cruel lesson that Sophia had learned in her own person, the glimpse she had had of the abyss into which folly had all but cast her, even the gratitude in which she held the brother who had

protected her, rendered her feelings trebly poignant now; her view of the case trebly serious. To see the one relation she loved falling into the pit which she had escaped, and to be unable to save him; to know him committed to this fatal step, and to foresee that his whole life would be blasted by it, awoke no less pity in her breast because her eyes were open today to her madness of yesterday. Something, something must be done for him; something, but what?

Often into the gloom of reflections, quite alien from them, shoot strange flashes of memory. "Oriana? Oriana Clark?" Sophia muttered, and stood still, remembered. Oriana Clark! That was the name of the woman in whose stead she had been arrested; the woman whose name the bailiff had read from the writ in Lane's shop. Sophia had only heard the name once, and the press of after events and crowding emotions had driven it into a side cell of the brain, whence it now as suddenly emerged. Her eyes sparkled with hope. Here, at last, was a fact, here was something on which she could go. She stepped to Tom's door, and rapped on it.

"Well?" he said sourly. "What is it?"

"Please come out?" she cried eagerly. "I have something to tell you. I have, indeed!"

"Can't come now," he answered. "I'm in a hurry."

It seemed he was; or he wished to avoid further discussion, for when he appeared a few minutes later—long minutes to Sophia, waiting and listening in the outer room—he snatched up his hat and Malacca and made for the door. "I can't stop now," he cried; and he waved her off, as he raised the latch. "I shall be back in an hour—in an hour, and if you like to behave yourself, you—you may be at it. Though you're not very fine, I'm bound to say!" he concluded with a grudging glance. Doubtless he was comparing her draggled sack and unpowdered hair with the anticipated splendors of his bride. He was so fine himself, he seemed to fill the little room with light.

"Oh, but, Tom, one minute!" she cried, following him and seizing his arm. "Have a little patience; I only want to tell you one thing."

"Well, be quick about it," he answered

ungraciously, his hand still on the latch. "And keep your tongue off her, miss, or it will be the worse for you. I'll not have my wife miscalled," he continued, looking grand and somewhat sulky, "as you'll have to learn, my lady."

"But she is not your wife yet," Sophia protested earnestly. "And, Tom, she only wants you to pay her debts. She was arrested yesterday."

"Arrested yesterday?" he exclaimed.

"Yes. Well, I mean," Sophia went on, beginning to flounder, "I was arrested—in her place. That is to say, on a writ against her."

"You were arrested on a writ against her!" Tom cried again. "You must be mad! Mad, girl! You've never seen her in your life. You did not know her name. Oh, this is too bad!" he continued, shaking her off in a rage. "How dare you, you little vixen?" He had not heard a word of her adventures on the way to Davies Street, and the statement she had just made seemed to him the wanton falsehood of a foolish girl bent on mischief. "You cowardly little liar!" he added, pale with anger.

She recoiled. "Don't strike me, Tom," she cried.

"I'll not! But—but you deserve it, you little snake! You are bad! You are bad right through!" he continued from a height of righteous indignation. "What you did yesterday was nothing in comparison of this! You let me hear another word against her, make up another of your lies, and you are no sister of mine! That's all! So now you know, and if you are wise you will not try it again!"

As he uttered the last word Tom jerked up the latch and strode out; but only to come into violent collision, at the head of the stairs, with his landlord, who appeared to be getting up from his knees. "Damn you, Grocott, what the deuce are you doing here?" the lad cried, backing from him in a rage.

"Cleaning the stairs, your honor," the man pleaded.

"You rascal, I believe you were listening!" Tom retorted. "Is that room below stairs ready? We go at noon, mark me, and shall be back to dine at one."

"To be sure, sir, all will be ready. Does the lady come here first?"

"Yes. Have the cold meats come from the White Horse?"

"Yes, sir."

"And the Burgundy from Pontack's?"

"Yes, your honor."

Tom nodded his satisfaction, and, his temper a little improved, went down the stairs. Sophia, who had heard every word, ran to the window and saw him cross Clarges Row in the direction of Shepherd's Market. Probably he was gone to assure himself that the clergyman was at home and ready to perform the ceremony.

The girl watched him out of sight; then she dried her tears. "I mustn't cry!" she murmured. "I must do something! I must do something!"

But there was only one thing she could do, and that was a thing that would cost her dear. Only by returning to Arlington Street at once, that moment, and giving information, could she prevent the marriage. Mr. Northey was Tom's guardian; he had the power, and though he had shirked his duty while the house was *in nubibus*, he would not dare to stand by when time and place, the house and the hour, were pointed out to him. In less than ten minutes she could be with him, in half as many the facts could be made known. Long before the hour elapsed, Mr. Northey might be in Clarges Row, or, if he preferred it, at Dr. Keith's chapel, ready to forbid the marriage.

The thing was possible, nay, it was easy; and it would save Tom from that which she knew he would repent all his life. But it entailed the one step from which she was anxious to be saved, the one penalty from which her wounded pride shrank, as the bleeding stump shrinks from the cautery. To execute it she must return to Arlington Street; she must return into her sister's power, to the domination of Mrs. Martha, and the daily endurance not only of many an ignoble penance, but of coarse jests and gibes and horrible insinuations. An hour before, she had conceived the hope of escaping this, either through Tom's mediation or by a voluntary retreat to Chalk-hill. Now she had to choose this or his ruin.

She did not hesitate. Even in her folly of the previous day, even in her reckless self abandonment to a silly passion, Sophia had not lacked the qualities that make for sacrifice—courage, generosity, stiffness. Here was room for their dis-

play in a better cause. Without a moment's delay, undeterred even by the reflection that, far from earning Tom's gratitude, she would alienate her only friend, she hurried into the bedroom and donned Lady Betty's laced jacket and Tuscan. With a moan on her own account, a pitiful smile on his, she put them on; and then she remembered with horror that she must pass through the streets in that guise. It had done well enough at night, but in the day the misfit was frightful. Not even for Tom could she walk through Berkeley Square and Portugal Street, the figure it made her. She must have a chair.

She opened the door and was overjoyed to find that the landlord was still on the stairs. "Will you please to get me a chair?" she said eagerly. "At once, without the loss of a minute."

The man looked at her stupidly, his lower lip dropped and flaccid, his fat, whitish face evincing a sort of consternation. "A chair?" he repeated slowly. "Certainly. But if your ladyship is going any distance, would not a coach be better?"

"No, I am only going as far as Arlington Street," Sophia answered, off her guard for the moment. "Still, a coach will do if you cannot get a chair. I have not a moment to lose."

"To be sure, ma'am, to be sure," he answered, staring at her heavily. "A chair you'll have, then?"

"Yes, and at once. At once, you understand?"

"If you are in a hurry, maybe there is one below," he said, making as if he would enter the room and look from the windows. "Sometimes there is."

"If there were," she retorted, irritated by his slowness, "I should not have asked you to get one. I suppose you know what a chair is?" she continued. For the man stood looking at her so dully and strangely she began to think he was a natural.

"Oh, yes!" he answered, his eyes twinkling with sudden intelligence; as if at the notion. "I know a chair, and I'd have had one for you by now. But, by gosh, I've no one to leave with the child, in case it awakes!"

"The child?" Sophia cried, quite startled. For the presence of a child in a house is no secret, as a rule.

"'Tis here," he said, indicating a door that stood ajar at his elbow. "On the bed in the inner room, ma'am. I'm doing the stairs to be near it."

"Is it a baby?" Sophia cried.

"Yes, sure. What else?"

"I'll stay with it, then," she said. "May I look at it? And will you get the chair for me while I watch it?"

"To be sure, ma'am! 'Tis here," he continued, as he pushed the door wide open and led the way through a tiny room, the outer of two that, looking to the back, corresponded with Tom's apartments in the front. He pushed open the door of the inner room, the floor of which was a step higher. "If you'll see to it while I am away, ma'am, and not be out of hearing——"

"I will," Sophia said softly. "Is it yours?"

"No, my daughter's."

Sophia tiptoed across the floor of the inner room, to the bedside. The room was poorly lighted by one window, partially blocked by a water cistern; the bed stood in the dark corner beside the window; Sophia turned up her nose at the close air of the room, and for an instant hesitated to touch the dirty, tumbled bedclothes. She could not see the child. "Where is it?" she said, stooping to look more closely.

The answer was the dull jar of the door as it closed behind her; the sound was followed by the sharper click of a bolt driven home in the socket. She turned swiftly, her heart standing still, her brain already apprised of treachery. The man was gone.

Sophia made but one bound to the threshold, lifted the latch, and threw her weight against the door. It was fastened.

"Open!" she cried, enraged at the trick which had been played her. "Do you hear me? Open the door this minute!" she repeated, striking it furiously with her hands. "What do you mean? How dare you shut me in?"

This time the only response was a low, chuckling laugh, as the clockmaker turned away. She heard the stealthy fall of his footsteps as he went through the outer room; then the grating of the key, as he locked the farther door behind him. Then—silence.

"Tom!" Sophia shrieked, kicking the door, and pounding it with her little fists.

"Tom, help! help, Tom!" And then, as she realized how she had been trapped, "Oh, poor Tom!" she sobbed. "I can do nothing now!"

While Grocott, listening on the stairs, chuckled grimly. "You thought you were going to stop my girl's marriage, did you?" he muttered, shaking his fist in the direction of the sounds. "You thought you'd stop her being 'my lady,' did you? Stop her now if you can, my little madam. I have you like a mouse in a trap; and when you are cooler my Lady Maitland shall let you out. My lady—ha! ha! What a sound it has! My lady! My Lady Maitland!"

Then reflecting that Hawkesworth, whom he hated, and had cause to hate, had placed this triumph in his grasp—and would now, as things had turned out, get nothing by it—he shook with savage laughter. "Lady Maitland!" he chuckled. "Ho! ho! And he gets—the shells! The shells, ho! ho!"

X.

IN his rooms at the corner of Portugal Street and Bolton Street, so placed that by glancing a trifle on one side of the oval mirror before him he could see the Queen's Walk and the sloping pastures of the Green Park, Sir Hervey Coke was being shaved. A pile of loose gold which lay on the dressing table indicated that the evening at White's had not been unpropitious. An empty chocolate cup and half eaten roll stood beside the money, and, with Sir Hervey's turban cap and embroidered gown, indicated that the baronet, who in the country broke his fast on beef and small beer, and began the day booted, followed in town town fashions. Early as it was, however—barely ten—his wig hung freshly curled on the stand, and a snuff colored coat and long flapped waistcoat, plainly laced, were airing at the fire; signs that he intended to be abroad betimes, and on business.

Perhaps the business had to do with an open letter in his lap, at which the man who was shaving him cocked his eye inquisitively between strokes. Sir Hervey did not seem to heed this curiosity; but the valet had had reason before—and was presently to have further reason—to know that his taciturn master saw more than he had the air of seeing.

Suddenly Sir Hervey raised his hand, and Watkyns, the valet, stood back. "Bring it me," Coke said.

The man had heard without hearing, and understood without explanation. He went softly to the door, received a note, and brought it to his master.

"An answer?"

"No, sir."

"Then, finish."

The valet did so. When he had removed the napkin, Sir Hervey broke the seal, and after reading three or four lines of the letter, raised his eyes to the mirror. He met the servant's prying gaze, and abruptly crumpled the paper in his hand. Then, "Watkyns," he said in his quietest tone.

"Sir?"

"About the two guineas you—stole this morning. For this time you may keep them; but in the future kindly remember two things."

The razor the man was cleaning fell to the floor. His face was a sickly white, his knees shook under him. He tried to frame words to deny, to say something, but in vain. He was speechless.

"Firstly," Coke continued blandly, "that I count the money I bring home—at irregular intervals. Secondly, that two guineas is a larger sum than forty shillings. Another time, Watkyns, I would take less than forty shillings. You will understand why. That is all."

The man, still pale and trembling, found his tongue. "Oh, sir," he cried, "I swear, if you'll—you'll——"

Coke stopped him. "That is all," he said. "The matter is at an end. Pick that up, go down stairs, and return in five minutes."

When the man was gone, Sir Hervey smoothed the paper, and, with a face that grew darker and darker as he proceeded, read the contents of the letter from beginning to end. They were these:

DEAR SIR:

The honor you intended my family by an alliance with a person so nearly related to us as Miss Maitland renders it incumbent on me to inform you with the least possible delay of the unfortunate event which has happened in our household; and which, I need not say, I regret on no account more than because it must deprive us of the advantage we rightly looked to derive from that connection. At a late hour last evening the misguided (and I fear I must call her the unfortunate) girl whom you distinguished by so particular a mark of your esteem left the shelter of her home, it is now certain, to seek the protection of a lover.

While the least doubt on this point remained, I believed myself justified in keeping the matter even from you, but I have this morning learned from a sure source—Lane, the mercer in Piccadilly—that she was set down about nine o'clock last night at a house in Davies Street, kept by a man of the name of Wollenhope, and the residence—alas, that I should have to say it—of the infamous Irishman whose attentions to her at one time attracted your notice.

You will readily understand that from the moment we were certified of this we ceased to regard her as a part of our family; a choice so ill regulated can proceed only from a mind naturally inclined to vice. Resentment on your account, no less than a proper care of our household, dictates this course, nor will any repentance on her part, nor any of those misfortunes to which, as I apprehend, her misconduct will surely expose her, prevail on us to depart from it.

Forgive me, dear sir, if, under the crushing weight of this deplorable matter, I confine myself to the bare fact and its consequence, adding only the expression of our profound regret and consideration.

I have the honor to remain, dear sir,

Your most obedient, humble servant,

J. NORTHEY.

"A damned cold blooded fish!" Sir Hervey muttered when he had finished; and he cast the letter on the table with a gesture of disgust. This done, he sat motionless for several minutes, gazing at nothing, with a strange expression of pain in his eyes. Perhaps he was thinking of the stately old mansion in Sussex, standing silent and lonely in its wide spread park, awaiting—still awaiting a mistress. Perhaps of plans late made, soon wrecked, yet no less cherished. Perhaps of a pale young face, wide browed and wilful, with eyes more swift to blame than praise; eyes which he had seen seeking, and seeking pathetically, they knew not what. Or perhaps he was thinking of the notorious Lady Vane—of what she had been once, of what Sophia might be some day. For he swore softly, and the look of pain deepened in his eyes. And then Watkyns returned.

Sir Hervey stood up. "You'll go to Wollenhope's," he said without preface. "Wollenhope's, in Davies Street, and learn—you'll know how—whether the young lady who alighted there last night from a chair or coach is still there. And whether a person of the name of Hawkesworth is there. And whether he is at home. You will not tell my name. You understand?"

"Yes, sir."

"You've half an hour."

The man slid out of the room, his face

wearing a look of relief, almost of elation. It was true, then. He was forgiven!

Coke walked up and down, his watch in his hand, until the valet returned. In the interval he spoke only once. "She is but a child!" he muttered, "she's but a child!" And he followed it with a second oath. When his man returned, "Well?" he said, without looking round.

"The young lady is not there, sir," Watkyns replied. "She arrived at eight last evening in a chair, and left a little after nine with a young gentleman."

"The person Hawkesworth?"

"No, sir."

"No?" Sir Hervey turned as he spoke, and looked at him.

"No, sir. Who it was the landlord of the house either did not know or would not tell me. He was not in the best of tempers, and I could get no more from him. He told me that the young gentleman came in with his lodger about a quarter to nine."

"With Hawkesworth?"

"Yes, sir, and found the young lady waiting for them. That the two gentlemen quarreled almost immediately, and the young lady went off with the young gentleman, who was very young, not much more than a boy."

"What address?"

"I could not learn, sir."

"Watkyns."

"Yes, sir."

"You may take two more."

The man hesitated, his face scarlet. "If you please, sir," he muttered, "I'll consider I have them."

"Very good. I understand you. Now dress me."

To walk from Bolton Street to Davies Street, by way of Bolton Row and Berkeley Square, takes about five minutes. It was too early for fine gentlemen of Sir Hervey's stamp to be abroad, and fine ladies were still abed, so that he met with no acquaintances. He had ascertained from Watkyns in what part of the street Wollenhope's house was situate, and well within the prescribed space of time he found himself knocking at the door. It was opened pretty promptly by Mrs. Wollenhope.

"Does Mr. Hawkesworth lodge here?" Sir Hervey asked, without preamble.

"Yes, sir, he does," the good woman answered, curtseying low at the sight of

his feathered hat and laced waistcoat; and instinctively she looked up and down the street in search of his chair or coach. "But he is out at present," she continued, her eyes returning to him. "He left the house about half an hour ago, your honor."

"Can you tell me where he may be found?"

"No, sir, I have no notion," Mrs. Wollenhope answered, wiping her hands on her apron.

"Still," Sir Hervey rejoined, "you can, perhaps, tell me the name of the young gentleman who was here last evening and took a lady away?"

Mrs. Wollenhope raised her hands. "There!" she exclaimed. "I said we should hear of it again! Not that we are to blame, no, sir, no! Except in the way of saving bloodshed. And as for the name, I don't know it. But the address, now"—dropping her voice and looking nervously behind her—"the young gentleman did give an address, and—" with a sudden change of manner: "Are these with you, sir?"

Coke, following the direction of her gaze, turned about and found two rough looking men standing at his elbow. "No," he said, "they are not. What do you want, my men?"

"Lord, no hurry, we can wait till you've done, your honor," the foremost answered, tugging obsequiously at the uncocked flap of his hat, while his companion sucked his stick and stared. "Or, after all, what's the odds? Time's money, and there's many go in front of us would rather see our backs. Is the lady that came last night in the house, mistress?"

Sir Hervey stared, while Mrs. Wollenhope eyed the speaker with great disfavor. "No," she said; "if that's what you want, she is not."

The man slowly expectorated on the ground. "Oh," he said, "that being the case, when did she leave? No harm in telling that, mistress."

"She left within the hour," Mrs. Wollenhope snapped. "And that's all I'll tell you about her, so there! And take yourself off, please."

"If the matter of half a crown, now—"

Mrs. Wollenhope shook her head vigorously. "No!" she cried. "No! I don't sell my lodgers. I know your trade,

my man, and you'll get nothing from me."

The bailiff grinned and nodded. "All right," he said. "No need to grow warm. Easy does it. She gave us the slip yesterday, but we're bound to nab her by and by. We knew she was coming here, and if we'd waited here yesterday instead of at the coach office, we'd have took her. Come, Trigg, we'll to the Blue Posts; if she's had a coach or a chair we'll hear of it there." And with a "No offense, your honor," and a clumsy salute, the two catchpolls lounged away, the one a pace behind the other, his knobby stick still in his mouth and his sharp eyes everywhere.

Coke watched them go, and a more talkative man would have expressed his astonishment. He fancied that he knew all that was to be known of Sophia's mode of life. She might have spent a little more than her allowance at Margam's or Lane's, might have been tempted by lace at Doiley's or ribbons at the New Exchange. But a writ and bailiffs! The thing was absurd in connection with her, and for a good reason. Mr. Northey was rich, yet not so rich as he was penurious; the tradesman did not exist who would not trust, to the full extent of his purse, any member of that family. Coke was certain of this; certain, too, that there was something here he did not understand. But all he said was, "They're bailiffs, are they?"

"For sure, sir," Mrs. Wollenhope answered; "I've a neighbor knows one by sight. All day yesterday they were hanging about the door, probing if the young lady was come. 'Twas on that account she surprised me, for I'd been led to look for a fine spendthrift madam, and when she came—Lord ha' mercy, he's coming down! I hear him. If you want the address," she continued in a lower tone as her husband appeared at the foot of the stairs, "'twas in Clarges Row, at Grocott's."

"Thank you," Coke said.

"Grocott's," she repeated in a whisper. Then, in a louder tone, "No, sir, I can't say when he will be at home."

"Thank you," Sir Hervey said; and having got what he wanted, he did not stay to waste time with the man, but made the best of his way to Charles Street, into which the north end of

Clarges Row, now part of Clarges Street, opened at that date. Deeply engaged with the paramount question in his mind, the identity of the young man in whose company Sophia had left Hawkesworth's lodgings, he forgot the bailiffs; and it was with some annoyance that, on reaching the row, and looking about to find some one to point out the house, he espied one of them lurking in a doorway in Charles Street. Clearly they were watching him; the plot was thickening. So plain was this that Sir Hervey lost patience, turned, and made towards the man to question him. But the fellow turned on his heel, and retreating with an eye over his shoulder, disappeared in the square. To follow was to be led from the scent; the advantage if he overtook the man was doubtful. Coke wheeled again, therefore, and, meeting a pot boy who knew the street, was directed to Grocott's. The house indicated was one of the oldest in the row; a small house of brick, the last on the east side going north. Sir Hervey scanned from the road the five windows that faced the street, but they told him nothing. He knocked—and waited. And presently, getting no answer, he knocked again.

And again, the pot boy looking on from a little distance. After that Coke stood back, saw that the windows were without sign of life, and would have gone away, thinking to return in an hour or two; but a woman came to the door of the next house, and told him, "The old man is at home, your honor; it is not ten minutes since he was at the door." On which he knocked again, more loudly. Suspicions were taking shape in his mind. The house seemed to be too quiet to be perfectly innocent.

He had his hand raised to repeat the summons when he heard a dragging, pottering step come along the passage towards him. A chain was put up, a key turned, the door was opened a little, a very little, way. A pale, fat face, with small, cunning eyes, peered out at him. Unless he was mistaken, it was the face of a frightened man.

"I want to see Miss Maitland," Sir Hervey said.

"Eh, sir, to be sure," the man answered, while his small eyes scanned the visitor sharply. "Is it about a clock?"

"No," Coke answered. "I wish to see

the young lady who is here; who came here last night."

"You're very welcome, I am sure, but there is no Miss Maitland here, your honor."

Sir Hervey did not believe it. The man's sly face, dirtily white, masking fear under a smirk, inspired no confidence; besides, this talking over a chain, at that hour, in the daylight, of itself imported something strange. Apparently Grocott—for he it was—read this last thought in his eyes, for he dropped the chain and opened the door. "Was it about a clock," he asked, the hand that held the door trembling visibly, "that the lady came?"

"No," Sir Hervey answered curtly; he was not deceived by this apparent obtuseness. "I wish, I tell you, to see the young lady who came here with a young gentleman last night. I know she came here from Davies Street."

"There is a lady here," the clockmaker answered slowly. "To be sure there is. But I don't know that she will see any one."

"She will see me," Coke answered with decision. "You don't want me to summon her friends and cause a scandal, I suppose? Think, man, what you are doing."

"Well, sir, for her friends," Grocott answered, smiling unpleasantly, "I know nothing about them, begging your honor's pardon. And, it is all one to me whom she sees. If you'll give me your name, sir, I'll take it to her."

"Sir Hervey Coke."

"Dear, dear, I beg your honor's pardon, I am sure," Grocott exclaimed, bowing and wriggling obsequiously. "It's not to be thought that she will not see a gentleman of your honor's condition. But I'll take her pleasure, if you'll be so good as to wait a minute."

He left Coke standing on the threshold, and retreated up the passage to the door of a room on the left. Here he went in, closing the door after him. Sir Hervey waited until he was out of sight, and then in three strides he reached the same door, lifted the latch, and entered.

"Twill take him finely, Bess!"

The words were in the air, they were all he caught, then silence; and he stood staring, himself, abrupt as was his entrance, the most completely surprised of

the three. For the third in the room, the lady to whom Grocott was speaking, was not Sophia, but a stranger, a tall, handsome woman, with big black eyes, fashionably dressed and fashionably painted. From her his entrance drew a hasty exclamation; she rose, her eyes sparkling with anger. Then, as Sir Hervey recovered from his astonishment, and, stepping forward, bowed politely, she sat down again with an assumption of fineness and languor. And, taking a fan, began to fan herself.

"A thousand pardons, madam," Coke said. "I owe you every apology. I came in under a misapprehension. I expected to find a friend here."

"La! that's very evident, I think, sir," madam replied, tossing her head. "And one you were in a hurry to see, I should fancy."

"Yes," Sir Hervey answered, noting that the table, laid with more elegance than was to be expected from Grocott's appearance, displayed a couple of chickens, pigeons, and a galantine, and a pretty supply of bottles and flasks. "I trust you will pardon my mistake. I was informed that a young lady came here last evening with a gentleman."

Madam flamed up. "And what, sir, is it to you if I did?" she cried, rising sharply.

"Your pardon! I did not mean——"

"I say, sir, what is it to you if I did?" she repeated in an astonished tone. "If I did come from Davies Street, and come here? I don't remember to have met you before, and I fail to see what ground you had for following me or for watching my movements. I am sure I never gave you any, and I am not used to impertinence. For the rest, I am expecting some friends—Grocott?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Show this gentleman out. Or—or perhaps I am hasty," she continued, in a lower tone and with a return of good nature. "The last thing I should wish to be to any gentleman," with a glance from a pair of handsome eyes. "If I have met you at any time—at my Lady Bellamy's, perhaps, sir?"

"No, ma'am, I think not."

"Or at that good natured creature, Conyer's—dear, delightful creature; you know her, I am sure?"

"No," Coke said bluntly, "I have not

the honor of her ladyship's acquaintance; and I don't think I need trouble you farther. If there is no one else in the house, it is evident I have made a mistake. I offer my apologies, ma'am, regretting extremely that I trespassed on you."

"I occupy the only rooms," she answered drily. "And—Grocott, if the gentleman is quite satisfied—the door, please! And send my woman to me."

Sir Hervey bowed, muttered a last word of apology, and with a look round the room, which brought to light nothing new except a mail that stood packed and strapped in a corner as for traveling, he passed out. After all, his discovery explained the appearance of the bailiffs outside Wollenhope's. The overdressed air and easy manners of the lady he had seen were those of one not much before the world, nor, probably, too particular as to ways and means. It accounted, also, for the lady's departure from Davies Street immediately after her arrival. Clearly Lane had misinformed the Northeys, and they, in turn, had started him on a false scent. It was not Sophia who had gone to the house in Davies Street; nor Sophia who had left that house in a gentleman's company. Then, where was she? That was the question.

As he paused in the passage, revolving this and seeking half a crown to give to the man whom he had suspected without reason, a dull sound as of a muffled hammer beating wood caught his ear. He had heard it indistinctly in the parlor—it appeared to come from the upper floor; but he had given no heed to it. "What's that?" he asked idly, as he at last captured a coin.

"That noise, your honor?"

"Yes."

"My journeyman. Perhaps you'd like to see him," Grocott continued, with a malicious grin. "Maybe he's the young lady you're looking for. Oh, make yourself at home, sir!" he added bitterly. "A poor man mustn't grumble if his house isn't his own, and his lodgers are insulted."

"Here," Coke said, and dropping the half crown into the dirty hand extended for it he passed out. Instantly the door clanged behind him, the chain was put up, a bolt was shot; but although Sir Hervey stood a moment in the street, uncertain which way he should go or what

he should do next, he did not notice this extreme precaution; nor the pale, ugly face of triumph that watched him from the window as he turned south to go to Arlington Street.

XI.

AT the corner of Bolton Row Sir Hervey paused. He felt, to be candid, a trifle awkward in his rôle of knight errant, a part reserved in those days for Lord Peterborough. The Northeys' heartless cynicism and their instant and cruel desertion of the girl had stirred the chivalry that underlay his cool exterior. But from the first he had been aware that his status in the matter was ill defined; he now began to see it in a worse, an absurd light. He had taken the field in the belief that Sophia had not stayed in Davies Street; that Hawkesworth, therefore, was beside the question; that whatever folly she had committed, she had not altogether compromised herself; he now found the data on which he had acted painfully erroneous. She had not stayed in Davies Street because she had not gone to Davies Street. But she might have joined Hawkesworth elsewhere; she might by this time be his wife, she might be gone with him never to return.

In that event the pursuer began to see that his part in the matter would prove to be worse than ridiculous; and he paused at the corner of Bolton Row, uncertain whether he should not go home, and, with a somewhat sore heart, erase a foolish child's face from his memory. His was a day of coarse things; of duchesses who talked as fishwives talk now, of mad-cap maids of honor, such as she—

Who, as down the stairs she jumps,
Sings over the hills and far away,
Despising doleful dumps!

of bishops seen at strange levees, of clergy bribed with livings to take strange wives; of hoyden Lady Kitties, whose talk was a jumble of homely saws and tap-room mock modesties; of old men still swearing as they had sworn in Flanders in their youth. At the best it was not an age of ideals; neither was it an age of hypocrisy; and women were plenty. Why, then, all this trouble for one? And for one who had showed him plainly what she thought of him.

In a word, at the corner of Bolton Row Sophia's fate hung in the balance; hung so nicely, indeed, that if Coke had not paused there, but had proceeded straight through Bolton Street to Piccadilly, and so to Arlington Street, her lot would have been—well, very different. But the debate kept him standing long enough to bring to a point not many yards from the corner two figures, which had just detached themselves from the crowd about Shepherd's Market. About to step into the gutter, he saw them, glanced carelessly at them, then started. As the two, one behind the other, came up, almost brushing him, and turned to enter Clarges Row, he reached out his cane and touched the foremost.

"Why, Tom!" he cried. "Is it you, lad? Well met!"

Tom—for it was he—turned at the sound of his name, and started, as if the cane that touched him were red hot. The color mounted to his wig; he stood, grinning foolishly in his finery, unable to say a word. "Why, Tom," Sir Hervey repeated, as he held out his hand, "what is it, lad? Have you bad news? You are on the same business as I am, I suppose?"

Tom blushed redder and redder, and shifted his feet uneasily. "I don't know, Sir Hervey," he stammered. "I don't know what your business is, you see."

"Well, you can easily guess," Coke answered, not doubting that Tom had heard what was forward, and had come up from Cambridge in pursuit of his sister. "Have you news? That's the point."

"News?" Tom faltered, for, having only his own affair in his mind, he wondered how much the other knew, and more than half suspected that he was being roasted. "What sort of news, sir?" He had known Sir Hervey all his life, and still felt for him the respect which a lad feels for the man of experience and fashion.

Coke stared at him. "What sort of news?" he exclaimed. "It isn't possible you don't know what has happened, boy?" Then, seeing that the person who had come up behind Tom was still at his elbow, listening, "Is this fellow with you?" he cried angrily. "If so, bid him stand back a little."

"Yes, he's with me," Tom answered sheepishly; and turning to the lad, who

was laden with a great nosegay of flowers as well as a paper parcel from which some white Spitalfields ribbons protruded, he bade him go on. "Go on," he said; "I will follow you. The last house on the right."

Sir Hervey heard, and stared afresh. "What?" he cried. "Grocott's?"

Tom winced, and changed his feet uneasily, cursing his folly in letting out so much. "It's only something that—that he's taking there."

"But you know about your sister?" Coke cried.

"Sophia?" Tom blurted out on impulse. "Oh, she's all right! She's all right, I tell you. You need not trouble about her."

"Indeed? Then, where is she? Where is she, man? Out with it!"

"She's with me."

"With you?" Sir Hervey cried, his cynicism quite gone. "With you?"

"Yes."

"Was it you who—who took her from Davies Street, then?"

"Yes," Tom said. In his preoccupation with his own affairs his sister's position had been forgotten. Now he began to recover himself; he began, too, to see that he had done rather a clever thing. "Yes, I was there when she met that fellow," he continued; "Hawkesworth, you know, and I brought her away. I tell you what, Sir Hervey, that fellow's low. He should be in the Clink. She found him out sharp, before he had time to sit down, and it's lucky I was there to bring her away, or Lord knows what would have happened. For he's a monstrous rascal, and the people of the house are none too good."

"Last night, was it?"

"Yes."

"And you took her to Grocott's?" Sir Hervey continued, following up the matter, and unable to make the tales agree.

"Ye—es," Tom faltered; but the word died on his lips, and he grew hot again, seeing too late that he had put his foot in a hobble from which he would find it hard to extricate himself, with all his skill. For it wanted only a few minutes of noon, and at Grocott's, a hundred paces away, his bride was already expecting him.

(To be continued.)



From a photograph by Pach, New York.

RICHARD MANSFIELD, ACTOR.

BY N. D. HANNA.

AN APPRECIATION OF THE MAN WHO IS PROBABLY THE MOST INTERESTING FIGURE UPON OUR STAGE TODAY—WHAT MANSFIELD IS, WHAT HE HAS DONE, AND WHAT HE MAY DO IN THE FUTURE.

BESIDES his versatile dramatic talent, there is something in Richard Mansfield that makes him a most interesting artist, as well as one of the leaders of the contemporary stage. There is the picturesque struggle that gave color to his beginnings, his wilful determination at every critical point, the multiplicity of his creations in a proportionately brief period, a diversity of gifts and attain-

ments framing his remarkable gift of dramatic expression, an individuality which reflects all the attributes of genius, to use a much maligned word.

Richard Mansfield is now just past forty. His career as a star dates back thirteen years. As an actor he has been before the public a few years longer. At twenty five he was an absolute stranger to the professional side of the footlights.

Previous to his début, which he made in London as a member of D'Oyly Carte's company, his life was full of mercurial diversity. His earliest education was one of observation and experience while accompanying his mother on tours through Europe. Later he paused in Germany, and then in England, where he acquired some more scholastic learning for which his cosmopolitan experience was an invaluable leaven.

In deference to his mother's ambition, he studied art, but found it long, time fleeting, and the exchequer failing. There was a trip to America with a commercial career in view, and a quick return to art and England under the stimulus of a few pictures sold. But art seemed a forlorn hope, and he fell back on his musical gifts and his vocal endowments, filling drawingroom engagements and appearing at Bohemian gatherings.

A more hopeful day seemed to have dawned on the youthful artist when W. S. Gilbert, astonished by his clever singing of "La Ci Daren" from "Don Giovanni," and fascinated by the assurance of this quasi Beau Brummel, who came penniless but with a fragrant boutonnière, gave him the part of *Sir Joseph* in "Pinafore." He traveled all over the United Kingdom singing Gilbert and Sullivan rôles. But it had all been a tremendous struggle, not for luxury or even comfort, but for the sustenance of life itself. Mansfield's own words give a vivid, pathetic picture of these years of hopeful, disappointed, persistent, determined youth:

"For years and years I went home to my little room, if I fortunately had one; perhaps a tallow dip was stuck in the neck of a bottle, and I was fortunate if I had something to cook for myself over a fire, if I had a fire. That was my life. For years and years, when night came, I have wandered about the streets of London, and if I had a penny, I invested it in a baked potato from the baked potato man on the corner. I would put those hot potatoes in my pocket, and after I had warmed my hands, I would swallow the potato."

Mansfield made his American début at the Standard Theater, New York, as *Dromez* in "Les Manteaux Noirs," September 26, 1882. He was well received, and repeated his success with the rôles of *Nick Vedder* in Planquette's "Rip Van Winkle" and the *Lord Chancellor* in "Iolanthe." He was singing the latter in Baltimore when he sprained his knee in dancing, and returned to New York. A. M. Palmer engaged him for the Union Square Company, and cast him for *Tirandel* in "A



MANSFIELD AS "PRINCE KARL."

From a photograph by Sarony, New York.



MANSFIELD AS "BEAU BRUMMEL."

From a photograph by Sarony, New York.

Parisian Romance"; but the actor cast for *Baron Chevrial* being displeased with the seeming lack of opportunity in the rôle, the part was given to Mansfield, and he appeared as the senile roué at the first presentation, January 10, 1883. His triumph was instantaneous, and the rôle, unchanged, remains today one of the most popular of his since amplified repertoire.

answer to the critics who, influenced by his success as *Chevrial*, refused to accept him as anything but an actor of character old men. His third notable triumph was achieved in this same historic theater when on May 9, 1887, he gave his first presentation of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," dramatized from Robert Louis Stevenson's novel. Later, July 11, he



MANSFIELD AS "BARON CHEVRIL" IN "A PARISIAN ROMANCE."

From a photograph by Falk, New York.

After three years with this play and other intermittent engagements, during which he created leading rôles in "La Vie Parisienne" and "Alpine Roses," and sang *Koko* in "The Mikado," he found himself a star at the Boston Museum, where he opened on March 29, 1886, in "A Parisian Romance," supported by the stock company of this house. The following Monday he produced "Prince Karl." Mr. Mansfield has often said that he was induced to create *Prince Karl* as an

went to the Madison Square Theater and gave "Monsieur," a charming little comedy which counteracted its weird predecessor, just as *Karl* had proved an antidote for *Chevrial*.

Then he went to London, where he opened August 4, 1888, in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" and played through his small repertoire at the Lyceum. On March 16, 1889, he placed his elaborate production of "King Richard III" on the stage of the Globe. The play had a run of three

months, but so extravagant and superb was every detail that even crowded houses did not make it profitable.

Mansfield's first new production after his return to America was "Master and Man," at Palmer's Theater, February 5,

creation of the central figure, and added to Mansfield's crescent fame as an artist.

Chronologically these productions were made as follows: "Don Juan," written by Richard Mansfield, at the Garden Theater, September 21, 1891; "Ten Thousand a



MANSFIELD AS "RICHARD III."

From a photograph by Pach, New York.

1890. Three months later, on the 17th of May, he presented his fine realization of *Beau Brummel* at the Madison Square. This was the beginning of a long series of remarkable productions which, whether they were popular with the public or no, never failed of *succès d'estime* for the

Year," dramatized from Warren's novel, at the Garden, February 23, 1892; "The Scarlet Letter," dramatized by Richard Mansfield from Hawthorne's romance, at Daly's, September 12, 1892; "The Merchant of Venice," at Hermann's, October 23, 1893; "Scenes from the Life of

Napoleon Bonaparte," compiled by Lorimer Stoddard, at the Herald Square, November 26, 1894; "Arms and the Man," by Bernard Shaw, at the Herald Square, September 17, 1895; "The Story of Rodion the Student," at the Garrick, December 3, 1895; "The King of Peru," at the Garrick, May 8, 1895; "Castle Sombras," at the Grand Opera House, Chicago, November 12, 1896; "The Devil's Disciple," by Bernard Shaw, at Harmanus Bleecker Hall, Albany, October 1, 1897; "The First Violin," dramatized from Jessie Fothergill's novel, at the Hollis Street Theater, Boston, April 18, 1898; and "Cyrano de Bergerac," at the Garden, October 3, 1898.

There are certain of Mansfield's creations in which one cannot see him without being intimately reminded of the man himself. There was *Monsieur*, the music teacher who came to amuse the friends of his rich and forbidden sweetheart with his accomplishments. When his voice failed him, and he choked, they sniffed at the impudence of the wretched singer. It was because he was starving and his strength was gone—a situation that was to the actor a bit of pitiful reality, recalled from the first days of his struggling career in England. His creation of the abused, sympathetic *Shylock* always reminds those who know him of a marked trait of his own character. No stronger appeal can be made to him than through his sympathies. With whatever other passports you come for admission to his favor, he is apt to suspect you and them. To come empty handed is the open sesame.

On the other hand, the staggering literalness of Bernard Shaw's *Bluntschli* and *Dudgeon* are so much a part of Mansfield's clear eyed appreciation of human nature that he would certainly have written for himself a character their kin if he had not been anticipated. In the court martial scene in "The Devil's Disciple" it seems as if it is not *Dudgeon* on trial, but Mansfield. His subtle appreciation of the irony of the situation, the disparity between the suddenly conventional accusers and the open minded prisoner, are Mansfield in the presence of a public which seldom quite understands him or itself, and the actor's cynicism is but an expression of his contempt for blindfold assurance.



MANSFIELD AS "DON JUAN."

From a photograph by Sarony, New York.

It is often said that there is more of Mansfield in *Brummel* than in any other character. This was true until he found *Cyrano*. The *Beau's* egoism is in a way the parallel of Mansfield's self appreciation. *Brummel* was his own ideal in prosperity and in penury. He was true to his standards even when broken and dying in the Calais garret. What has passed for egoism and selfishness in Mansfield has been his belief that nature had endowed him with especial gifts—in trust, as it were, involving an obligation. His art has always been sacred to him, not because it is his, but because it is art. His fidelity to the sacred obligations of this trust will always be written his steadfast and most conspicuous ideal. His efforts have always had the foundation of worthiness. In the midst of success there have been failures, but the

failures have always brought their contribution to the expanding sum of our stock of fine art.



MANSFIELD AS "NAPOLEON."

From a photograph by Baker, Columbus.

What a commentary is Mansfield's continued poverty! An optimist in art, he is something of a pessimist in life. He went starving with a boutonniere in his lapel to sing Donizetti's "Duo" for Gilbert; with no collateral but his tremendous confidence in his own gifts he borrowed thousands to produce "King Richard"; when revenue ceased to flow from any other channel he sold himself out of house and home to make elaborate new productions at his own standard. It has been one of his so called eccentricities that he cannot understand how one artist could sue another. He has never been the plaintiff in an action at law.

The very soul of Mansfield seems to shine through the fiction of *Cyrano*. De Guiche, the French soldier and historian, who was a contemporary of the real Bergerac, said of the Gascon baron: "He lived without concessions, free in thought and deed." Mansfield, too, has lived up to his standards with-

out concessions. He is the most determined man in the world. Observe it as his solid hand grasps yours and gives one firm shake. See it in his vigorous stride. It is lined in his thin, compressed lips, his strong chin, his eyes which burn into any one they rest upon. Those nearly associated with him say that a lie is the most impossible thing under his glance. It is either the truth or silent confusion. One who knows him well says that those near him who have felt the irony of his tongue are those who have fawned insincerely or have disclosed themselves as knavish and incapable—the most inviting inspirations of his contempt.

When Mansfield as *Cyrano* recites the speech on making enemies it seems again to be his own heart which speaks. Certain sorts of friendship, and the regard of certain men, he would spurn as unworthy. With him the enmity of certain people is "another ray of glory." He walked so long alone, with the unfailing belief in his own ability, and the bitter consciousness of justice withheld, that the friends whom prosperity has brought are suspected. If for years he could weather



MANSFIELD AS "BLUNTSCHLI" IN "ARMS AND THE MAN."

From a photograph by Baker, Columbus.

"envy's gall and coward's spite," why not now? They make "pleasant little sports on one's doublet."

Before the audience at the Hotel de Bourgogne *Cyrano* pays for the interruption of the play with his full purse, "his

expense of her care and doctor's fees at one of the first hospitals in Philadelphia. Just before he produced "*Beau Brummel*," he had some discussion with friends in Washington as to its probable success, and a wager was offered and taken, the



MANSFIELD AS "RICHARD DUDGEON" IN "THE DEVIL'S DISCIPLE."

From a photograph by Pach, New York.

paternal pension in a moment flown." When *Le Bret* protests that to throw away the money is madness, *Cyrano* replies "But what a gesture!" How often Mansfield has made such a gesture! At one time, when his uninterrupted determination to make adequate productions had plunged him deeply in debt, and he had scarce the ready money to pay his hotel bill, his heart was touched by the illness of a poor little girl in his company, and he made himself responsible for the

stake being a performance of the unproduced play. He returned next season with the play an established success, and though it cost him the dollars of the polite and cultured element most likely to pay to see his performance had they not been invited gratis, nevertheless, as a matter of course, he kept his word. He paid the rental of the theater for an extra *matinée*, tipped all the employees, presented "*Beau Brummel*," and placed the tickets for every seat in the house

in the hands of the friends with whom he had made the wager, that they might send them to their friends and be themselves the hosts.

A remarkable thing about Mansfield is

the imagination to be original, the genius of infinite pains.

Prophecy is tongue tied in the presence of this man, still comparatively young, who has so often disappointed those who



MANSFIELD AS "CYRANO DE BERGERAC."

From a photograph by Pach, New York.

that his versatility has not proved a curse. Diversified ability usually carries with it the weakness of discursiveness, but variety in Mansfield has not lowered the standard of any one faculty or gift. His imagination has been equal to every new creation, his technique sufficiently elastic to fit into new exigencies rather than—as is too often the misfortune of artists—so fixed as to demand of every new rôle taken on that it should adapt itself to the actor's limitations. He has

even in the spirit of optimism have circumscribed his possibilities. His past is rich in personal credit. At this early period of his ascendancy, the conservatives grant him position at the elbows of Irving and Bernhardt in the maturity of their achievements. His future seems to rest less with himself than with the dramatists. His past has prepared us for the wonder of admiration rather than of surprise, for wherever his art impels him he will go.





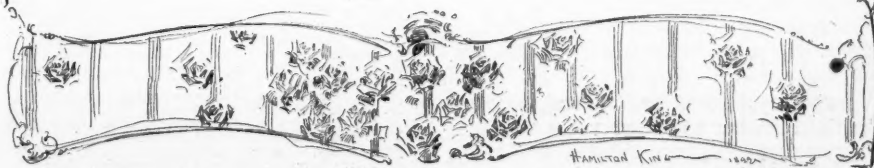
Confession.

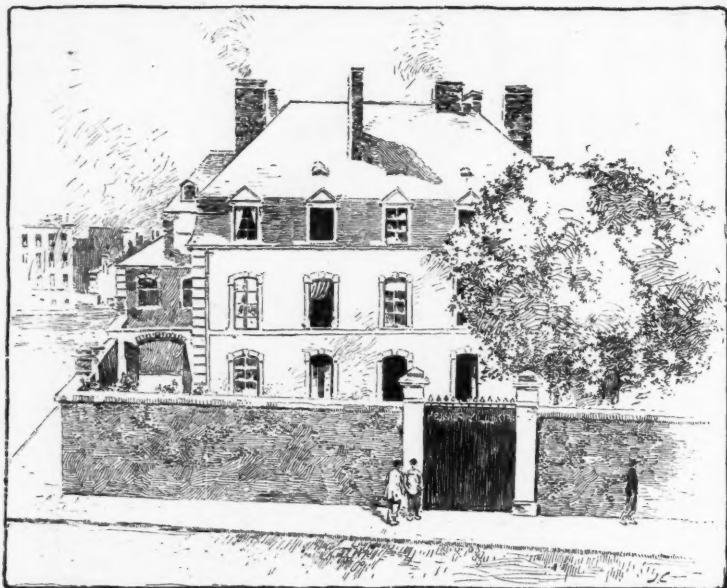
'Twas not the dance for which I wove tonight
The roses in my hair;
Not for the eyes that envied, or that praised,
I gloried to be fair;

Not for the mirth I lingered—but the hour
When mirth was done, and when,
The faint farewells behind us, you and I
Should take the path again.

'Twas for this pausing on the pathway, here
Amid the fir boughs' moan;
The wind upon our foreheads, you and I
In God's great night, alone!

Catharine Young Glen.





THE MILITARY PRISON AT RENNES, DREYFUS' PLACE OF CONFINEMENT SINCE HIS RETURN TO FRANCE.

DREYFUS—THE REHABILITATION.

BY WALTER LITTLEFIELD.

HOW FRENCHMEN HAVE FOUGHT AGAINST FRENCHMEN FOR THE EXPOSURE OF ONE OF THE MOST EXTRAORDINARY CRIMES OF THE CENTURY, AND FOR JUSTICE TO ITS VICTIM—THE DREYFUS CASE AND ITS INFLUENCE UPON THE FUTURE OF FRANCE.

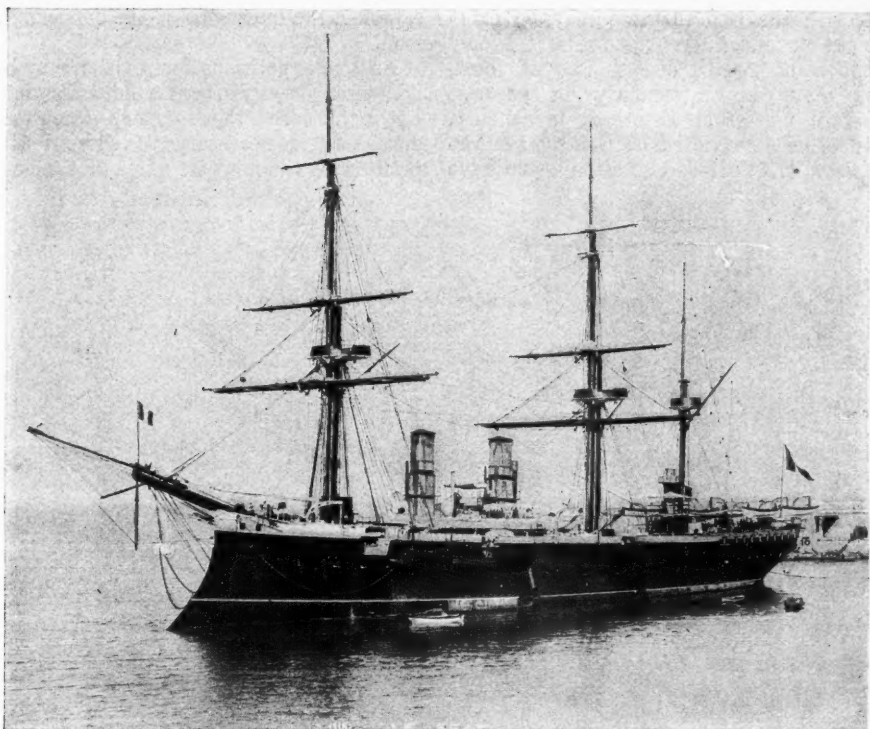
BEFORE these pages reach the eyes of the American public, the court martial at Rennes will have begun the second trial of Alfred Dreyfus, in conformity with the decision* of the Cour de Cassation delivered on June 3 last—nay, his acquittal may have already been pronounced. Almost everybody now has a more or less vivid idea of the outline of this remarkable case, and of the melodramatic events with which its chronology has been punctuated. It is simply my purpose to show by what means the campaign instituted in the cause of truth and justice has triumphed.

At the threshold of this article it is proper to pay a brief tribute to the Waldeck-Rousseau cabinet, to the broad minded republicans and radical socialists in the chamber to whose votes the cabi-

net owes its existence, and particularly to the unostentatious yet courageous president of the French Republic, without whose firm effort the present outcome of the case would not have been possible. The names* of the members of the cabinet will go down in history as the symbols of individuals who have produced a great social revolution. In rectifying a monstrous error of justice they have laid the foundations of a regenerate France based on principles that their predecessors had openly proclaimed but secretly ignored. The enthusiasm in a single

*Senator Waldeck-Rousseau, president of the council of ministers, and minister of the interior.
M. Delcassé, minister of foreign affairs.
General le Marquis de Gallifet, minister of war.
M. de Lanessan, minister of marine.
M. Monis, minister of justice.
M. Caillaux, minister of finance.
M. Millerand, minister of commerce.
M. Leygues, minister of public instruction.
M. Decrais, minister for the colonies.
Jean Dupuy, minister of agriculture.
M. Pierre Baudin, minister of public works.

*Infra, page 898.



THE SFAX, THIRD CLASS CRUISER, ON BOARD OF WHICH DREYFUS MADE THE VOYAGE FROM FRENCH GUIANA TO FRANCE.

cause must indeed be great when the ministry of a government contains the names of a Gallifet and a Millerand. It was General le Marquis de Gallifet who exacted the terrible reprisals from the Communards in 1871; it was the friends of M. Millerand, the socialist minister of commerce, on whom these reprisals were made. M. de Blowitz was right when he wrote concerning them: "These men have sunk their personal ambitions and antagonisms in order to save the country from a threatened revolution." The same unselfish spirit moved a majority of the moderate republican deputies to forget their old time grievances against the socialists and to unite with them in placing the most radical ministry since the days of the Commune upon a firm footing.

The story of the rehabilitation of Captain Dreyfus is to be told through the media of law and action. The former had been invoked in every conceivable way to perpetuate the illegality of December 22, 1894. The Dreyfusards could

do nothing but spread the truth which absorbed their consciences. Then came the Henry confession,* and the machinery of the law was at once set in motion to undo the infamous work on which for four years it had been employed. In this it was opposed by threats of a *coup d'état* on the part of the imperialists, on the part of the royalists, on the part of the army chiefs. But the law, which had so far been prostituted to maintain a judicial error, was equally remorseless when legally employed by the disciples of truth and justice. Legal opposition was no longer tenable, and the clericals and the anti Dreyfusards united in one last howl of abuse, which is finally dying away in the vociferations of Déroulède, the vain assertions of Mercier, and the ridiculous threats of Quesnay de Beaurepaire.

The functions of the Cour de Cassation are twofold. It has to determine questions of law, and, in certain criminal cases, it has the power of revision. Al-

* See MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE for May, page 225.

though the last function may be exercised on four different grounds, it is only important here to discuss two of them, as they bear particularly on the case before us. Had Esterhazy in January, 1898, been convicted of writing the *bordereau*, the Cour de Cassation could have

establish the innocence of the condemned man.

As a rule, petitions for revision may be addressed directly to the Cour de Cassation, but in this case—the discovery of new evidence—it is necessary to address the petition to the minister of justice alone,



DREYFUS BOARDING THE SFAX FOR HIS RETURN TO FRANCE.

Drawn by Gordon H. Grant from a photograph.

been directly petitioned to revise the Dreyfus case on the ground that two persons had been convicted of committing the same act, and that such convictions were not reconcilable with each other. The proceedings for revision, as they actually took place, were based upon the establishment of new facts unknown at the time of the first trial, which tended to

who shall determine the legal significance of the alleged "new facts." It is for this reason that Mme. Dreyfus was obliged to appeal so long in vain to successive ministers of justice, who were politically and personally prejudiced against reopening the case. But the Henry confession, emphasized by the scathing denunciations of the press of the civilized world, moved

M. Sarrien, the minister of justice, to action. However, he did not dare to take upon himself the entire responsibility of ordering revision. He appealed to the cabinet, and that body likewise refused the responsibility. The matter was laid before a special commission, which reported in favor of revision; and the cabinet, taking refuge behind this report, finally directed that M. Sarrien should lay the petition before the Cour de Cassation.

On October 5, 1898, a formal application for revision was entered in the supreme court of appeal. The public hearing in the case was begun. An elaborate report, based on the examination of the "legal" documents in the case, was read by M. Bard, the *rapporteur*, followed by an argument by the *procureur général*, M. Manau, and the court finally reached the decision that "while the documents produced do not place the court in a position to decide on the substance, there is ground for proceeding to a supplementary investigation." It now devolved upon the criminal chamber of the court thoroughly to investigate the whole case in the light of both fact and law, by an exhaustive examina-



JOSEPH REINACH, A FORMER DEPUTY, WHO HAS PLAYED A PROMINENT PART IN BRINGING ABOUT THE REVISION.

tion of documents, and by the calling of witnesses. It was within the power of the court to reach one of three decisions. It could deny the prayer for revision; it could order a new trial; or it could simply declare the condemned to be innocent.

On November 15, 1898, the Cour de Cassation notified M. Guillaïn, then minister for the colonies, of the decision, that provision might be made to receive the prisoner's defense.

By this time the legal material of the government's case had been pretty thoroughly published. The revelations that had been made in the columns of the *Aurore*, the *Siècle*, and other Dreyfus organs; the letters and articles which had been published to the world by MM. Scheurer-Kestner, Joseph Reinach, Guyot, de Pressensé, Bernard Lazare, Jaurès, the socialist leader, and Clémenceau, had showed that the legal evidence against Dreyfus was mere rubbish. There remained the so called "secret dossier,"* concerning which there was much speculation. On December 19 M. de Freycinet, then minister of war, in a speech before the chamber, declared that he would not imperil the safety of the nation by sur-



YVES GUYOT, EDITOR OF THE "SIÈCLE," AND ONE OF THE MOST PROMINENT MEMBERS OF THE DREYFUS SYNDICATE.

* See MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE for May, page 216.

rendering to the court the contents of this file. This was an extraordinary declaration. Its import was not lost sight of



M. SARRIEN, WHO WAS MINISTER OF JUSTICE WHEN THE COUR DE CASSATION BEGAN THE REVISION PROCEEDINGS.

Drawn by E. V. Nadherny from a photograph.

by intelligent Frenchmen, who were fully conscious that the safety of the country would be quite as secure in the hands of the honorable judges of the supreme court of appeal as in those of the minister of war. M. de Freycinet had to bow to the court, however, and on December 23 handed over the secret *dossier* to the judges, who decided that it should be examined by Mme. Dreyfus and M. Mor-nard, the counsel for the imprisoned officer. By every means in his power M. de Freycinet attempted to thwart the legal proceedings of the court, until he became the *bête noire* of the cabinet, and was finally obliged to resign, being succeeded by M. Krantz.

On January 8, 1899, M. Quesnay de Beaurepaire, president of the civil chamber of the Cour de Cassation, resigned his office after making a series of sensational and ridiculous charges against his colleagues. He was succeeded by M. Ballot-Beaupré. The retiring judge accused the bench of the criminal chamber, which was trying the case, of being unduly preju-

diced in favor of the prisoner, and of maintaining an attitude of improper familiarity toward the witnesses for the defense. The affair caused an interpellation to be made in the Chamber of Deputies, with the result that the judges were cleared from all suspicion. At this point, however, the court asserted itself in a way which not only tended to delay the proceedings, but for a moment caused the belief to spread that a decision was being prepared denying the prayer for revision. Early in February M. Mazeau, first president of the Cour de Cassation, who had been charged with an investigation of the proceedings of the criminal chamber, brought in his report.* As a result M. Lebreton, who had succeeded M. Sarrien as minister of justice, introduced a bill in the chamber, which, being passed, transferred the revision case from the judges of the criminal chamber to the full bench of the court.

It is not to be wondered at that this law, a retroactive one, should have excited the suspicion of the friends of justice. An adverse decision was quite expected

* M. Mazeau said in his report: "Without questioning in any way the perfect integrity of the members of the criminal chamber, it would be wise in the exceptional circumstances in which we find ourselves not to leave to the said chamber the entire responsibility of the judgment to be given."



M. KRANTZ, MINISTER OF WAR IN THE DUPUY CABINET.

Drawn by C. H. Tate from a photograph.

by the prisoner's friends. It is said that even the German government became convinced of its probability. At this juncture the Kaiser Wilhelm caused a press agency to publish the statement that if the French government would permit, Colonel von Schwarzkoppen, military attaché of the German embassy in Paris at the time Dreyfus was convicted, would produce the original documents specified in the *bordereau*, which were in Esterhazy's own handwriting. The Italian government, which possessed photographic facsimiles of these documents, intimated that it was ready to place them at the disposal of the Cour de Cassation.

Although already, the year before, Herr von Bülow,* minister of foreign affairs at Berlin, had denied in the most positive fashion possible that any German agent had ever had relations with Dreyfus, there was a pertinency and a suggestion of threat in this last announcement which caused much disquietude in France.

It must be remembered that at this time both President Faure and his cabinet had only acquiesced in the revision in the firm belief that it would end in the confirmation of the guilt of the prisoner. They had no intimation of what was actually going on in the Cour de Cassation. Had they realized that a decision would ultimately be delivered in favor of the prisoner, it is not improbable that effective measures would have been taken to suppress such a judgment. It does not seem likely that anything short of a revolution could have accomplished this. Hence the sinister significance of the royalist and army plots at that period.

But on February 16 last there occurred an event which removed from the scene the greatest enemy of revision. This was the

death of President Faure from apoplexy. The election of M. Loubet almost immediately followed. Of Loubet's earnest desire that the Dreyfus case should be settled at once and for all, and in strict accordance with the law, there can be no possible doubt.

Neither can there be any doubt that at this time both he and certain members of his cabinet became aware of what would



M. LOEW, PRESIDENT OF THE CRIMINAL CHAMBER OF THE COUR DE CASSATION.

Drawn by E. V. Nadherny from a photograph.

be the actual decision of the court. It would be for a new trial. It would also establish the basis upon which the conspirators in the army might be prosecuted. But it was deemed doubtful, considering the recent revolutionary threats, whether the people of France, whose minds had become poisoned by the anti Semitic tirades, would accept such a finding. To overcome the popular misjudgment of the case, an expedient was determined upon by the champions of revision, to which it appears that the president gave his consent. The people of France were to have an opportunity of perusing the testimony before the decision of the Cour de Cassation should be arrived at.

* On January 24, 1898, Herr von Bülow spoke as follows before the budget commission of the Reichstag: "I will, therefore, limit myself to declaring in the most formal and categorical manner that there have never existed any relations whatsoever between any German agent and the ex Captain Dreyfus."

It is not to be wondered at that Germany should have felt affronted, and the Kaiser considerably angered, when on the 7th of the following July M. Cavaignac, then minister of war, paraded the Henry forgery in the French chamber, and by it sought to establish Germany's connection with Dreyfus.

The *Figaro* of Paris was the medium selected to reproduce this testimony. On the 31st of March last this journal began its work by publishing an instalment of the testimony in every issue. At first nobody realized the significance of these revelations, and stories were set on foot alleging that a stenographer of the court had betrayed his trust. Even Henri Rochefort and M. Drumont were deceived, and

were liable to prosecution, with a certainty of being convicted, as many times as they had published instalments of the testimony. But M. Rambaud, who represented the prosecution, did not even advise further convictions. He did something far more significant. He went out of his way to assert in a most positive fashion that there was no doubt of the guilt of the defendants, "since the documents they



M. BALLOT-BEAUPRÉ READING HIS REPORT BEFORE THE COUR DE CASSATION. HE SUCCEEDED QUESNAY DE BEAUREPAIRE AS PRESIDENT OF THE CIVIL CHAMBER OF THE COURT.

fiercely demanded the prosecution of the editors of the *Figaro*. The editors were prosecuted. Two of them, MM. Rodays and Borel, were arraigned and charged with having violated the press law of July 31, 1881, which declares that no testimony presented in secret session of a court shall be made public until a decision has been arrived at. The defendants were jointly fined the bagatelle of five hundred francs and ordered to pay the cost of prosecution.

And now, for the first time, it was revealed that the government had passively permitted the violation of the law, if it had not actually authorized the *Figaro's* course. Under the law the defendants

published were absolutely authentic." Nor did he deem it within the province of that court to ascertain how the *Figaro* came into possession of the documents. That was a question for administrative inquiry.

Thus with a free hand the *Figaro* continued its publication, and at the end of two months it summed up the case in a lucid and judicious manner. In spite of the fact that the anti Dreyfus organs had constantly copied from the columns of the *Figaro* only such evidence as was favorable to their cause, the people of France in general had gained a pretty clear idea that Dreyfus had not only been illegally convicted, but that there was absolutely no important evidence against him. The



M. MONIS, MINISTER OF JUSTICE.



M. DECRAIS, MINISTER FOR THE COLONIES.



M. DE GALLIFFET, MINISTER OF WAR.



M. MILLERAND, MINISTER OF COMMERCE.



M. BAUDIN, MINISTER OF PUBLIC WORKS.



M. DE LANESSAN, MINISTER OF MARINE.



M. LEYGUES, MINISTER OF EDUCATION.



M. JEAN DUPUY, MINISTER OF AGRICULTURE.



M. CAILLAUX, MINISTER OF FINANCE.



M. DELCASSÉ, MINISTER OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

THE CABINET OF M. WALDECK-ROUSSEAU.

[A portrait of M. Waldeck-Rousseau, the premier, appeared in last month's issue of Munsey's, page 653.]

case of the general staff as presented through such witnesses as Generals Mercier, de Boisdeffre, Gonse, and Lebelin de Dionne, and M. Cavaignac, revealed the stupidity of the government's presumptions, while the testimony of du Paty de Clam emphasized the fantastic and ridiculous way in which he had sought to convict his colleague in the war office. On the other hand, the evidence of such ex-

dereau, while his revelations left no doubt that he had been shielded by the general staff in 1897-'98, and that the court martial convened to try him as the alleged author of the *bordereau* had dismissed the case "according to order." The statements of Lieutenant Colonel Georges Picquart absolutely confirmed the guilt of the last named witness.

As the revelations in the *Figaro* contained no authoritative statement in regard to the secret dossier, it was generally believed that the court would not go so far as even to suggest the prosecution of the men concerned in the illegality of the first court martial. But the climax had not been reached. The *Figaro* was not permitted to anticipate the court's decision. Judgment was rendered on June 3. Besides revealing facts tending to show that Esterhazy, and not Dreyfus, was the author of the *bordereau*, the court unhesitatingly accused Mercier as the chief instrument in providing the illegality upon which the verdict of the first court martial had been based.*

In immediate accord with this decision, M. Lebreton, minister of justice, lodged an order in the chamber that the Senate should be convened as a high court of justice to try General Mercier, ex minister of war. The chamber finally decided to make this order active upon the verdict of the court martial at Rennes.

And here it would seem that the Cour de Cassation had erred, for their decision



ALFRED DREYFUS AFTER HIS DEGRADATION, WITH THE INSIGNIA OF HIS RANK TORN FROM HIS UNIFORM.

Drawn by C. H. Tate from a photograph taken immediately after the degradation.

perts in artillery as Major Hartmann showed that Dreyfus could not possibly have written the *bordereau*. The testimony of Commandant Count Walsin Esterhazy* seriously implicated that officer as the probable author of the *bor-*

*The President of the Criminal Chamber—What can you tell us concerning the *bordereau*?

Esterhazy—The first court martial attributed it to Dreyfus; the second court martial did not attribute it to me. They declared that I did not write it.

The President—Nevertheless, have you not in certain documents seized at the house of Mme. Pays appeared to recognize that the writing of the *bordereau* had been traced by Dreyfus from your own handwriting? What have you to say concerning this?

Esterhazy—The question of the *bordereau* is one of those judged by the court martial of 1898. I believe I am not obliged to answer that question.

The President—The *bordereau* is written upon a peculiar

kind of paper. Do you recognize this paper? Has it ever been submitted to you? Here is the original *bordereau*.

Esterhazy—I recognize it, only it has changed color.

The President—Did you have, at the time the *bordereau* was written—that is to say, at the date that has been assigned to it, in the summer of 1894—any paper similar to that of the *bordereau*?

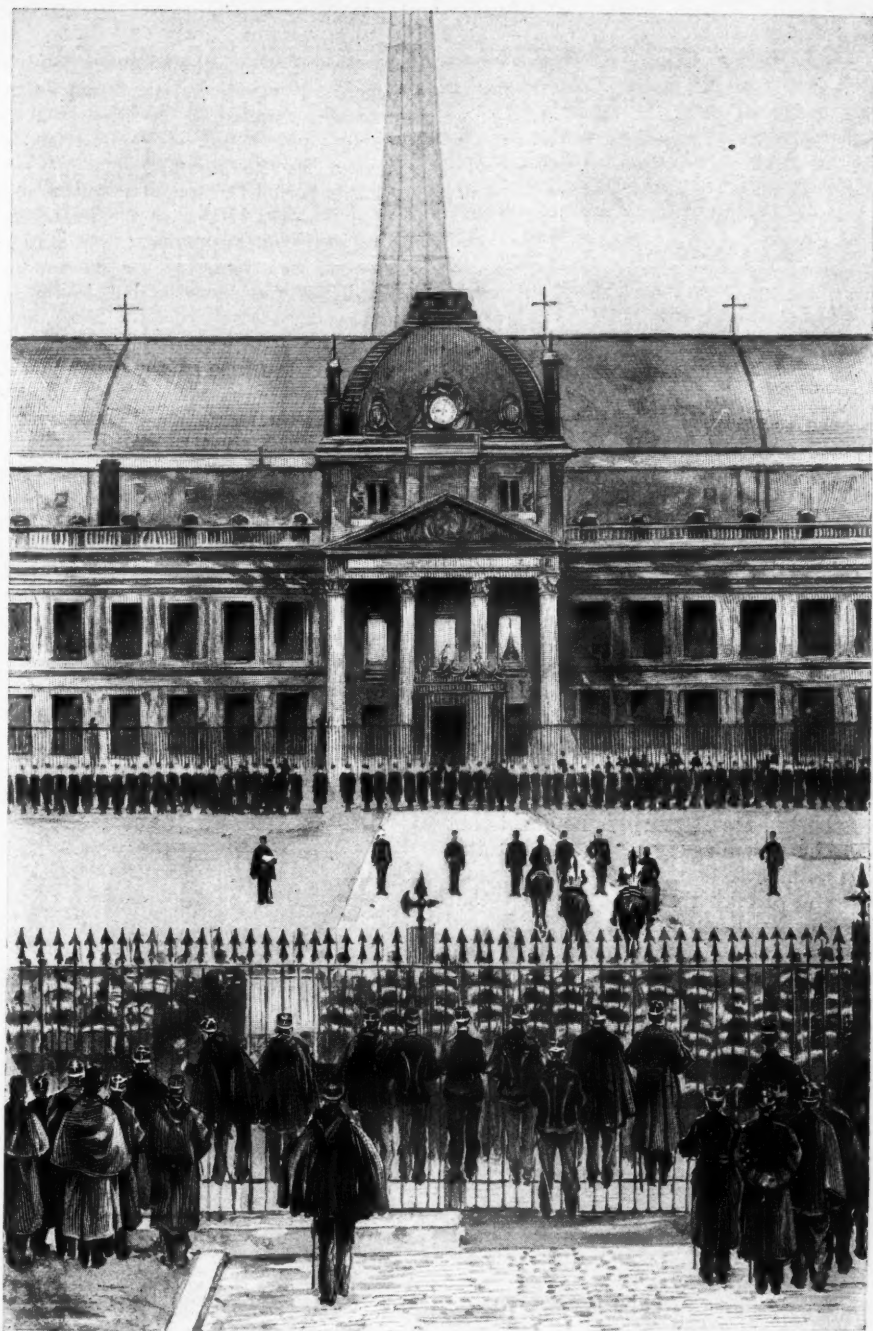
Esterhazy—I have read that some of my letters that were seized are written on paper similar to that of the *bordereau*. I do not know whether this be true.

Esterhazy was then shown several letters which he acknowledged having written. The paper was thin, with fine light blue water lines running through it. He admitted that it was of the same kind as that on which the *bordereau* was written.

*Certain passages of the decision read as follows:

"President Casimir-Périer has borne witness that General Mercier avowed that the document containing the words, 'Ce (cette) canaille de D—', was placed before the eyes of the court martial as referring to Dreyfus. [See MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE for May, pages 216 and 218.]

"On their own behalf Generals Mercier and de Boisdeffre,



SCENE OF THE DEGRADATION OF DREYFUS IN THE COURTYARD OF THE ÉCOLE MILITAIRE, PARIS,
JANUARY 5, 1895, 9. A. M.

Captain Dreyfus stands near the middle of the driveway; on his left and right are two artillerymen. General Darras, mounted and accompanied by two officers of the Garde Républicaine, is directly before him. The adjutant, who is to perform the melancholy duty of depriving the condemned man of the insignia of his rank, stands at the extreme right. The clerk of the court martial, M. Vallecalle, is seen reading the sentence at the extreme left. Rising from the background is the Eiffel Tower.

Drawn from a photograph taken during the ceremony of degradation, and published by the courtesy of Mr. Paul Meyer, of Meyer Bros. and Co., New York.



COLONEL PANIZZARDI, ITALIAN MILITARY ATTACHÉ
IN PARIS AT THE TIME OF DREYFUS'
CONVICTION.

practically forced upon the Rennes court martial a choice between Dreyfus and Mercier. The guilt of Mercier is an established fact, as there is no doubt that Dreyfus was illegally convicted; but this has nothing to do with the charge against Dreyfus of high treason. The fact that Mercier had been found to be implicated in an illegal conviction should have been made the subject of a special recommendation to the minister of justice, and entirely independent of the terms of the Dreyfus decision proper. This anomaly gave great encouragement to the anti Dreyfusards. Their denunciations against President Loubet became redoubled, and

on being invited to state what they knew regarding the communication, refused to answer and thereby acknowledged their complicity.

"At the session of the court in November, 1898, there was revealed the existence of two letters written on thin water line paper, as to the authenticity of which there was no doubt, dated respectively April 17, 1892, and August 17, 1894, the latter contemporaneous with the *bordereau*, both written by another officer, who in December, 1897, had expressly denied ever having used that kind of paper. (Supra, page 898).

"For these reasons, and without the necessity of citing further facts, (the court) quashes and annuls the sentence rendered December 22, 1894, against Alfred Dreyfus by the first court martial of the military government of Paris, and sends the accused before the court martial of Rennes * * * to be judged in conformity with the following question:

"Was Dreyfus guilty, in 1894, of provoking machinations or of carrying on negotiations with a foreign power or one of its agents, in order to incite it to commit hostilities or to undertake war against France, or did he procure the means for so doing by delivering to it the notes and documents mentioned in the *bordereau*?"

the army was acclaimed on every possible occasion. Henri Rochefort, again warming to the campaign, declared that a lynching party would be in order on the arrival of Dreyfus in France.

At this period the socialists united in a formidable body with the revisionists, and the majority of Frenchmen, now in possession of the facts of the case, were generally in favor of the law taking its course. The most crushing blow dealt against the conspirators was the revelation that at the time of the conviction of Dreyfus there was a document* in the archives of the war office which strongly indicated the innocence of the artillery officer.

The Dupuy ministry, unable to withstand the pressure, and torn by internal dissension, was forced into retirement on June 12. For ten days the Third Republic

* On November 2, 1894, a telegram sent by Colonel Panizzardi, the Italian military attaché in Paris, to his headquarters staff in Rome, was intercepted by the French war office. It was written in a cipher not used before. The cryptographists at the French war office at first deciphered it as follows:

"If Captain Dreyfus has not had relations with you it will perhaps be advisable to instruct our ambassador to publish an official—our emissary is warned."

The true rendering as later on established by analogy is, "If Captain Dreyfus has not had relations with you it will perhaps be advisable to instruct our ambassador to publish an official denial, in order to avoid press comments."

This not only proves that Italy carried on no relations with Dreyfus, but that, for obvious reasons, neither did Germany.



COLONEL VON SCHWARZKOPPEN, GERMAN MILITARY
ATTACHÉ IN PARIS AT THE TIME OF DREYFUS'
CONVICTION.



MAÎTRE MORNARD, COUNSEL FOR DREYFUS IN THE PROCEEDINGS BEFORE THE COUR DE CASSATION.



JEAN JAURÈS, THE SOCIALIST DEPUTY WHO LOST HIS SEAT THROUGH HIS ADVOCACY OF DREYFUS' CAUSE.

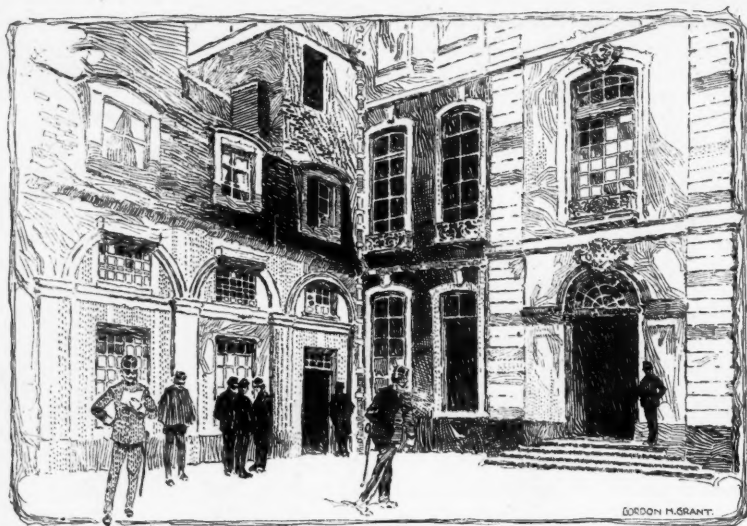


FRANCIS DE PRESSENSÉ, THE WELL KNOWN FRENCH PUBLICIST, WHO HAS DISTINGUISHED HIMSELF IN THE CAMPAIGN FOR REVISION.



BERNARD LAZARE, WHOSE BROCHURE "LA VÉRITÉ SUR L'AFFAIRE DREYFUS" FIRST PROVED THE EXTENT OF THE CONSPIRACY AGAINST DREYFUS.

FOUR FRENCHMEN WHO HAVE HELPED TO WIN JUSTICE FOR DREYFUS.



THE HÔTEL DU CONSEIL DE GUERRE, IN PARIS, IN WHICH WAS HELD THE COURT MARTIAL THAT CONVICTED DREYFUS, IN DECEMBER, 1894.

Drawn by Gordon H. Grant from a photograph.

passed through the most critical period of her existence. In turn MM. Waldeck-Rousseau, Poincaré, and Bourgeois were asked to take the premiership, but each found himself unable to form a cabinet. At length, on June 22, M. Waldeck-Rousseau

managed to gather together a body of men who on almost every national and international question—foreign policy, economics, army, navy—were antagonistic toward one another. They were as one, however, on the great problem of the

hour. It was not expected that such a strange ministry could exist. Already the moderate republican deputies had emphasized their dislike of Millerand and Baudin. But to the surprise of everybody, on the following Monday, June 27, the policy of the new cabinet was approved. The senate gave it an overwhelming majority of votes. In the chamber, through a union of the most intelligent elements of the center with the radical left, the cabinet was supported by the narrow margin of 363 votes to 237. On July 4 parliament was prorogued, thus giving for a few months, at least, a free hand to the Waldeck-Rousseau ministry.

And now for a moment let us glance at the prisoner of Devil's Island. During



M. MANAU, PROCUREUR GÉNÉRAL, OR PROSECUTING ATTORNEY, OF THE COUR DE CASSATION.

Drawn by C. H. Tate from a photograph.

the long term of his incarceration he had probably suffered more than any man placed in a similar position since the time of the dark ages. Once when M. Lebon, then minister for the colonies, was informed that an attempt would be made to rescue him, he was chained to his pallet for a period of two months. At night a lamp was kept burning over his head that his jailers might observe his every expression. Hordes of tropical insects were thus attracted, which almost completed the madness that had already begun to show itself through his mental torment and privation. It seems to have been the aim of his jailers to make his condition as frightful as possible, and still fashion it so that life should not leave his body. On July 27, 1897, President Faure issued a decree by which the isolation of Dreyfus was made absolutely complete.

Imagine a man kept in such seclusion being suddenly informed, on November 15, 1898, that the Cour de Cassation had decided to investigate his case, and that it had requested him to prepare his defense! Reason might, indeed, have completely left a saner man. It is marvelous, perhaps, that he replied to M. Darius, the *procureur général* of Cayenne: "I have nothing to say until I shall be

brought face to face with my accusers in Paris."

But although he was interrogated from time to time in the weeks that followed, no information was vouchsafed concerning the progress of his case. One of the last letters that he addressed to his wife from his island prison ended with the words:

It is with a reassured and confident mind that I must leave to the high authority of the court the care of the accomplishment of its noble work of supreme justice. Pending the news of my rehabilitation I embrace you with all my strength, with all my soul, as I love you and our dear and adored children.

Your devoted
ALFRED.

On Saturday, June 3, 1899, Dreyfus was told to prepare for a journey to France, where, at Rennes, he would be tried by a new court martial.* He was shortly afterwards transferred to the *Île Royale*, and later embarked upon the cruiser *Sfax*, which had been sent to convey him to France.

About the 1st of July he was secretly landed on the French coast and conducted to Rennes.

In the prosecutions that have been set on foot by the present ministry, it is so far impossible to see that what the anti



COLONEL THE MARQUIS DU PATY DE CLAM, WHO DREW
THE FIRST INDICTMENT AGAINST DREYFUS (SEE
"MUNSEY'S" FOR MAY, PAGE 217).

Drawn by C. H. Tate from a photograph.

* The personnel of the second Dreyfus court martial is as follows, all its members being artillery officers and graduates of the *École Polytechnique*: President, Colonel Jouraust; Commandant Brongniart; Commandant de Brém; Commandant Profillet; Commandant Merle; Captain Parfait; Captain Beauvais.

Dreyfusards proclaim as "reprisals" are leveled at their heads. It is simply a just and legal outcome of the crimes that have succeeded one another since 1894. "*La vérité est en marche et rien ne l'arrêtera plus,*" Zola prophetically wrote in Decem-

Sandherr. His assertion that he did it to secure material proof against Dreyfus where moral proof already existed, is the lamentable remnant of the case of the general staff.

And what is this social revolution that in my first lines I attribute to M. Waldeck-Rousseau and his colleagues, to the meager but faithful majority of the Chamber of Deputies, and to the president of the republic, who inspired and sustained the action of his advisers?

Until this moment the rights of the individual in France have been not only subservient to the fetish of the army, but to those individuals who would invoke *l'esprit militaire* for their personal ends. And now a law has been promulgated by which an accused person may have the privilege of counsel within twenty four hours after arrest. A bill will be acted on, in the next session of the chamber, which requires that "representatives of the government before a court martial shall bear the title of doctor of laws." But broader and more significant still is the action of the minister of



M. MAZEAU, FIRST PRESIDENT OF THE COUR DE CASSATION.

Drawn by C. H. Tate from a photograph.

ber, 1897. Henry the forger is dead by suicide or murder; du Paty de Clam is safe in Cherche-Midi prison; Generals Gonse and de Boisdeffre have been disgraced; Generals de Pellieux—whose vociferations terrified the Zola jury—Chanoine, and Roget are being proceeded against. General Zurlinden has been removed from the military governorship of Paris. The members of the first Dreyfus court martial are seeking obscurity in the provinces. General Mercier, over whom the sword of Damocles hangs suspended, is covering himself with ridicule. And there is still Esterhazy, the traitor, who from his poverty stricken London lodging periodically confesses that he wrote the *bordereau*, but at the orders of Colonel

war, de Galliffet, in transferring or retiring the clerico aristocratic heads of the army, and filling their places with officers who, in mind and action, are true supporters of republican institutions.

For the first time in the history of the Third Republic, France seems on the point of comprehending her destiny. It is one of infinite promise. More than two years ago Émile Zola, the proscribed, wrote the prophecy in the closing chapter of "Paris."

And Dreyfus, the Frenchman, who from the depths of his torrid cell never ceased to cry "*Vive la France!*" will be the first to glory in his own humiliation and suffering, as he beholds in himself the instrument of his country's regeneration.

THE KING'S MIRROR.*

BY ANTHONY HOPE

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS ALREADY PUBLISHED.

THIS is the story of the life of a young king, Augustin, as told by himself. After describing his coronation and boyhood, he tells of an early love affair with the American wife of the Count von Sempach, who is now his minister to France; and of his meeting with Coralie Mansoni, a beautiful opera singer, who was the cause of a quarrel between him and Wetter, the leader of the Liberal party in Forstadt, which resulted in a duel whereby the young monarch nearly lost his life. When, finally, Augustin reaches the age of twenty four, there come to court the Duchess of Bartenstein and her eighteen year old daughter Elsa, who has been selected as the king's bride; and after the brief period allotted for their courtship, he makes his avowal and they are publicly betrothed. Augustin has regarded the coming of his prospective queen with a feeling of apathy, tempered only with a kind of pity for the young girl, who is thus forced into wedlock with a man who is almost a stranger to her. He soon finds, however, that, far from feeling herself an object of compassion, Elsa is elated at the prospect before her. This feeling is carefully fostered by the king's mother, the Princess Heinrich, and the other ladies of the court, and Augustin is cautioned to be as little in evidence as possible. But one evening, during a small fête, the young ruler feels an irresistible impulse really to woo this girl with whom he is to share his throne, and with this object in view he seeks for her. He is instructed where she may be found by Wetter, who is now the king's firm friend.

XXI (Continued).

I SAW that Wetter rallied me. I smiled, answering:

"I'm not in the mood for another duel."

He shrugged his shoulders, and then caught me by the hand.

"Come, let us slink along," he said.

"We may get a sight of them."

"I can't do that."

"No? Perhaps you can't. Walk up to them, send him away, and make your love to her. I'll wait for you here. You'll like to see me before the night's out."

I looked at him for a moment.

"Shall I like to see you?" I asked.

"Yes," he answered. "The olive after the sweets." He laughed, not bitterly I thought, but ruefully.

"So be it," I said. "Stay here."

I started off, but he had laid a cold hand on my heart. I was to wait him; then I should be no lover, for a lover wants but one. Yet I nerved myself and cried again loudly, "Varvilliers!" This time I was answered. I saw him and Elsa coming towards me; his voice sounded merry and careless as he shouted, "Here I am, sire!" A moment later they stood before me. No, there was no ground for Wetter's hint and could be

none! Both were merely happy and gay, both utterly unembarrassed.

"Somebody wants you inside, Varvilliers," said I with a nod.

He laughed, bowed gracefully to Elsa, and ran off. He took his dismissal without a sign of grudge. I turned to her.

"Oh, dear!" she said with a little yawn,

"I'm tired. It must be very late."

I caught her by both hands.

"Late!" I cried. "Not too late, Elsa!" I bent down and kissed both her hands.

"Why did you run away?" I asked.

"I didn't know you wanted me," said she in a sort of wonder.

I looked full in her eyes, and I knew that there was in mine the look that declares love and asks for it. If her eyes answered, the vision might be reality. I pressed her hands hard. She gave a little cry, the sparkle vanished from her eyes and their lids drooped. Yet a little color came in her cheeks and the gray dawn showed it me. I hailed it with eagerness and with misgiving. I thought of Wetter waiting there among the trees, waiting till the moment when I wanted him.

"Do you love me, Elsa?" I asked.

The color deepened on her cheeks. I waited to see whether her eyes would rise again to mine; they remained immovable.

* Copyright, 1898, by Anthony Hope Hawkins.—This story began in the January number of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE.

"You know I'm very fond of you," she murmured.

"But do you love me?"

"Yes, of course I love you. Please let my hands go, Augustin."

If Wetter were listening, he must have smiled at the peal of laughter that rang out from me over the terrace. I could not help it. Elsa started violently as I loosed her hands; now she looked up at me with frightened eyes that swam in tears. Her lips moved, she tried to speak to me. I was full of brutal things and had a horrible longing to say them to her. There was a specious justice in them veneering their cruelty; I am glad to say that I gave utterance to none of them. We were both in the affair, and he is a poor sort of villain who comforts himself by abusing his accomplice.

"You're tired?" I asked gently.

"Very. But it has been delightful. M. de Varvilliers has been so kind."

"He's a delightful fellow, Varvilliers. Come, let me take you in."

She put her hand on my arm in a friendly, trustful fashion, and I found her eyes fixed on mine with a puzzled, regretful look. We walked most of the way along the terrace before she spoke.

"You're not angry with me, Augustin?"

"Good heavens, no, my dear," said I.

"I'm very fond of you," she said again, as we reached the window.

At last they were ready for bed—all save myself. I watched them as they trooped away, Elsa on Victoria's arm. Varvilliers came up to me, smiling in the intervals that he snatched from a series of yawns.

"A splendid evening!" he said. "You surpassed yourself, sire."

"I believe I did," said I. "Go to bed, my friend."

"And you?"

"Presently. I am not sleepy yet."

"Marvelous!" said he, with a last laugh and a last yawn.

For a few moments I stood alone in the room. There were no servants about; they had given up waiting for us, and the lights were to burn at Artenberg till the hour of rising. I lit a cigarette and went out on the terrace again. I had no doubt that Wetter would keep his tryst. I was right; he was there.

"Well, how did you speed?" he asked with a smile.

"Marvelously well," said I.

He took hold of the lapels of my coat and looked at me curiously.

"Your love scene was short," he said.

"Perhaps. It was long enough."

"To do what?"

"To define the situation."

"Did it need definition?"

"I thought so half an hour ago."

"Ah, well, the evening has been a strange one, hasn't it?"

"Let's walk down to the river through the woods," said I. "I'll put you across to Waldenweiler."

He acquiesced, and I passed my arm through his. Presently he said in a low voice:

"The dance, the wine, the night."

"Yes, yes, I know," I cried. "My God, I knew even when I spoke to her! She saw that a brute asked her, not a man."

"Perhaps, perhaps not. They don't see everything. She shrank from you?"

"The tears were very ready."

"Ah, those tears! Heavens, why have we no such appeals? What matter, though? You don't love her."

"Do you want me to call myself a brute again? Wetter, any other girl would have been free to tell me that I was a brute."

"Why, no. No man is free even to tell you that you are a fool, sire. The divinity hedges you."

I laughed shortly and bitterly; what he said was true enough.

"There is, however, nothing to prevent you from seeing these things for yourself, just as though you were one of the rest of us," he pursued. "Ah, here's the river. You will row me across?"

"Yes. Get into the boat there."

We got in and I pulled out into mid stream. It was almost daylight now, but there was still a grayness in the atmosphere that exactly matched the tint of Wetter's face. Noticing this suddenly, I pointed it out to him, laughing violently.

"You are Lucifer, Son of the Morning!" I cried. "How art thou fallen from Heaven, O Lucifer, Son of the Morning!"

"I wouldn't care for that, if I had the trick of falling soft," said he. "Learn it, O king, learn it! On what padded beds falls William Adolphus!"

My laugh broke again through the

morning, loud and harsh. Then I laid myself to the oars, and we shot across to the bank of Waldenweiter. He shook my hand and sprang out lightly.

"I must change my clothes, and have my scene, and then to Forstadt," said he. "Good day to you, sire. Yet remember the lesson of the moralist. Learn to fall soft, learn to fall soft." With a smile he turned away, and again I watched him mount the slope of Waldenweiter.

In such manner, on that night at Artenberg, did I, having no wings to soar to heaven and no key wherewith to open the door of it, make myself, out of dance, wine, night, and what not, a ladder, mount thereby, and twist the door handle. But the door was locked, the ladder broke, and I fell headlong. Nor do I doubt that many men are my masters in that art of falling soft.

XXII.

THE next morning all Artenberg had the air of being rather ashamed of itself. Styrian traditions had been set at naught. Princess Heinrich considered that the limits of becoming mirth had been overstepped; the lines of her mouth had their most downward set. Nothing was said, because the king had led the dance, but disgrace was in the atmosphere. We had all fallen from heaven—one may mean many things by heaven—and landed with more or less severity, according to the resources of padding with which nature furnished us. To Varvilliers' case, indeed, the metaphor is inadequate; he had a parachute, sailed to earth gaily with never a bruise, and was ready to mount again, had any of us offered to bear him company. His invitation, given with a heartiness that mocked his bidden companions, found no acceptance. We were all for our own planet in the morning. It was abundantly clear that revels must be the exception at Artenberg. Victoria was earnestly of this opinion; in the first place the physical condition of William Adolphus was deplorable; he leered rueful wickedness out of bilious eyes, and Victoria could not endure the sight of him; secondly, she was sure that I had said something—what she did not know, but something—to Elsa; for Elsa had been found crying over her coffee in bed in the morning.

"And every word you say to her now is of such extreme importance," Victoria observed, standing over my writing table.

I took my cigarette out of my mouth and answered perversely enough, but with an eye to truth all the same:

"Nothing that I say to her now is of the very least importance, Victoria."

"What do you mean?" she cried.

"Much what you do," I rejoined, and fell to smoking again.

Victoria began to walk about the room. I endured patiently. My eyes were fixed on Waldenweiter; I wondered idly whether the scene of despair had been enacted yet.

"It's not the smallest good making ourselves unhappy about it," Victoria announced, just as she was on the turn at the other end of the room.

"Not the smallest," I agreed.

"It's much too late."

"A great deal too late."

Victoria darted down and kissed my cheek.

"After all, she ought to think herself very lucky," she decided. "I'm sure everybody else considers her so."

"Under such circumstances," said I, "it's sheer perversity in her to have her own feelings on the matter."

"But you said something that upset her last night," remarked my sister, with a return to the point which I hoped she had lost sight of. This time I lowered my guard in surrender.

"Certainly. I tried to make love to her," said I.

"There, you see!" she cried reproachfully. Her censure of the irrelevant intrusion of such a subject was eloquent and severe.

"It was all Wetter's fault," I remarked, sighing.

"Good gracious, what's it got to do with Wetter? I hate the man." As she spoke, her eyes fell on a box which stood on my writing table. "What's that?" she asked.

"Diamonds," I answered. "The necklace for Elsa."

"You bought the big one you spoke of? Oh, Augustin, how fortunate!"

I looked up at Victoria and smiled.

"My dear Victoria," said I, "it is the finger of Providence. I'll present them to her after luncheon."

"Yes, do; and mind you don't upset her again."

Alas, I had no desire to "upset" her again! The fit had passed; my only relations towards it were those of an astonished spectator or a baffled analyst. It was part of the same mood that had converted Artenberg into a hall of revelry, of most unwonted revelry. But today, with Princess Heinrich frowning heaven at a discount and everybody rather ashamed of themselves, was it likely that I should desire to upset her again? The absence of any such wish, combined with the providential diamonds, would (it might reasonably be hoped) restore tranquillity to Elsa. Victoria was quite of this optimistic opinion.

Our interview was interrupted by the arrival of Bederhof, who came to take my final commands with regard to the marriage arrangements. The whole program was drawn out neatly on a sort of chart (minus the rocks and shoals, of course). The duchess and her daughter were to stay at Artenberg for another week; it would then be the end of August. On the 1st of September they would reach home, remain there till the 1st of October, when they and the duke would set out for Forstadt; they were to make their formal entry on the 4th, and on the 12th (a week being allowed for repose, festivities, and preparations) the marriage would be solemnized; in the evening of that day Elsa and I were to come back to Artenberg to pass the first days of our married life.

"I hope your majesty approves," said Bederhof.

"Perfectly," said I. "Let us go and find the princess. Hers must be the decisive word;" and, with my program in one hand and my diamonds in the other, I repaired to the duchess' room, Bederhof following in high contentment.

I imagine that there must have been a depression in my looks, involuntary but reassuring. It is certain that Elsa received me with more composure than I had ventured to hope. She studied Bederhof's chart with grave interest; she and her mother put many questions as to the ceremonial; there was no doubt that Elsa was very much interested in the matter. Presently my mother came in; the privy council round Bederhof grew more engrossed. The chancellor was delighted; one could almost see the flags and hear the cannon as his descriptive

periods rolled out. Princess Heinrich sat listening with a rather bitter smile, but she did not cut him short. I leaned over the back of her chair. Once or twice Elsa glanced at me, timidly, but by no means uncheerfully. Behind the cover of the chair back I unfastened my box and got out my necklace. Then I waited for Elsa's next look. It seemed entirely in keeping with the occasion that I, as well as Bederhof, should have my present for her, my ornament, my toy.

"Their majesties' carriage will be drawn by four gray horses," said Bederhof. The good duchess laughed, laid her hand on Elsa's, and whispered, "Their majesties!" Elsa blushed, laughed, and again glanced at me. My moment had come. I held up my toy.

"Their majesties will be dressed in their very best clothes," said I, "with their hair nicely brushed, and perhaps one of them will be so charming as to wear a necklace;" and I tossed the thing lightly over the chair back into Elsa's lap.

She caught it with a little cry, looked at it for a moment, whispered in her mother's ear, jumped up, and, blushing still, ran round and kissed me.

"Oh, thank you," she cried.

I kissed her hand and her cheek. My mother smiled—patiently, it seemed to me; the duchess was tremulously radiant; Bederhof obviously benign. It was a pretty group, with the pretty child and her pretty toy for the center of it. Suddenly I looked at my mother; she nodded ever so slightly; I was applauded and commanded to persevere.

Bederhof pursued his description. He went through it all; he rose to eloquence in describing our departure from Forstadt. This scene ended, he seemed conscious of a bathos. It was in a dull, rather apologetic tone that he concluded by remarking:

"Their majesties will arrive at Artenberg at seven o'clock and will partake of dinner."

There seemed to be no desire to dwell on this somewhat inglorious conclusion to so eventful a day. A touch of haste betrayed itself in my mother's manner as she asked for the list of the guests; Elsa had dropped her necklace in her lap and sat looking before her with an absent expression. The names of distinguished visi-

tors, however, offered a welcome diversion. We were all in very good spirits again in a few minutes. Presently the names bored Elsa; she jumped up, ran to a mirror, and tried on her necklace; the names bored me also, but I stood where I was. Soon, however, a glance from her summoned me and I joined her. The diamonds were round her neck, squeezed in above the high collar of her morning gown.

"They'll look lovely in the evening," she said.

"You'll have lots more given you," I assured her.

"Do you think so?" she asked in gleefulness dashed with incredulity.

"Scores," said I solemnly.

"I am very grateful to you for—for everything," she said almost in a whisper, with a sort of penitence that I understood well enough—and an obvious desire to show every proper feeling towards me.

"I delight to please you above all things now," I answered; but even to myself the words sounded cold and formal. Yet they were true; it was above all things my wish to persuade her that she was happy; to this end I used eagerly the aid of the four (or was it six?) gray horses, the necklace, and "their majesties."

In the next few days I was much with Elsa, but not much alone with her. There was, of course, no want of ready company, but most of those who offered themselves merely intensified the constraint which their presence was expected to remove. Even Victoria overdid her part rather, betraying an exaggerated fear of leaving us to ourselves. Varvilliers' admirable tact, his supreme apparent unconsciousness, and his never failing flow of gaiety, made him our ideal companion. I missed in him that sympathy with my somber moods which bound me to Wetter, spirit to spirit; for our lighter hours, for hours that must be made light, he was incomparable. With him Elsa bloomed into merriment, and, being, as it were, midway between us, he seemed to me to bridge the gulf of mind and temperament that separated her from me. Hour by hour she grew happier, less timid, more her true self. I took great comfort from this excellent state of things. No doubt I must be careful

not to upset her (as Victoria said), but she was certainly getting used to me (as William Adolphus said). Moreover, I was getting used to her, to the obligations she expressed and to the renunciations she involved. But I had no more wish to try to upset her.

It must be a familiar fact to many that we are very prone to mistake or confuse the sources of our pleasure and the causes of such contentment as we achieve. We attribute to our surroundings in general what is due to one especial part of them; for the same of one feature the landscape's whole aspect seems pleasant; we rob Peter with intent to pay Paul and then in the end give the money to somebody else. It is not difficult to see how Elsa and I came to think that we got on better with each other because we both got on so well with Varvilliers, that we were more comfortable together because he made us both comfortable, and that we came nearer to understanding each other because he understood us both so admirably. We did not perceive, even, that he was the occasion of our improved relations; far less did we realize that he was their cause and their essence, that it was to him I looked, to him she looked, and that while he was between there could be no rude direct contact of her eyes with mine, nor of mine with hers.

Onlookers see most of the game, they say, but here the onlookers were as blind as the players; there was an air of congratulation at Artenberg, the king and his bride were drawing closer together. The blindness was complete; Varvilliers himself shared it. Of his absolute good faith and utter unconsciousness I who doubt most things cannot doubt. Had he been Wetter, I should have been alert for the wry smile and the lift of the brows; but he was his simple self, a perfect gentleman, unspoiled by thought. Such are entirely delightful; that they work infinite havoc with established relations between other people seems a small price to pay for the privilege which their existence confers upon the world. My dear friend Varvilliers, for whom my heart is always warm, played the mischief with the relations between Elsa and myself, which we all (whimsically enough) supposed him to be strengthening.

It was a comparatively small thing,

although an interestingly unusual one, that I came to enjoy Elsa's society coupled with Varvilliers' and not to care much about it taken alone. It was a more serious, though far more ordinary, turn of affairs that Elsa should come to be happy enough with me provided Varvilliers were there to—shall I say to take the edge off me?—but cared not a jot to meet me in his absence. The latter circumstance is simply and conventionally explained (and, after all, these conventional expressions are no more arbitrary than the alphabet, which is admitted to be a useful means of communicating our ideas) by saying that Elsa was falling in love with Varvilliers; my own state of mind would deserve analysis but for a haunting notion that no states of mind are worth such trouble. Let us leave it; there it was. It was impossible to say which of us would miss Varvilliers more. He had become necessary to both of us. The conclusion drawn by the way of this world is, of course, at once obvious; it followed pat from the premise. We must both of us be deprived of him as soon as possible. I am not concerned to argue that the world is wrong; and the very best way to advance a paradox is to look as though you were uttering a platitude. In this art the wittiest writer cuts a poor figure beside the laws of society.

The end of the week approached. Elsa was to go, Varvilliers was to go. So the arrangement stood: Elsa was to return, about Varvilliers' return nothing had been said. The bandage was still over the eyes of all of us; we had not perceived the need of settling anything about him. He was still as insignificant to us as he was to Princess Heinrich herself.

This being the state of the case, there enters to me one morning my good Cousin Elizabeth, tearfully radiant and abundantly maternal. The reason was soon declared. Elsa had been found crying again and wondering, vaguely enough, what she was crying about. It was suggested to her that her grief was due to approaching departure; Elsa embraced the idea at once. It was pointed out that a month's absence from me was involved; Elsa sighed deeply and dabbed her eyes. Cousin Elizabeth dabbed hers as she told the story; then she caught me in her arms, kissed me, and said that her happiness was complete. What was I to

do? I was profoundly surprised, but any display of that emotion would have been inappropriate and ungracious. I could appear only compassionate and gratified.

"Things do happen right sometimes, you see," pursued Cousin Elizabeth, triumphing in this refutation of some little sneer of mine which she had contested the day before. "I knew you had come to care for her, and now she cares for you. I never was indifferent to that side of it. I always hoped. And now it really is so! Kiss me, Augustin dear."

I kissed Cousin Elizabeth. I was miles away in thought, lost in perplexed musings.

"I comforted her, and told her that the time would soon pass, and that then she would have you all to herself, with no tiresome people to interrupt. But the poor darling still cried a little. But one can't really grieve, can one? A little sorrow means so much happiness later on, doesn't it? And though I couldn't comfort her, you'll be able to, I dare say. What's a month?"

"Nothing," said I. I was conscious of realizing that it was at all events very little.

"I shall expect to see her quite smiling after she's had a little talk with you," was Cousin Elizabeth's parting speech. It won from me a very reassuring nod, and left me in mazes of bewilderment. That was nothing in particular which I believed, but I disbelieved one thing very definitely. It was that Elsa wept because she must be absent from me for a month, a month delightfully busied with the making of four hundred frocks.

Impelled partly by duty, but more by curiosity, I went in search of her. Having failed to find her in the house or on the terrace, I descended into the hanging woods and made for an arbor which she and I and Varvilliers had fallen into the habit of frequenting. A broad grass path ran up to the front of it, but, coming as I did, I approached it by a side track. Elsa sat on the seat and Varvilliers stood before her; he was talking, she leaned forward listening, with her hands clasped in her lap and her eyes fixed on his face. Neither perceived me. I walked briskly towards them without loitering or spying, but I did not call out. Varvilliers' talk was light, if it might be judged by his occasional laughs. When I was ten yards off, I called:

"Hallo, here you are!"

He turned with a little start but an easy smile. Elsa flushed red. I had not yet apprehended the truth, although now the idea was dimly in my mind.

I sat down by Elsa and we talked. Of what, I have forgotten; I think in part of William Adolphus, I laughing at my brother in law, Varvilliers feigning to defend him with good humored irony. It did not matter of what we talked. For me there was significance in nothing save in Elsa's eyes. They were all for Varvilliers, for him sparkled, for him clouded, for him wondered, laughed, applauded, lived. Presently I dropped out of the conversation and sat silent, facing this new thing. It was not bitter to me; my mood of desire had gone too utterly. There was no pang of defeated rivalry. But I knew why Elsa had cried, who had power to bring and who also power to dry her tears.

Suddenly I saw, or seemed to see, a strange and unusual restraint in Varvilliers' manner. He missed the thread of a story, stumbled, grew dull, and lost his animation. He seemed to talk now for duty, not for pleasure, as a man who covers an awkward moment rather than employs to the full a happy opportunity. Then his glance rested for an instant on my face. I do not know what or how much my face told him, but I did not look at him unkindly.

"I must go, if I may," he said, addressing me. "I promised to ride with Vohrenlorf, and the time is past."

He bowed to Elsa and to me.

"We shall see you this afternoon?" she asked.

He bowed again in acquiescence, but with an air of discomfort. Elsa looked at him, and from him to me. She flushed again, opened her lips, but did not speak; then she bent her head down and the blush spread from neck to forehead.

"Go, my dear friend, go," said I.

He looked at me as if he would have spoken, almost as if he would have protested or excused himself, inadmissible as such a thing plainly was. I smiled at him, but waved my hand to dismiss him. He turned and walked quickly away along the broad grass path. I watched him till he was out of sight; all the while I was conscious of an utter motionlessness in Elsa's figure beside me.

We must have sat there a long while in that unbroken, eloquent silence, hardly moving, never looking at each other. For her I was full of grief. A wayward thing indeed was it of fate to fashion out of Varvilliers' pleasant friendship this new weapon of attack; she had been on the way to contentment, at least to resignation, but was now thrust back. And she was ashamed. Poor child, why in heaven's name should she be ashamed? Should she not better have been ashamed of a fancy so ill directed as to light on me when Varvilliers was by? For myself I seemed to see rising before me the need for a new deception, a hoodwinking of all the world, a secret that none must know or suspect, that she and I must have between us for our own. The thing might pass; she was young. Very likely, but it would not pass in time. There were the frocks. Ah, but the wardrobe that half hid me would not suffice to obscure Varvilliers! Or would it? I smiled for an instant. Instead of hiding behind the wardrobe, I saw myself becoming part of it, blending with it. Should I take rank as the four hundred and first frock? "Willingly give thyself up to Clotho, allowing her to spin thy thread into whatever things she pleases." Even into a frock, O emperor? Goes the philosophy as far as that?

At last I turned to her and laid my hand gently on her clasped hands.

"Come, my dear," said I; "we must be going back. They'll all be looking for us. We're too important people to be allowed to hide ourselves."

As I spoke I jumped to my feet, holding out my hand to help her to rise. She looked up at me in an oddly pathetic way. I was afraid that she was going to speak of the matter, and there was nothing to be gained by speaking of it. "Give me your hand," I said with a smile, and she obeyed. The pleading in her eyes persisted. As she stood up, I kissed her lightly on the forehead. Then we walked away together.

That afternoon I was summoned to Princess Heinrich's room, to drink tea with her and the duchess. Cousin Elizabeth was still exuberant; it seemed to me that a cold watchfulness governed my mother's mood. Relations between my mother and myself have not always been cordial, but I have never failed to perceive and to respect in her a fine inner

sincerity, an aptitude for truth, and a resolute facing of facts. While Cousin Elizabeth talked the princess sat smiling with her usual faint smile; it never showed the least inclination to become a laugh. She acquiesced politely in the rose colored description of Elsa's feelings and affections. She had perception enough to know that the picture could not be true. Presently I took the liberty of informing her by a glance that I was not partner in the delusion. She showed no surprise, but the fruit of my act was that she detained me by a gesture after Cousin Elizabeth had taken her leave. For a few moments she sat silent; then she remarked:

"The duchess is a very kind woman, very anxious to make everybody happy."

"Yes," said I carelessly.

"But it must be in her own way. She is romantic. She thinks everybody else must be the same. You and I know, Augustin, that things of that kind occupy a very small part in a man's life. My sex deludes itself. And when a man occupies the position you do, it's absurd to suppose that he pays much attention to them."

"No doubt Cousin Elizabeth exaggerates," said I, standing in a respectful attitude before my mother.

"Well, I dare say you remember the time when Victoria was a girl. You recollect her folly? However, you and I were firm—you behaved very well then, Augustin—and the result is that she is most suitably and most happily married."

I bowed. I did not think that any agreement of mine could be worthy of the magnificent boldness of Princess Heinrich's statement.

"Girls are silly; they pass through a silly time," she pursued, smiling.

A sudden remembrance shot across me.

"It doesn't do to take any notice of such things," said I gravely.

Happily, perhaps, Princess Heinrich was not awake to the fact that she herself was being quoted to herself.

"I'm glad to hear you say so," she said. "You have your work to do. Don't waste your time in thinking of girls' megrims, or of their mothers' nonsense."

I left her presence with a strong sense that Providence had erred in not making her a saint, a king, or anything else that demands a resolute repression of human infirmities. Some people are content to

triumph over their own weaknesses; my mother had an eye also for the frailty of others.

She made no reference at all to Varvilliers. There was always something to be learned from Princess Heinrich. From early youth I was inured to a certain degree of painfulness in the lesson.

"Willingly give thyself up to Clotho."

My mother was more than willing. She was proud; and, if I may be allowed to vary the metaphor, she embarked on the ship of destiny with a family ticket.

XXIII.

To many the picture presented by my life might seem that of a man who detects the trap and yet walks into it, sinks under burdens that he might cast aside, groans at chains that he could break, and will not leave the prison although the door key is in his pocket. Such an impression my record may well give, unless it be understood that what came upon me was not an impossibility of movement, but a paralysis of the will to move. In this there is nothing peculiar to one placed as I was. Most men could escape from what irks, confines, or burdens them at the cost of effacing their past lives, breaking the continuity of existence, cutting the cord that binds together in a sequence of circumstance and incident youth and maturity and age. But who can do the thing? One man in a thousand, and he, generally, a scoundrel.

Our guests returned to Bartenstein, the duchess still radiant and maternal, Elsa infinitely kind, infinitely apologetic, a little tearful, never for an instant wavering in her acceptance of the future. Varvilliers took leave of me with great friendliness; there was in his air now just a hint of amusement, most decorously suppressed; he was charmingly unconscious of any possible seriousness in the position. My mother went to visit Styrian relatives. Victoria and William Adolphus had taken a villa by the seaside. I was quite alone at Artenberg, save for my faithful Vohrenlorf, and Vohrenlorf was bored to death. That will not appear strange; to me it seemed enviable. A prisoner under sentence probably discerns much that is attractive even in the restricted life of his gaoler.

In a day or two more there came upon me a persistent restlessness and, with it, constant thoughts of Wetter. I wondered where he was and what he did; I longed to share the tempestuousness of his life and thoughts. He brought with him other remembrances, of the passions and the events that we two had, in friendship or hostility, witnessed together. They had seemed, all of them, far behind in the past, belonging to the days when, as old Vohrenlorf had told me, I had still six years. Now I had only a month; but the images were with me, importunate and pleading. I was asking whether I could not, even now, save something out of life.

Three days later found me established in a hotel in the Place Vendôme at Paris, Vohrenlorf my only companion. I was in strictest incognito; Baron de Neberhausen was my name. But in Paris in August my incognito was almost a superfluity for me, although a convenience to others. It was very hot; I did not care. The town was absolutely empty. Not for me! Here is the secret. Wetter was in Paris. I had seen it stated in the newspaper. What brought the man of moods to Paris in August? I could answer the question in one way only: the woman of his mood. I did not care about her; I wanted to see him and hear again from his own lips what he thought of the universe, of my part and his in it, and of the ways of the Power that ruled it. In a month I should be on my honeymoon with Cousin Elsa. I fought desperately against the finality implied in that.

On the second evening I gave Vohrenlorf the slip, and went on the boulevards alone. In great cities nobody is known; I enjoyed the luxury of being ignored. I might pass for a student, a chemist, at a pinch perhaps for a poet of a reflective type. My natural manner would seem no more than a touch of youth's pardonable arrogance. I sat down and had some coffee. It was half past ten and the pavements were full. I bought a paper and read a paragraph about Elsa and myself. Elsa and myself both seemed rather a long way off. It was delicious to make believe that this here and this now were reality; the kingship, Elsa, the wedding, and the rest some story or poem that I, the student,

had been making laboriously before working hours ended and I was free to seek the boulevards. I was pleased when a pretty girl, passing by, stared hard at me and seemed to like my looks; this tribute was my own; she was not staring at the king.

Satisfaction, not surprise, filled me when, in about twenty minutes, I saw Wetter coming towards the café. I had taken a table far back from the street, and he did not see me. The glaring lamp light gave him a deeper paleness and cut the lines of his face to a sharper edge. He was talking with great animation, his hands moving constantly in eager gesture. I was within an ace of springing forward to greet him—so my heart went out to him—but the sight of his companion restrained me and I sat chuckling and wondering in my corner. There they were, large as life, true to Varvilliers' description: the big stomach and the locket that a hyperbole, so inevitable as to outstrip mere truth in fidelity, had called bigger. Besides, there were the whiskers, the heavy jowl, the infinite fatness of the man, a fatness not of mere flesh only, but of manner, of air, of thought, of soul. There was no room for doubt or question. This was Coralie's impresario, Coralie's career, her duty, her destiny; in a word, everything to Coralie that poor little Cousin Elsa was to me. Nay, your pardon—that I was to Cousin Elsa. I put my cigar back in my mouth and smoked gravely; it seemed improper to laugh.

The two men sat down at an outer table. Wetter was silent now, and Struboff (I remembered suddenly that I had seen Coralie described as Mme. Manson-Struboff) was talking. I could almost see the words treacling from his thick lips. What in heaven's name made him Wetter's companion? What in heaven's name made me such a fool as to ask the question? Men like Struboff can have but one merit; and, to be fair, but one serious crime. It is the same; they are the husbands of their wives.

I could contain myself no longer. I rose and walked forward. I laid my hand on Wetter's shoulder, saying,

"My dear friend, have you forgotten me—Baron de Neberhausen?"

He looked up with a start, but when he saw me his eyes softened. He clasped my hand.

"Neberhausen?" he said.

"Yes; we met in Forstadt."

"To be sure," he laughed. "May I present my friend to you? M. le Baron de Neberhausen, M. Struboff. You will know Struboff's name. He gives us the best operas in the world, and the best singing."

"M. Struboff's fame has reached me," said I, sitting down.

Evidently Struboff did not know me; he received the introduction without any show of deference. I was delighted. I should have seen little of the true man, had he been aware from the first who I was. Things being as they were, I could flatter him, and he had no motive for flattering me. A mere baron had no effect on him. He resumed the interrupted conversation; he was telling Wetter how he could make money out of music, and then more music out of the money, then more money out of the music, and so on, in an endless circle of music and money, money and music, money, music, money. Wetter sat looking at him with a smile of malicious mockery.

"Happy man!" he cried suddenly. "You love only two things in the world, and you've married both."

Struboff pulled his whiskers meditatively.

"Yes, I have done well," he said, and drained his glass. "But hasn't Coralie done well, too? Where would she have been but for me?"

"Indeed, my dear Struboff, there's no telling, but I suppose in the arms of somebody else."

"Your own, for example?" growled the husband.

"Observe the usual reticences," said Wetter with a laugh. "My dear baron, Struboff mocks my misery by a pretended jealousy. You can reassure him. Did Mme. Mansoni ever favor me?"

"I can speak only of what I know," I answered, smiling. "She never favored you before me."

He caught the ambiguity of my words and laughed again. Struboff turned towards me with a stare.

"You also knew my wife?" he asked.

"I had the honor," said I. "In Forstadt."

"In Forstadt? Do you know the king?"

"Not so well as I could wish," I an-

swered. "About as well as I know Wetter here."

"That is admirably well," cried Wetter. "Well enough not to trust me."

The fat man looked from one to the other of us in an obtuse suspicion of our hilarity.

"The king admired my wife's talents," said he. "We intend to visit Forstadt next year."

"Do you?" said I, and Wetter's peal broke out again.

"The king will find my wife's talents much increased by training," pursued Struboff.

"Damn your wife's talent!" said Wetter quite suddenly. "You talk as much about it as she does of your beauty."

"I hope madame is well?" I interposed quickly and suavely; for Struboff had grown red and gave signs of temper. Wetter did not allow him to answer. He sprang to his feet and dragged Struboff up by the arm.

"Take his other arm," he cried to me. "Bring him along. Come, come, we'll all go and see how madame is."

"It's nearly eleven," remonstrated Struboff sourly. "I want to go to bed."

"You? You go to bed? You, with your crimes, go to bed? Why, you couldn't sleep! You would cower all night! Go to bed? Oh, my dear Struboff, think better of it. No, no, we'll none of us go to bed. Bed's a hell for men like us. For you above all! Think again, Struboff, think again!"

Struboff shrugged his fat shoulders in helpless bad temper. I was laughing so much (at what, at what?) that I could hardly do my part in hustling him along. Wetter set a hot pace, and Struboff soon began to pant.

"I can't walk. Call a cab," he gasped.

"Cab? No, no. We can't sit still. Conscience, my dear Struboff. *Post equitem*—you know. There's nothing like walking for sinners like us. Bring him along, baron, bring him along."

"Perhaps M. Struboff does not desire our company," I suggested.

"Perhaps?" shouted Wetter with a laugh that turned a dozen heads towards him. "Oh, my dear Struboff, do you hear this suggestion of our friend the baron's? What a pity you have no breath to repudiate it!"

By now we were escaping from the

crowd; crossing in front of the Opera House, we made for the Rue de la Paix. The pace became smarter still; not only was Struboff breathless with being dragged along, but I was breathless with dragging him. I insisted on a cab. Wetter yielded, planted Struboff and me side by side, and took the little seat facing us himself. Here he sat, smiling maliciously as the poor impresario mopped his forehead and fetched up deep gasps of breath. Where lay the inspiration of this horse play of Wetter's?

"Quicker, quicker!" he cried to the driver. "I am impatient. My friends are impatient. Quick, quick! Only God is patient."

"He's mad," grunted Struboff. "He's quite mad. The devil, I'm hot!"

Wetter suddenly assumed an air of great dignity and blandness.

"In offering to present us to madame at an hour possibly somewhat late," he said, "our dear M. Struboff shows his wonted amiability. We should be failing in gratitude if we did not thank him most sincerely."

"I didn't ask you to come," growled Struboff.

Wetter looked at him with an air of grieved surprise, but said nothing at all. He turned to me with a ridiculous look of protest, as though asking for my support. I laughed; the mad nonsense was so welcome to me.

We stopped before a tall house in the Rue Washington; Wetter bundled us out with immense haste. There were lights in the second floor windows. "Madame expects us!" he cried, with a rapturous clasping of his hands. "Come, come, dear Struboff. Baron, baron, pray take Struboff's arm; the steps to heaven are so steep."

Struboff seemed resigned to his fate; he allowed himself to be pushed up stairs without expostulation. He opened the door for us and ushered us into the passage. As he preceded us I had time for one whisper to Wetter.

"You're still mad about her, are you?" I said, pinching his arm.

"Still? Good heavens, no! Again!" he answered.

The door that faced us was thrown open, and Coralie stood before me in a loose gown of a dark red color. Before she could speak, Wetter darted forward, pulling me after him.

"I have the distinguished honor to present my friend M. de Neberhausen," he said. "You may remember meeting him at Forstadt."

Coralie looked for a moment at each of us in turn. She smiled and nodded her head.

"Perfectly," she said; "but it is a surprise to see him here—a very pleasant surprise." She gave me her hand, which I kissed with a fine flourish of gallantry.

"This gentleman knows the king very well," said Struboff, nodding at her with a solemn significance. "There's money in that!" he seemed to say.

"Does he?" she asked indifferently, and added to me, "Pray come in. I was not expecting visitors; you must make excuses for me."

She did not seem changed in the least degree. There was the same indolence, the same languid, slow enunciation. It struck me in a moment that she ignored her husband's presence. He had gone to a sideboard and was fingering a decanter. Wetter flung himself on a sofa.

"It is really you?" she asked in a whisper, with a lift of her eyelids.

"Oh, without the least doubt," I answered. "And it is you also?"

Struboff came forward, tumbler in hand.

"Pray, is your king fond of music?" he asked.

"He will adore it from the lips of Mme. Struboff," I answered, bowing.

"He adored it from the lips of Mlle. Mansoni," observed Wetter, with his malicious smile. Struboff glared at him, Coralie smiled slightly. An inkling of Wetter's chosen part came into my mind. He had elected to make Struboff uncomfortable; he did not choose that the fat man should enjoy his victory in peace. My emotions chimed in with his resolve, but reason suggested that the ethical merits were more on Struboff's side. He was Coralie's career; the analogy of my own relation towards Elsa urged that he who is a career is entitled to civility. Was not I Elsa's Struboff? I broke into a sudden laugh; it passed as a tribute to Wetter's acid correction.

"You are studying here in Paris, madame?" I asked.

"Yes," said Coralie. "Why else should we be here now?"

"Why else should I be here now?" asked Wetter. "For the matter of that,

baron, why else should you be here now? Why else should anybody be here now? It is even an excuse for Struboff's presence."

"I need no excuse for being in my own home," said Struboff, as he gulped down his liquor.

Wetter sprang up and seized him by the arm.

"You are becoming fatter and fatter and fatter. Presently you will be round, quite round; they'll make a drum of you, and I'll beat you in the orchestra while madame sings divinely on the boards. Come and see if we can possibly avoid this thing;" and he led him off to the sofa. There they began to talk, Wetter suddenly dropping his burlesque and allowing a quiet, earnest manner to succeed his last outburst. I caught some mention of thousands of francs; surely there must be a bond of interest, or Wetter would have been turned out before now.

Coralie moved towards the other end of the room, which was long, although narrow. I followed her. As she sat down she remarked:

"He has lent Struboff twenty thousand francs; but for that I must have sung before I was ready."

The situation seemed a little clearer.

"But he is curious," she pursued, fixing a patiently speculative eye on Wetter. "You would say that he was fond of me?"

"It is a possible reason for his presence."

"He doesn't show it," said she, with a shrug.

I understood that little point in Wetter's code; besides, his humor seemed just now too bitter for love making. If Coralie felt any resentment, it did not go very deep. She turned her eyes from Wetter to my face.

"You're going to be married very soon?" she said.

"In a month," said I. "I'm having my last fling. You perceived our high spirits?"

"I've seen her picture. She's pretty. And I've seen the Countess von Sempach."

"You know about her?"

"Have you forgotten that you used to speak of her? Ah, yes, you have forgotten all that you used to say. The countess is still handsome."

"What of that? So are you."

"True, it doesn't matter much," Coralie admitted. "Does your princess love you?"

"Don't you love your husband?"

A faint, slow smile bent her lips, as she glanced at Struboff—himself and his locket.

"Nobody acts without a motive," said I. "Not even in marrying."

The bitterness that found expression in this little sneer elicited no sympathetic response from Coralie. I was obliged to conclude that she considered her marriage a success, at least that it was doing what she had expected from it. At this moment she yawned in her pretty, lazy way. Certainly there were no signs of romantic misery or tragic disillusionment about her. Again I asked myself whether my sympathy were not more justly due to Struboff—Struboff, who sat now smoking a big cigar and wobbling his head solemnly in answer to the emphatic taps of Wetter's forefinger on his waistcoat. The question was whether human tenderness lay anywhere under these wrappings; if so, M. Struboff might be a proper object of compassion, his might be the misery, his (monstrous thought!) the disillusionment. But the prejudice of beauty fought strong on Coralie's side; I always find it hard to be just to a person of markedly unpleasant appearance. I was piqued to much curiosity by these wandering ideas; I determined to probe Struboff through the layers.

Soon after I took my leave. Coralie pressed me to return the next day, and before I could speak Wetter accepted the invitation for me. There was no very marked repugnance in Struboff's face; I should not have heeded it had it appeared. Wetter prepared to come with me. I watched his farewell to Coralie; his smile seemed to mock both her and himself. She was weary and dreary, but probably only because she wanted her bed; it was a mistake, as a rule, to attribute to her other than the simplest desires. The moment we were outside Wetter turned on me with a savagely mirthful expression of my own thoughts.

"A wretched thing to leave her with him? Not the least in the world!" he cried. "She will sleep ten hours, eat one, sing three, sleep three, eat two—sleep—have I run through the twenty four?"

"Well, then, why are we to disturb ourselves?" I asked.

"Why are we to disturb ourselves? Good God, isn't it enough? That one should be like that!"

I laughed as I blew out my cigarette smoke.

"This is an old story," said I. "She is not in love with you, I suppose? That's it, isn't it?"

"It's not the absence of the fact," said he, with a smile, "it's the want of the potentiality, that is so deplorable."

"Why torment Struboff, though?"

"Struboff?" he repeated, knitting his brows. "Ah, now, Struboff is worth tormenting. You won't believe me; but he can feel."

"I was right, then; I thought he could."

"You saw it?"

"My prospects perhaps quicken my wits."

My arm was through his and he pressed it between his elbow and his side.

"You see," said he, "perversity runs through it all. She should feel, he should not. It seems she doesn't, but he does. Heavens, would you accept such a conclusion without the fullest experiment? For me, I am determined to test it."

"Still, you're in love with her."

"Agreed, agreed, agreed. A man must have a spur to knowledge."

We parted at the Place de la Concorde, and I strolled on alone to my hotel.

(To be continued.)

CHARITY, TRUE AND FALSE.

BY WALTER CREEDMOOR.

A CONTRAST BETWEEN TWO KINDS OF BENEVOLENT ENDEAVOR—THE FRAUDS THAT BATTEN ON MISGUIDED CHARITY, AND THE EVIL DONE BY WELL MEANING PEOPLE WHO PAMPER THEM.

IT seems an ungracious task to point out the evil that so frequently results from following what we are told is the noblest of all human impulses—the wish to help the unfortunate. Nevertheless, charity that is conceived in ignorance and carried out in stupidity ceases to be a virtue, and is likely to become a menace to the well being of the community.

Once upon a time, I called upon a kindly man of defective reasoning powers, for the purpose of collecting some money that he owed me. He declined to pay because, as he plaintively assured me, everybody seemed to be getting the best of him. This seemed to me to have no bearing whatever on my case, as he did not deny the justice of my claim, and thereupon he spoke as follows, in perfect sincerity and in tones of injured innocence:

"No matter how hard I may try to act right, I am sure to get the worst of it. I have been robbed and swindled by all sorts of people, but yesterday I got the worst blow of all, and now I think it's time for somebody else who can afford it better than I can to begin paying out

money. Yesterday I found out that my treasurer had robbed me. Yes, sir, he's only been with me six months, and yet he got away with about five thousand dollars, for I trusted him implicitly. That's what you get by trying to do a kind act."

"Where did you find your treasurer?" I inquired. "Did he bring any good references?"

"Where did I find him? I got him from State's prison. When he came out, after serving six years, nobody would employ him, and I took him in here and gave him a job. Why, would you believe it, I discharged an honest man who had been with me six years without stealing a cent, to make room for this scoundrel, and now you see what's happened to me. Well, it's the last time I shall try to do a kind action for any one."

I remarked, with a slight flavor of sarcasm in my voice, that that would probably be cheering news for the honest man whom he had discharged to make room for the thief who happened to strike his fancy, but I did not think that he grasped my meaning. I subsequently collected my

money by presenting to him a bill which he did not owe, but which he paid—perhaps in the belief that he was performing an act of charity.

This happened nearly twenty years ago. Since then I have seen so much money spent unwisely, from truly charitable motives, and known so many utterly worthless persons and institutions to wax fat and prosperous through the gifts of the benevolent of both sexes, that I feel, ungracious as my words may seem, that I am justified in treating the subject from the point of view of personal experience.

I am a believer in charity conducted on strict business principles; and I say this knowing perfectly well that there is no popular, genial ring in the expression of such a sentiment. By the term "strict business principles" I do not mean an institution that is carried on mainly for the purpose of providing easy salaried positions for indolent officials. I mean one in which the ratio between the cost of distributing the charity, and the amount distributed, should at least be as great as that between the ante and the limit in a game of draw poker.

I have in my mind two New York institutions which illustrate precisely what I mean. One of them is carried on by a church sisterhood in West Nineteenth Street. These women collect clothes, carpets, furniture, and household utensils of every description, from all parts of the city, cleanse and repair them, and sell them to persons of small means at prices so low that they have been compelled to take stringent measures to bar out the second hand clothes dealers who desired to purchase in order that they might sell again at a profit to themselves. The profits of the business are not expended in salaries for the sisters who carry it on, but are used for the maintenance and education of a score of little orphan girls; and I know of no chemical process by which cast off material is put to better use, and at less cost of distribution, than in this crucible of benevolence.

The other institution to which I have referred no longer exists, and the fact of its disappearance leads me to believe that, after all, the world may be growing better and wiser as the twentieth century draws near.

I came across it accidentally one stormy evening, about fifteen years ago, as I

was walking down the Bowery. An illuminated sign above its door proclaimed the fact that it was a "Wayfarer's Mission," and that visitors would be made welcome to the evening services. I entered, and found myself in an audience that comprised a number of colored people who had been attracted by the music, half a dozen ladies of charitable instincts, and at least twenty choice specimens of the American tramp or "bum." The religious services were conducted by a man with a red beard and a glib tongue, the music being led by a squeaky melody, which spoke at the touch of a young woman who, as I afterwards learned, was the red bearded man's daughter. I have frequently noticed a disposition to make charitable institutions family affairs as much as possible.

At the conclusion of the singing the salaried exhorter with a red beard made an impassioned address, in which he called upon those who desired to be saved to come forward and take seats on the benches directly in front of him, which had been left vacant for repentant sinners. Immediately a dozen or more vagrants, who had been dozing peacefully near the stove, came forward and seated themselves in the high places of repentance, assuming attitudes of deep contrition, while the charitable ladies gazed upon them with keen interest. Then we all filed out, leaving the premises to the red bearded exhorter, his daughter, the charitable ladies, and the gentry who desired to be saved. The whole thing was entirely beyond my comprehension, but a vagrant whom I knew slightly, and who had attended the meeting because he liked to sing and keep warm—singing is prohibited in saloons and lodging houses—was good enough to let in a flood of wholesome light upon the subject.

"You see," he explained, "them bums that confesses their sins gets a night's lodging and breakfast. The time there was another mission started across the way, they used to give 'em a quarter apiece in the morning. Them fellows you see here tonight knows how to work every mission in town, and half of them has worked this place this week already. You see them ladies sittin' by themselves, didn't you? Well, it's them that puts up for the racket; and the boss, that fellow in the red beard, and his daughter that

plays the organ, they're makin' a living out of it. Of course they likes to make a good show on the front benches whenever the ladies shows up. Why, the minute one of them dames comes into the place, he sends a boy round to rake the bums out of the saloons and lodgin' houses."

Happily for the sacred cause of charity, the illuminated sign that lured me into this once popular mission has long since disappeared from the thoroughfare in which it was a familiar sight for many years. Let us hope that the money which it used to absorb, and which was certainly given in the true spirit of benevolence, now seeks the accomplishment of good through some other and worthier channel.

Both of these institutions may be classed as religious; the one genuine, and the other false. Indeed, my experience teaches me that a very large proportion of the charity in this world may be traced directly to the promptings of religion, while perhaps nine tenths of that which goes astray is diverted into the pockets of the undeserving by means of the false assumption of religious zeal. It is only natural that devout and charitable women should feel a peculiar interest in unfortunates claiming to hold spiritual views similar to their own, but they should remember that not every creed that flourishes in the artificial warmth of a luxurious life can be made to thrive in squalor and poverty. Moreover, the practice of religious humbuggery began in the remotest ages of which we have any record. Even today, it is frequently carried on in the nursery by infants who have learned its value as a propitiatory offering.

A young lad of my acquaintance once described to me the manner in which he and his fellows at boarding school always seized their Bibles when they feared that their teacher—a most devout man—was about to catch them in some mischief.

"I can tell you one thing," added this sagacious youngster, "our old man doesn't know his business. If I were teaching a school, and caught a boy reading his Bible, I'd take him by the neck and shake him until I found out what he was doing."

We commend the irreverent youth's observation to the attention of the worthy old ladies of both sexes who are always ready to open their hearts and their pocketbooks to a beggar who wears the garb of piety. A sanctimonious aspect

and a few scriptural quotations are the stock in trade of some of the meanest frauds who make a dishonest living from the injudicious benevolence of others.

Another fact that should be borne in mind by the charitably disposed is that plausibility is, as a general thing, a sign of warning. The unfortunate man who really cannot get work, and has pawned nearly all his possessions to buy food for his family, may be rude of speech and sullen of face, and perhaps redolent of the liquor with which he has sought to cheer his despondent heart, but he is seldom plausible. The tale of suffering which he has to tell does not flow in well chosen words, and is not likely to be picturesque. Very often nothing is left to him but an intense pride—the pride of poverty, which is greater than that of birth or station. No prince is ever so proud that he will refuse meat and drink when he needs it, but many and many a poor person has crept away and died with bitter heart and uncomplaining lips rather than ask for charity.

I have sometimes thought that if there were a little less ostentation about some of our charities they would be more effective than they are. The bitter struggle between decent, cleanly instincts and destitution does not serve to dull the finer feelings, but in fact creates a peculiar sensitiveness that often bears fruit in an intense desire to be let alone. Indeed, in more respects than one the sensibilities of the poor are actually finer than those of persons more fortunately placed. What the newspapers call "a scandal in high life" is an event of common enough occurrence in New York, and one that usually enjoys its full share of degrading publicity. The families whose names are thus tarnished generally continue to live as before, and go on with their feasting and drinking, their marrying and giving in marriage, as if nothing of any consequence had happened. But many a poor family has gathered up its few belongings and moved away from the crowded Fourth Ward tenement house to hide in some distant quarter the bitter shame of a wayward daughter.

So much has been said—and well said, too—regarding the distribution of charity by officious and tactless persons that I will not touch upon the subject here, except to say that only persons with a dis-

tinnet sense of humor should be permitted to go about among the poor on charitable errands. Persons thus qualified by temperament will not, I am sure, enter the rooms of a family who are about to be evicted, bringing a canary bird and a growing plant to make their home cheerful. Nor will one of these seriously ask a beery tramp to "bring a letter from his clergyman," in order that he may partake of the bounty intended for unfortunates like himself.

We are indebted wholly to persons whose charitable instincts outweigh their common sense for certain frauds and nuisances which have taken firm root in our social system. One of these frauds—and a very artistic one he is, too—is a character who has been known for several years in New York as the "bread man." His appearance is that of a gaunt, ragged German in the last stage of misery and starvation, whereas he is in reality a well housed and well fed individual who has for a long time been in receipt of a good income, which he earns in an ingenious fashion that is all his own.

During his working hours he walks up and down Broadway, with a look of dull, hopeless misery on his face that is certain to excite the pity of any one who sees him. He walks slowly along the street, looking neither to the right nor to the left, and apparently indifferent to what goes on about him. Nevertheless, his cunning, well trained eyes are keeping a very sharp lookout for the credulously charitable. When he has selected a victim, he suddenly stoops directly in front of him, or her, and eagerly clutches a filthy crust which he has kept concealed in his palm. The victim, brought to a complete standstill by this strategic move, is naturally curious to see what it is that the miserable looking wretch has seized with such eagerness, and it is at this moment that the artist rubs some of the dirt from his prize and begins to gnaw it like a famished hyena. So great is his skill in his calling, so keen is his scent for the earmarks of that blend of ignorance and generosity on which he thrives, that he seldom dives after his well worn crust without securing a gratuity, which is frequently supplemented by a square meal in some near by restaurant.

The same people who maintain this man are responsible for that miserable pest, the

sniveling newsboy. Time was when the New York newsboys sold their wares with strict regard to business principles. In the days when they were allowed to hop on and off the street cars, and were often obliged to drop off the car to make change, they not only made a point of returning with the money, but would make common cause against any one who defrauded a customer. Nowadays, however, we are beset by whining urchins who dog our footsteps with bundles of yesterday's papers under their arms, crying that they are afraid to go home without ten cents more. Strange as it may seem, there are fools in New York—fools whose charitable impulse cannot be doubted—who actually set a premium upon this form of tricky dishonesty by never buying a paper except from a boy who snivels.

I have confined myself in these pages to the charity that is prompted by good motives, but which, unfortunately, in many instances fails to achieve the purpose for which it was designed. There is a great deal to be said, however, in regard to people who are charitable for their own benefit, instead of for others. Some of these interest themselves in popular charities for the sake of getting into the newspapers, while others attend fashionable charitable functions because they regard them as so many gateways to the charmed circle of society.

I once happened to learn something about the methods employed by certain women of high social standing in the conduct of one of these fashionable bazars, and I have had a high respect for them ever since. Their scheme was not unlike that of the sisters who collect the cast off clothing and turn it into money for the support of orphan children. These ladies did not collect cast off clothing, but another of the waste products of the earth, namely, the modern American snobbery, which they distilled into money that was afterwards put to some good use. It is true that I do not know exactly what became of the proceeds, but I am sure that women clever enough to induce a horde of vulgarians to part with dollars in the firm belief and hope that they were thereby paying an admittance fee into one of the side gates of society, are fully capable of spending the money thus obtained in such a way as to secure the best results.



A DOZEN ROSES.

LÉONIE tripped lightly up the steps of the great hospital, then paused for breath and to readjust her hat before ringing the bell. A piquant though pure face it was that peeped out from beneath the blue turban, and full of the sparkling vigor of buoyant youth. The clear color tinged her cheeks to the same exquisite pink tint which characterized the bunch of La France roses in her hand.

They had been presented to her that afternoon at a concert where she had sung, and as she had received them the tender light that shone in her soft eyes bore eloquent testimony to her passionate love for them. But Léonie's thought for others outstripped even her admiration of the beautiful in nature, and she never kept her flowers longer than an hour or so, then hastened to give them to others less happy in such gifts.

She was a frequent visitor at the hospital, and the matron had grown to recognize the sweet face, and rarely let an opportunity to chat with her slip by. But today Léonie's time was limited, for she must catch the five o'clock train for New York. So she told the matron, who received her in the cool, darkened parlor.

"I cannot stay," she said; "I must hurry. Give these roses to some one—you will know best. A child, perhaps—though it is always the children. I forget the others. I wish I had more."

"We have a new patient to whom they will bring more happiness than to a child. I want you to see him. Take them up yourself," the matron said.

"But I haven't time today. You give them to him. It is the same."

"Indeed no, it is not. Half the pleasure lies in seeing the poor thing's appreciation. You go—it will only be for a

moment. There, there, you must. I'll tell you afterwards. The next floor, third room to the right. It's a private ward." And the matron bustled away, leaving Léonie to mount the stairs with added reluctance, having learned that the patient could afford the privileges of a private room.

But every emotion save that of compassion vanished as she gently knocked at the door. She remembered only that here were sickness and suffering. She entered



AT THE CONCERT WHERE SHE HAD SUNG.

in response to the quiet "Come in," and was somewhat surprised to see the patient, not in bed as she expected, but seated near the window.

He was a man a trifle over fifty, modestly dressed and with an expression of great resignation upon his features. He rose and came forward. Without waiting for him to speak, Léonie offered her roses, saying:

"I hope you will enjoy these flowers as I have. You——"

Her sentence was suddenly cut short by the stranger, who seized the roses, and with amazing fierceness rushed to the window with them. The late rays of the sun were filtering through, and high up in their glow he held the beautiful wax-like things. The sunlight streamed through the delicately veined leaves and seemed to revivify them. This way and that the man turned their beauteous curled pinkness. Above his head he held them and gazed at them as if to drink their glorious beauty to the full.

Then, with tears coursing down his face, he turned from the window and, gently shaking them, threw them lightly one by one in their dewy fragrance upon the bed. This completed, he stood gazing at them in silent ecstasy. Léonie could not bring herself to interrupt his rapt meditation, even though the moments were approaching perilously near the hour for her departure.

After a few moments the man crossed the room rapidly to where she stood, for she had been too amazed even to

think of sitting. Unprepared for what followed, she very nearly lost her self control, for he threw his arms around her neck and burst into heavy, uncontrollable sobs. Léonie, being a sensible young woman, did not grow indignant or insulted at such an unusual demonstration; but her alarm for the man's sanity caused her to wish herself out of the situation.

"Poor thing!" she thought, as she patted him reassuringly upon the back. "He is some insane patient who perhaps has been in solitary confinement most of his life. I wish the matron had warned me."

The man recovered himself with an effort.

"Thanks are too poor for what you have done," he said, sanely enough. "God bless you!"

Then he knelt down by the bed, and Léonie saw that he was praying.

Slipping out of the room, she ran down to the matron. Her alarmed eyes must have given a clue to that good woman, for she immediately exclaimed:

"He didn't frighten you, did he? I ought to have told you——"

"Is he crazy?" asked Léonie. "Who is he?"

"He is Louis Aggalith, the botanist. He is as sane as you or I, but he's just got safely through an opera-

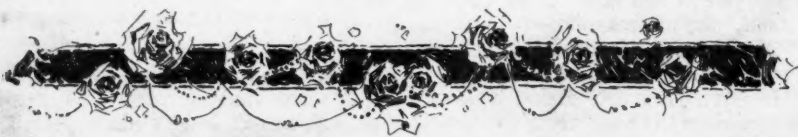
tion on his eyes. Twenty years ago he lost his eyesight and only recovered it yesterday. Every one knows his passion for flowers, and yours were the first he had seen in twenty years."

Olive Beatrice Muir.



SHE ENTERED IN RESPONSE TO THE QUIET

"COME IN!"





THERE were five girls at the Tarleton Inn, and only one man. His name was Preston, but it does not really matter what his name was, because at the end of a fortnight the girls declared that he was not fit to talk to, he had grown so spoiled.

The girls held a council over the matter, and the result was that Preston suddenly found them not fit to talk to, either. He had planned to let Alice Buckingham take him out sailing before the sun was too near midday, and to resume a conversation which she had left unfinished the night before; but when he strolled back to the inn after his breakfast cigar he saw her white sail moving off between the trees. She saw him standing on the sunlit veranda, and her handkerchief fluttered a saucy farewell to him.

A girl with a golf stick came along, nodded to Preston, and dropped on the lowest step of the veranda, taking off her frivolous pink sunbonnet. Her dark hair clung in moist rings to her forehead.

"You promised to take me driving," Preston said reproachfully.

"I am not speaking to you today, Mr. Preston. I merely nodded for politeness' sake."

Preston laughed. "When I go away," he continued, "I want to take that sunbonnet with me, as a keepsake. Please nod again, Miss Lorraine. That'll mean I can take it."

The girl checked off on her fingers. "My sunbonnet, Kitty's parasol, Alice's — you've never picked out anything of Alice's — Mabel's poetry book, Nannette's pearl pin. Anything else you would care for as a souvenir of Pine River?"

"Yes." Preston looked wistfully toward the place where the sail boat had disappeared. "I think the most satisfactory souvenirs of a place are the friends one makes, don't you?"

"Friends as souvenirs," repeated the

girl, turning her golf stick slowly between her fingers. "That's not a bad idea. I suppose you have a little cabinet at home to keep them in. And you have each one labeled. For instance: 'Alice Buckingham, souvenir of Pine River; interesting specimen of the summer girl, somewhat——'"

"Miss Lorraine, that's not fair," said Preston, dodging a moss rose thrown at him by a girl in a dog cart as she rattled by. "Miss Alice and I have been friends for almost a year, and the only man at a place like this has to divide himself——"

"You needn't. I know a secret."

"Open secret?"

"No, dead secret."

"Dead secrets are not at a premium here. This is a place of living truths. But, granted for the sake of argument that it is a secret, what is it?"

"You won't tell?" The pink sunbonnet



A GIRL WITH A GOLF STICK DROPPED ON THE LOWEST STEP OF THE VERANDA.

dropped from a hand tired of swinging it.

"If I told, it wouldn't be a secret any more, would it?"

"Of course not, foolish."

"But if you tell—why, it will be still more a secret, because there will be one more person keeping it. The more people

there are to guard a thing, the safer it's guarded. That's simple logic. Besides," he added, at a venture, "there isn't one of you who could keep a secret from me until, well, say until train time."

The little figure sprang up. "Well,"



"YOU PROMISED TO TAKE ME DRIVING."

she cried, catching up the sunbonnet that Preston held by one string, "it's a good thing about—about the secret, for *you're* getting too spoiled for any use, Mr. Preston. I'm going."

"Don't go," urged Preston, watching her walk off swinging her golf stick haughtily. "Some other fellows are coming," he mused. "I knew it at break-

fast. Nannette wouldn't cut my orange, Mabel wouldn't promise to read to me—said she had letters to write—Alice went off without me, and Lorraine won't tell. I wonder how many are coming."

Three men, all friends of the girls, came up on the midday train, and walked to the inn to let a stranger on a stretcher occupy the floor of the surrey. Preston was on the veranda as the surrey returned, and he helped the driver carry the sick man up to his room. It seemed very desolate for a man so ill to be alone. Preston stood a moment beside the bed when the driver was gone.

"Call on me if I can help," he said. "My name's Preston."

The stranger answered with a strangely grateful look.

"My job's certainly cut out for me," Preston mused. "Tom Preston, trained nurse and hospital orderly, souvenir of Pine River. Hope Alice misses me."

He found very little time after that to question if he were missed, for while every one felt a sincere sympathy for the invalid stranger, there was no one else who volunteered real services. The sick man failed rapidly, and Preston stayed with him all the time. The girls no longer called it "his latest fad," nor addressed him as "doctor" when they asked after his patient, or gave him flowers for the stranger. A few of the guests went away. Lorraine and Alice and the other men amused themselves on the river and on the golf course, but would come back to the inn with hushed voices, to learn the latest news from the sick room.

One evening Preston watched the belated sail boat coming in, with Alice at the helm. He felt that he had drifted out of their lives, somehow, and that he had better go away, now that his stranger was gone. He thought he would go down to the landing and meet them.

They saw him coming and understood. "He died at four o'clock," Preston said. "I think I'll go down tonight. Yes, he told me what he wanted done, and it's all been attended to."

"But you need to stay on a while and rest," Alice said, as the others went on ahead, talking together. "You haven't slept for ten days. You look haggard. Tom—I want to tell you I'm sorry I misjudged you. I thought—"



There was a moment of silence. The cedars hid them from the group ahead. "Alice," he said slowly, "I took up that poor fellow simply because I knew I hadn't any show when the other men came. There wasn't anything else for me to do but play the saint."

"Don't," she said.

"There was one pitiful thing," Preston began, reaching for a bit of cedar, for they were standing still: "he said he had been half over the world alone, hunting for a chance of life, but he'd never had any one turn in and look after him, in a sort of friendly way. It made me ashamed, Alice, to think I began doing it to pass time." He put his hand to his vest. "He gave me his watch," he added.

Alice took the watch and looked at it a long while, tenderly. "To add to your collection," she said at last, returning it with a sad little smile. "Did he give you anything else, Tom?"

He looked at her questioningly a moment, but she would not meet his eyes. "Alice," he said, keeping the hand that had just given him the watch, "do you honestly mean it, dear?"

The crows circled over the cedars and the shadows deepened. "I—I mustn't let him kiss me again," some one whispered in the muffling folds of a flannel coat; but nobody—neither the crows nor Preston—overheard.

* * * * *

Lorraine met Preston on the veranda. "The girls gave me some keepsakes for you when they went away," she said. "Kitty and Nannette left you some photographs and Mabel wrote in the poetry book for you, and—and you can have my sunbonnet—but it's faded. I don't know what Alice is going to give you, but——"



"DO YOU HONESTLY
MEAN IT?"

Preston smiled happily. He was touched at the little way the girls had chosen to show him that he could count them as friends among his souvenirs. He looked across to Alice, who was smiling, too.

"I am very rich in keepsakes," Preston said.

Marguerite Tracy.



HER WEDDING EVE.

As the maid of honor was a girl, and pretty, and had come some three hundred miles to assist her best friend through the trying ceremony of getting married, it was evident that she must have some place to sleep. It was just as evident, since the wedding was to be an early one and held at the bride's country home, that every available bed and sofa and divan

had been taken by the ten bridesmaids and numerous relatives and cousins, to say nothing of the rest of the bridal party, and that there was nowhere to store her away except in the small brass bed along with the bride.

"Aren't you feeling terribly scared and queer?" inquired the maid of honor, opening one of those confidences so dear to the heart of girls.

The bride, however, was unresponsive, and sleepily murmuring something about "it being after twelve," turned her back

Kathy—very! Kathy, who was to be married on the morrow and to—Dick! If it had been any one but Dick! She only hoped she could get through the day without breaking down. She hoped—The faint wandering moonbeams creeping into the room sought out the white bed and the still figures of the girls, and retreated awed by the shadows reflected in the maid of honor's eyes.

She awakened with a start, with the consciousness of having slept a long time and that she was alone. She put forth



"AREN'T YOU FEELING TERRIBLY SCARED AND QUEER?"

on her friend. The maid of honor kept up a steady flow of conversation until a slight snore awoke her to the uselessness of expending further breath. She leaned over the bride, whose eyes were closed and who was breathing regularly. Then she looked straight ahead of her into space.

"Well, if that doesn't beat all! Talk about calmness! There's no romance in a bride nowadays."

She felt distinctly grieved and disappointed that the last night of their intimate girlhood life was to be cut short thus. She thought it inconsiderate of

her hand toward the opposite pillow. Kathy was not there. Then she sat bolt upright in bed. Through the door that led into Kathy's little "den" she caught the faint flicker of a candle and glow of the firelight on the wall. Wide awake now, she crept out of bed. Her footsteps made no sound on the thick carpet. Passing into the other room, she found what she had expected—Kathy!

"What under heaven——" she began, then paused in the doorway.

Kathy looked up, startled. She was crouching before the open grate fire in her white nightdress, and in her hands she

held a small sandalwood box. She laughed nervously.

"I thought you were sound asleep."

"I was up to a minute ago. I thought *you* were!"

"So I was. I didn't mean to lose myself either; but your incessant chatter acted as a soothing syrup, and I——" she hesitated.

"Then that snore was a blind?" said the maid of honor irrelevantly and in an injured tone.

Kathy laughed again.

"You'd better trot back to bed. It's dark, but it's almost morning. You'll get cold and——"

The maid of honor caught up a Roman shawl and flung it over her shoulders. Her black hair, which had become unfastened, spread over it like a veil and gave her a distinctly oriental look. She glanced witheringly at the bride's thin covering. Then she threw a white camel's hair over her friend's shoulders and sat down on the hearth rug by her. The reflection of a red flame crept up over the soft white covering like a caressing finger, wandering down again and touching the sandalwood before it died. The maid of honor broke the silence.

"What's in that box?" she demanded calmly.

The bride elect looked rebellious. Then she looked from the sandalwood back to her friend's face. Something unloosened her tongue.

"It's quite romantic, isn't it?" she began easily. "The conventional sandalwood box and all. You see," she went on, tapping the lid thoughtfully, "it's my treasure box, and I'm going over it tonight. I haven't opened it in years; not since——" she paused, catching sight of the maid of honor's face and remembering she was not alone—"not since I laid the last thing in it." She was speaking seriously now, and the maid of honor shivered a little in spite of the Roman shawl and the fire. "We all have our treasure boxes, I think—some of us not really and truly boxes, but in our hearts, perhaps—and we guard them jealously because some of them hold so much bitterness. I think sometimes"—she was gazing into the heart of the fire—"when we open them after many days, we find that they are not as valuable as we thought they were. Like a rose, you know, that

we had laid away fresh and sweet and thought of it always in that way, until we come to look at it and find its sweetness gone and it quite withered." Then, after a little: "Shall we open the box together, dear?"

The maid of honor drew closer. She had a queer feeling, as if she was about to look on a dead face in a casket.



SHE WAS CROUCHING BEFORE THE OPEN GRATE FIRE.

The bride elect lifted a small nosegay of faded flowers and held them in the hollow of her hand.

"Violets—the conventional flower, you see," she said lightly. "Jim Andrews gave them to me years ago, when we were scarcely more than children. I'd forgotten they were here. Jim was my first sweetheart. Jim's married now." She smiled. She laid them in the fire and turned to the box again. The photograph of an officer of the queen's service looked back at her. The maid of honor leaning over her shoulder exclaimed:

"What a splendid face! Who is he, Kathy?"

The bride elect did not answer immediately. She was fingering a bit of Scotch heather and bracken tied with the British colors.

"I met him the summer I was abroad. He was one of the truest, bravest men I ever knew," she said at length softly, in the tone in which we speak of our dead.

"There isn't much to tell. He loved me—he was one of the few men who never ceased to care. He asked me to send him this if I ever changed my mind. I never could. He fell nearly two years ago in the famous charge of the Highlanders. It was as he would have wished. I count it a privilege to have known him."

There was a silence in which the bit of heather and bracken followed the violets, but the gesture with which they were laid in the flames was tenderer. The bride elect paused with the picture in her hand. "A woman is a curious creature," she said reflectively, "with a heart like a wondrous keyboard. Sometimes a splendid man seeks it out, runs his fingers over the keys, and calls forth friendship, admiration, pity, but nothing more. Sometimes it is left to an unworthy one to strike the chord wherein lies a woman's soul. My Scotch laddie was among the first kind. Because I could not honestly give him all—my woman's best, and all a woman should give—I gave him nothing. I think I'll keep this," she added, still looking at the photograph. "Dick won't mind. Dick will understand. Will you please put it on the mantel?"

The maid of honor rose with the picture in her hand. She was looking down at the woman now, and could see into the shallow depths of the sandalwood box. A gauze fan—a dainty trifle as fragile and as exquisite as a woman's heart—lay therein with its ivory sticks snapped in two, and by it a pile of letters.

"Why, there's the fan I sent you from Paris, and——"

The top of the sandalwood box came down with a snap.

"That's all that would really interest you," said the bride elect quickly.

The maid of honor laid her hand on the lid.

"Kathy," she said, "that *isn't* all. I believe that the heart and the secret of it all lies here."

They were silent a moment.

"After all," said the bride elect, "you might as well know about it. I've told Dick. We think we ought not to begin the new life with any secrets. He guessed mine long ago anyhow, and it was he who

eased the pain and healed the wound by his tenderest love." She opened the box, but did not touch the contents. Then she went on: "Rather a curious mixture of heart trophies, isn't it? Remnants of Jim Andrews—our sweethearting days grown out of the fact of our mutual love for mud pies. Fragments of Mackenzie's life"—she glanced at where the withered heather and bracken had disappeared in the flames—"Mackenzie, the man who loved me, and for whom I could not teach myself to care." She paused and looked at the trifles that remained in the sandalwood box, and spoke low but without a trace of passion. "And—the faded, blighted memories of the man who first taught me the real meaning of the word." She was quiet for a moment before she spoke again. "After I told Dick the story, Dick told me of something in his own life—of a girl——" she broke off.



"SEE, THE DAY IS COMING."

The maid of honor suddenly turned her eyes away. A glow that might have come from the firelight spread across her face and reflected strange shadows in her eyes.

"Yes?"

"He told me that before he learned to care for me—the summer I was abroad—he met her at the mountains, and they saw a good deal of each other. You know how it is."

The maid of honor's lips moved slowly.

"Yes, I know."

"He said it was very pleasant, and that he said some of the foolish things that men are supposed to say; but that one day he imagined the girl really—cared. He says he can't be sure, but after that he left. He supposed she had understood the little game, and——"

"Did he tell you the girl's name?"

"I did not ask," said the older woman, lifting her head a little proudly. "I fancied myself that girl, and another girl trying to probe out her identity. Dick and I trust each other. Neither did I tell him the name of——" she broke off and lifted the package of yellow and worn letters. "The man who wrote me these, the man who first taught me how bitter love can be—lacked that highest sense of honor that sent Dick from the other girl when he had nothing to offer. The writer of these made me think it more than a little summer game. That's all."

The maid of honor drew in her breath quickly. A peace for which she had hunted vainly lay in the other woman's face and awed her.

"These are his letters—in order—the first he ever wrote to me and—the last. See, they are not even tied with the blue ribbon as they should be—only held by an elastic band. Something of my girlhood and of my life lies in them." She laid them in the flames. The maid of honor watched them burn with wide, frightened eyes, but the older woman sat quite silent and quite still. "The fan—I dropped it the night I found him—with another woman." She crept nearer to the fire and laid it against the blackened mass of letters. The flames crept around the gauzy stuff and played fitfully on the snapped carved sticks. She put the empty box on a table near and clasped her hands around her knees. The maid of honor was the first to speak.

"And—you—never—told—me!"

"You were away, and even if you had been here, it would have made no difference. There are some things in a girl's life she can't talk about. I wouldn't have let any one know—then. Only you and Dick know now."

"But how could you burn those letters?"

The older woman smiled.

"The treasure box has been opened—the rose is withered," she said simply.

And it was then for the first time that the maid of honor noticed something in her friend's eyes she had never seen before. And she—she had thought her own burden, her hidden love for Dick, greater than she could bear—the greatest in the world. This other woman had descended into the depths of life and had brought forth the pearl of peace. Perhaps somewhere the consolation of that "tenderest love" waited for her, too.

The fire burned low, and the maid of honor rose and went over to the east window and drew aside the curtain. Faint streaks of red foretold the dawn.

"See, the day is coming."

The woman in white, crouching by the embers, rose and came and stood behind her. Involuntarily her hands stretched themselves forth toward the rising sun. She raised her head as a young queen might upon her coronation morn.

"My wedding day!" she said.

Maud Howard Peterson.

A WOMAN'S WAY.

SHE was a very handsome woman; but she had known that fact so long—its values, what it gave her and what it had failed to give her—that the knowledge no longer afforded her any pleasure. It was relegated, in her outlook upon life, to merely one of the facts of her existence; a pleasant one, to be sure, but of comparatively small importance. Mrs. Reginald Bassett believed that she had outgrown all her emotions. As she stood in the long drawingroom,



her head bent thoughtfully over a letter in her hand, the sunlight falling on her brown hair and lighting up an occasional



"DO COME DIRECT TO VERONA."

thread of silver in it, she was the handsomest picture in the room, although some of the masterpieces on the walls had cost Mr. Reginald Bassett a pretty sum.

As Mrs. Bassett read her friend's letter, an absorbed wrinkle developed between her brows.

MY DEAR SERENA:

I am so glad of your decision. I do not know what your husband is now, but I do know what he was years ago, and I know, of course, something of the later stories.

Do come, as you say, direct to Verona. The warmest welcome awaits you. We have a beautiful Ameri-

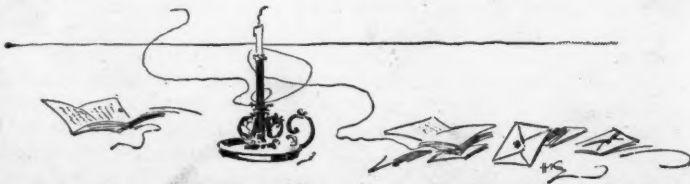
can colony here, and a circle of some of the most charming of the older Italian families. With your beauty, your means, and your talents, you will be the center of a social life as fascinating as the one you have always had at home; and the heart of your old friend will rejoice in you. If you want charity, there are missions and hospitals and "homes" without number. We have just started a home for girl students that needs a president for its board of lady managers; and the old palace of the Collozzo Vecchias needs a new tenant. Cable me that you will come, and Tracey will make all arrangements for you.

I heard of Irene's wedding, for all the Italian papers were full of the announcements. The prince is a good fellow, if he is an Italian, and I am sure Irene's life will be a happier one than yours has been. That is another tie to bind you to Italy, but I do hope you will settle in Verona instead of Rome. The Verona palace of Prince Giotti's family is next door to the Collozzo Vecchia I spoke of—you know, of course, that they have one here—and Irene will be sure to spend as much time in Verona as in Rome.

Both in Rome and in Verona, you see, we are talking of you and saying that the mother of the Princess Giotti will establish her salon in one or the other city. Your fame as a social leader, my dear Serena, has long ago preceded you, and all your old friends, who have been keeping track of you, know of the beautiful way you have lived your unhappy life. Not one of the others of those happy girls at the old Ursuline would have done it.

Do you remember the babel that used to break out in those old convent walls the minute the recreation hour sounded? And the sisters' shocked faces? But the blessed relief of the lifting of those long, silent hours! Nobody could help being glad and noisy and feeling free once more. It seems to me, Serena, you have earned your recreation—

An odor of faded roses and lilies of the valley lingered about the drawingrooms and stairways which but yesterday had been bowers of beauty, and the last of the caterer's wagons were still standing at the tradesmen's entrance. It was but two days before that Irene's wedding had filled the house with a crush of the fashionable people of the city, and but yesterday that she had sailed. Mrs. Bassett sighed as she thought of the many things before her in the next few days, the final interviews with her lawyers,



the last instructions to the servants, the thousand and one little details preliminary to a winter abroad. For it had been given out that Mrs. Reginald Bassett was to sail on the next steamer following that in which her daughter, the young princess, had sailed with her husband, to take up her winter's residence in Italy.

No one but Mrs. Bassett and Reginald Bassett himself knew that the end had come—that she meant never to return.

wore on Mrs. Bassett grew more and more heavy hearted. Now that the final moment had come, the wrench seemed greater to her than anything she had imagined. And through all the long day the haunting shadows of the past walked just behind her.

At last it was all over, and everything was completed but the final settlements with the lawyers, which would come on the morrow.



"THINK AS WELL OF ME AS YOU CAN WHEN YOU'RE GONE, WON'T YOU?"

It was the close of a compact made many years ago, when she had learned, one after the other, of his scarcely interrupted series of escapades—that, for Irene's sake, the house divided against itself should go on to all outward seeming just as it had in those first two happy years of her married life. She had pieced together, as best she could, her shattered idol, and for Irene's sake presented a brave front to the world so successfully that, looking at her calm face, her friends sometimes wondered if it could be possible that she really did not know of Reginald Bassett's defections.

* * * *

It was a busy day, and as the hours

There was a dinner in the evening given in her honor, and Mrs. Bassett was as fascinating, as radiant, as ever, but, her hostess thought, a trifle abstracted, and she left as early as possible, pleading weariness; but all the way home the haunting shadows pressed closer.

A light shone out from her husband's room as she passed through the hall, and before the wood fire, deep in a new book and redolent of luxurious enjoyment, sat her husband.

Mrs. Bassett paused in the doorway. "What! Are you here?" she said in some surprise.

He looked up slowly, and his eyes rested upon her for a moment.

"Yes," he said, somewhat awkwardly for him, who was never at a loss in any situation; "I had forgotten you were going to be out——"

She threw her wraps aside and sat down in a big easy chair on the other side of the fire, the memories which all day had been haunting her crowding thick in the firelight between her and this man who held twenty years of her life, years of proud calm, of secret humiliation.

her wedding day, the passionate devotion of those first years, the breaking of her happiness, Irene's birth—when, unwillingly, she had come back from the brink of the unknown mystery. Irene's birth—yes, this was the memory which had been dogging her thoughts all day, which had pulled at her heartstrings and would not let down—the memory of that moment when they had laid Irene in her weak arms, his child and hers——



"WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THIS, TRACEY?"

Neither spoke.

The lamplight shone on his handsome head, grizzled and handsomer still than in those other days, the memory of which had walked with her so constantly through all the long hours of this day—when she had loved his brown locks, that curled a bit just over the forehead, and adored those features whose beauty years of dissipation and self indulgence had not yet entirely marred.

"I thought," he said apologetically, lifting his eyes from his book, "as the time was so short——" and silence fell again between them.

The firelight danced on the wall in long gray shadows, and made before her musing eyes replicas of the gaunt years that lay behind her. One by one they came out of the past and marshaled themselves in her memory. The year of her betrothal,

The firelight flickered and grew gray where the burned logs had spent themselves. Reginald Bassett shivered and rose to his feet. He looked worn and old in the fading light.

"Serena," he said, coming over and laying his hand upon her head in a tender way he had, a way that had endeared him to many women. "Think as well of me as you can when you're gone, won't you?" A spent log burned itself out and fell with a soft crash of belated sparks and ashes before he went on. His voice broke. "You've had a pretty hard running, my girl, a pretty hard running. You'd best not have come in my class, Serena."

Mrs. Bassett lifted her head and looked at him. There were tears in her eyes, tears that blurred the scene before her—for the years had rolled back, and again

the sunlight shone on her husband's head, bent above her as Irene's tender body first lay in her weak arms.

"I am not going, Reginald," she said gently.

* * * *

"What do you think of this, Tracey?"

Mrs. Tracey Gordon fluttered out on to the veranda, where her husband was finishing a late breakfast, with a slip of yellow in her hand. "Here's a cablegram from Serena:

"Cancel all Verona arrangements. I simply found I could not do it. We spend the winter in Florida.
SERENA.

"What can it mean?"

"Mean? It's simple enough. It means that she's in love with that disreputable husband of hers yet. Doesn't it?"

Mrs. Gordon looked away over the tops of the ilex trees, and was silent.

Elinor Grant Crans.

A QUESTION OF HUMANITY.

ORDWAY'S usual Wednesday evening call on Miss Martin had endured for five minutes. "You do not look like yourself tonight," he pronounced meditatively.

A faint flush warmed her cheeks; her emotions were always visible thus, as through a sweet transparency.

"It is your hair," he said; "you haven't a crimp nor curl. And that dark dress, plain around the neck—you look five years older. I don't like it, either."

She spoke her answer firmly, though her redness deepened. "I think Mr. Dumont likes it," she said.

"Dumont?" he echoed. "Lord! is it for Dumont? It roils him to see you look so young; is that it? He recalls the days when he was your age—fifty years ago, say——" The look in her eyes stopped him. They always chaffed and bickered, but there was something different in this; something sharper.

"I will not quarrel with you," she said, "for we are too old friends." That was true. They were the best of friends. He had lent his influence to secure her the business position which she held with a credit born of efficiency, and she had in return shown him many a tactful womanly little favor. Their friendship, though warm, was strictly friendship; of that they had been always rather proud.

"What is it about Dumont, then, Julia?" he asked. "What's up?"

"I think," she answered, "I ought to dress to please Mr. Dumont, if I can. He would not like—his wife to look so much younger than himself."

"His—wife?"

"He has asked me to marry him; and I have made up my mind that I will."



MR. DUMONT.

It needed courage to meet Ordway's look; but Julia had courage. His gaze was spellbound; it was incredulous. He felt, suddenly and strangely, as if he had never seen her before. He felt dazed, and spoke with difficulty.

"Do you care for him?" They had scoffed humorously at love; they had even proved to their own satisfaction that there was in actuality no such thing. But his question hung between them fraught with intensity.

"I respect him."

"You respect the memory of George Washington, I hope! Heavens! Is that all you have to say, Julia?"

"No," she answered him; "it is not.

is it. I want somebody that I shall have the right to depend on, and trust. What it would be to have somebody always to see to checking my trunk, and



"IF THERE MUST BE A VICTIM, WHY OF ALL MEN DUMONT?"

I am not afraid to tell *you*, my friend; no, nor ashamed. I am going to marry Mr. Dumont because I—I want a home. I don't want *this* always." The room was agreeable, but it was conspicuously a boarding house parlor.

He murmured, with frowning brows, "No. Well?"

"Mrs. Crosby—you met her, you know—has sent for me to come to Boston and take a position her husband has waiting for me. It is a better one, and I should have gone, but—Mr. Dumont," she said, "had spoken——"

"You mentioned that," he remarked tartly.

She rested her unfaltering clear eyes on his. She had struggled side by side with men for her livelihood, she had known life's sterner aspect and its crabbed moods—but she had kept all her simplicity and her gentleness and her pure depth of candor. "I could go to Boston," she said, "or to London, or Hong Kong, but that would not help me. I should be no nearer a home. I am tired; that

make bargains with hackmen, and—and always to pay my street car fare; what it would be!" she sighed, and beneath her whimsicality he read her wistful earnestness.

He felt baffled. He suffered from an unreasonable but burning spleen.

"But," he cried with energy, "Dumont! If there must be a victim, why of all men Dumont?"

"Because he wants to be the victim," she returned, without resentment.

"Probably he thinks he does.

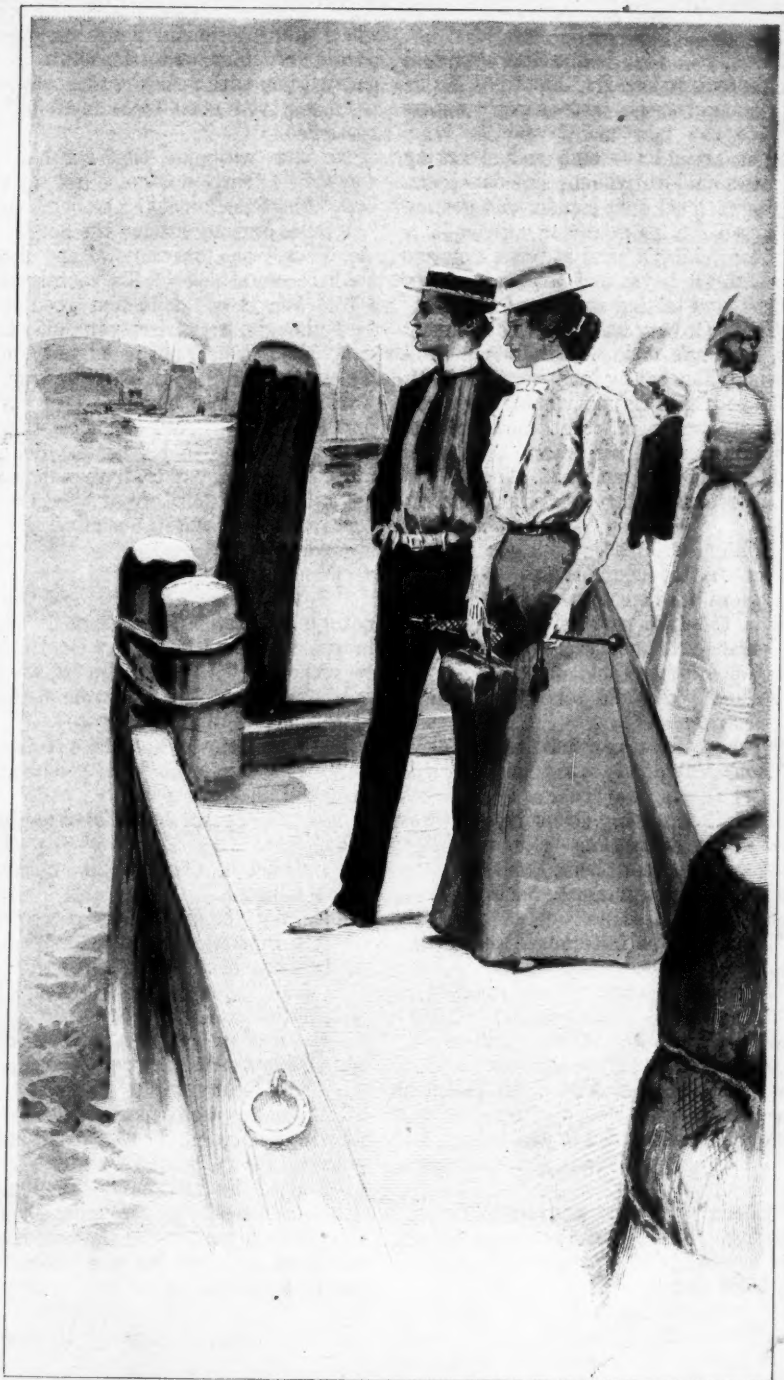
Most men have spasms of mental aberration, and this is Dumont's. Julia, you would never take advantage of it? Julia, you couldn't!" He had got back his old way with her—which lay between banter and mild bullying—and with it his hold on himself. He warmed to his subject.

"Married!" he said. "Dumont married! It's inconceivable. It is appalling."

"Many thanks."

"Oh, *you* might not make him much more miserable than any other woman would. But, Julia, do you know how Dumont puts in his time?"





ORDWAY AND JULIA WATCHED WHILE THE BOAT PULLED OFF.

"He spends some of it——"

"Here, yes; that is a serious symptom of his attack of lunacy. But what has he been doing for the last—I won't undertake to say how many years? Why, lounging around the club and absorbing the news and refreshing liquids; going to an occasional stag dinner; and getting new cures for his gout—or neuralgia, is it? And taking a hand at poker now and then with the boys; and smoking on roof gardens, and talking stocks and politics.

"That," Ordway said, "is what Dumont does, and he's done it till it is a habit with him, like eating and breathing. It would be a smaller undertaking to throw a steam engine off the track than to shunt Dumont off *his* track. And what would result for Dumont? Misery!"

"He seems willing to risk it," she observed.

"Willing—willing! I tell you it is his loss of mental equilibrium. In such a case there is degeneration of the gray cells in the fore part of the cerebrum, and strange hallucinations are the outcome; any doctor could make it clear to you. And you would take advantage of it? I cannot credit it."

She threw back her head and laughed.

"Don't laugh, I mean it," he said sharply; and for a space his eyes looked into hers. The long look burned its way through the something that had interposed ever between them; the flimsy barrier which their ignorance and their heedlessness had reared.

"Julia——" he faltered. The door bell pealed.

"It is Mr. Dumont," she said, with trembling lips. "Must you go?"

Eight days later, Ordway, sitting in his office in the heavy gloom and the dullness which for the past week had held him—Ordway received a letter. It was from Julia Martin, and it was brief.

"I am going to Boston this afternoon. Good by."

"Good by!" he muttered, fiercely scowling. But all his apathy had fled on the instant. She was going to Boston. What did that mean?

He sprang to his feet. She was going that afternoon. "She'll take the boat," he hazarded. It was already past five. He seized his hat and called a cab and drove to West Warren Street swiftly.

She was there. She was pacing the

wharf, a dispassionate figure amidst the bustle of imminent departure. She greeted him with pensive calm.

"I told you good by in my note," she remarked.

He saw with joy that her hair was wavy. "I have not come to say good by. Where is Dumont?" he demanded.

"He is cruising around the Sound with Mr. Blair," she answered, "and fishing. He had—an attack of his neuralgia, and I told him it would do him good to go. I—I thought over what you said; and I saw," she affirmed, not in humility, but in a rigor of pride, "that it is true. It would have been a mistake; I—from the first I feared it. And—I almost think he agreed with me, in his heart. So, after all, I am not going to have a home. I am going to Boston." She smiled bravely.

"Those are misstatements," he answered—"both."

"What do you mean?"

"You *will* have a home, and you will not go to Boston," he returned; though he spoke to the back of her head, abruptly averted. "As I reckon it, we have been fools for four years, and that is long enough, Julia."

She faced him with valiant resistance. "I won't consider it," she declared; "it is mental aberration."

"If you say so, but it is chronic. It is hopeless."

"I should be cruel to take advantage of it—inhuman."

"No, no; you are inhuman to confuse me with Dumont, that is all. What are we dawdling here for? Come!"

"I can't," she gasped; "my trunk is on the boat."

"No matter. It is not your trunk," said Ordway, with rude and joyous laughter, "that I am going to marry."

Her cheeks were tenderly flushed and her lashes moist. "We shall always quarrel," she murmured faintly.

"And I," he answered, "shall always come out ahead in the second round." He defied convention and the cold hearted onlookers, and put his arm around her. And they watched while the boat pulled off.

Emma A. Oppen.



THE STAGE

COMPARISONS ARE NOT ALWAYS ODIUS.

Theater goers who save their programs and watch the names printed upon them store up a source of pleasure that widens with each passing season. The enjoyment derived from seeing John Drew or Sothorn, Ada Rehan or Maude Adams, in new environment, may be extended to others in the bill by comparing a late program with an older one, and noting how many of the actors were included in both lists. This system presents a capital opportunity to judge of the versatility of actors, and who knows but you may be privileged to watch the progress faweward of more than one future *Hamlet* or *Juliet*?

Take the cast for "Lord and Lady Algy,"

for example. Could there be a greater contrast than the work required of Joseph Wheelock, Jr., as *Mawley*, the stolid, taciturn, never smiling jockey in this comedy, and in the rôle of the irrepressible boy *Denny* of "Phroso"? Then, there was Guy Standing, the sleek, hypocritical older brother of *Algy*. Those who have bills of Hoyt's some four years back would be able to recall the spangled acrobat to whom Annie Russell as *Sue* lost her heart. Then take W. H. Crompton, as the *Duke of Droneborough*, *Algy's* father, who is persistently protesting. In "Phroso" he appeared for only about seven minutes in the first act, where he was slain as the old *Lord of Neopalia*, and then had the



LULU GLASER, LEADING WOMAN OF THE FRANCIS WILSON OPERA COMPANY.

From her latest photograph by Morrison, Chicago.



PAUL GERSON, WHO IS TO APPEAR AS
"DRUSUS" IN "BEN HUR."

From a photograph by Throck, Denver.

opportunity of dressing hurriedly and hieing him off to see a play at some other house. In "The Conquerors" he was the *Abbé Dagobert*, who saves the hero villain of the piece by ordering the chapel bell to be rung for the dead. J. H. Benrimo, the *Hon. Crosby Jethro*, who engineers the fashionable functions for *Mrs. Tudway*, was a more out and out villain as the Turkish governor in "Phroso," and in "The Conquerors" enacted the *Major*.

Apropos of "The Conquerors," we may note how the lapse of a year sometimes scatters a company by glancing over its cast. Viola Allen now heads a company of her own in "The Christian"; Ida Conquest, who played *Babiole*, the younger sister flirting with the Prussian captain (Wheelock) over the squirrel, has become leading woman with "Because She Loved Him So"; Blanche Walsh, *Yvonne's* vengeful foster sister, has taken Fanny Davenport's place, and Jameson Lee Finney, one of the Prussian lieutenants, has won spurs for his polished villainy as *Lord Robert Ure* in "The Christian." We give a new portrait, this time out of character, of another of "The Conqueror" lieutenants, George W. Howard, who was *Bennett Hamlyn*, with little more to do than own a steam yacht, in "Phroso," and *Captain Standidge*, familiarly known as "*Chump*," in "Lord and Lady Algy." He is one of the youngest members of the Empire stock, and took the part of *Balthasar*, servant to *Romeo*, in the Maude Adams Shakspeare production.

W. H. Workman is another younger member of the Empire company. He had had no professional experience elsewhere when he was first assigned to the part of *De Fargis* in "Under the Red Robe." The next season he was *Chanteclair*, one of the Orpheonists in "The Conquerors," and in due course become *Cortes*, one of *Constantine's* conspirators in "Phroso." With "Lord and Lady Algy" he assumed for the first time the habiliments of the every day man, being cast for *Mr. Jeal*, a reporter of social doings for the *Weekly Searchlight*. Mr. Workman is a native of Detroit.

A STERLING PLAYER OF CHARACTER PARTS.

Actors nowadays are fond of calling themselves artists; and the cruder the work they turn out, the more insistent are they on the term. There is one American player, however, who is in every way

deserving of the name, but who would be the last to claim it. And yet, although he has been before the public since the days of the Civil War, he has never been a star—a fact which, as things go, is rather a distinction than otherwise. Even since his true worth has come to be recognized, he has consented to play parts so small that men of far inferior ability had refused them.

W. H. Thompson began where so many have begun in the old



W. H. THOMPSON, CHARACTER PLAYER IN THE
CHARLES FROHMAN COMPANY.

From a photograph by Morrison, Chicago.



W. H. WORKMAN AS "DE FARGIS" IN
"UNDER THE RED ROBE."

From a photograph by Morrison, Chicago.



AMELIA BINGHAM, LEADING WOMAN IN "THE CUCKOO."

From her latest photograph—Copyrighted, 1899, by Aimé Dupont, New York.



JOHN DREW.

From his latest photograph by Thors, San Francisco.

days—as a call boy. This was at one of the four Broadway Theaters New York has had, the very house, in fact, where young Thompson's ambition to become a player took fire from seeing John Jack (who made such a capital old man in "Tess") act in a piece called "The Last Man." Then he filled the same post at the Olympic, where George L. Fox was having his phenomenal run in "Humpty Dumpty." He wanted to play old men from the first, in which respect he resembles John Hare's son Gilbert. He was still a young man when his impersonation of the elder *Duval* in "Camille" won a meed of praise from Charles Fechter, which Thompson cherishes as the most precious thing his memory holds.

Of late years he was wonderfully fine as the villain who leads a double life in "The Fatal Card," while his rendering of the senior Auld Licht elder in "The Little Minister," which has occupied him for the past two seasons, was a particularly felicitous conception. As *Friar Lawrence* in the Maude Adams presentation of

"Romeo and Juliet" he showed that long confinement to rôles of the evanescent type by no means unfitted him to give a convincing conception of one modeled by the master hand.

THE RUSH FOR DRAMATIZED NOVELS.

It is a deplorable fact that notoriety is coming to have more to do with a play's success than intrinsic merit. There is no doubt that this state of affairs is brought about by the managers' disinclination to run risks. To mount a new piece for the exacting public of the period means the expenditure of a small fortune, which is gone beyond recovery should the drama fail to draw. But it has been demonstrated that Broadway as well as the Bowery may be lured by an appeal to its curiosity. Only get a thing talked about, and your financial problem is settled.

What the bridge jumper, the pugilist, and the kidnapped baby are to the dime museum, so is the dramatization of the popular novel



CHARLES WYNDHAM IN "ROSEMARY."

From a photograph by Burrand, London.

to the fashionable playhouse. It appears to be of small account whether the dramatization be skilfully done or not; given a wide vogue for the story, thronged auditoriums are sure to wait on the play. Last season demonstrated this beyond dispute. During the coming one, plays that have been novels will be thicker than ever. Even Mr. Howells, undismayed by the fiasco that has attended

business in Chicago, during which time, like Charles Richman in the same city, he became a popular amateur player. He attracted the attention of Otis Skinner, who engaged him for "Villon the Vagabond," in which he created two strongly contrasting parts—a jolly friar and a dignified mayor of Paris. Later Mr. Gerson was with William Morris, and last season he acted as leading man with Lewis



CHRISTIE MACDONALD, APPEARING AS "DIANA" IN "THE MAN IN THE MOON."

From her latest photograph—Copyrighted, 1899, by Aimé DuPont, New York.

previous attempts to fit his work for the boards, has authorized a fresh experiment with his "Hazard of New Fortunes."

We give a portrait of Paul Gerson, to whom this rage for the dramatized story opens the opportunity for his first appearance in New York. He has been assigned to the part of *Drusus* in "Ben Hur," and at the same time understudies the title rôle.

Mr. Gerson came to this country from England fifteen years ago and engaged in

Morrison, who tried to tempt him for the present year with a prominent part in "Frederick the Great." But participation in a big Broadway production proved the stronger magnet.

THE WYNDHAM OF NEW YORK AND THE
DREW OF LONDON.

For the last half dozen years John Drew has been appearing almost exclusively in



EMILY COULSON, APPEARING IN THE SHOPPING
SCENE OF "THE GREAT RUBY."

From a photograph by Schloss, New York.



CYRIL SCOTT, LEADING MAN IN THE AUGUSTIN
DALY MUSICAL COMEDY COMPANY.

From his latest photograph by Sarony, New York.



GEORGE W. HOWARD, IN HIS THIRD SEASON WITH
THE EMPIRE STOCK COMPANY.

From his latest photograph by Morrison, Chicago.



FLORENCE LILLIAN WICKES, APPEARING IN "A
STRANGER IN NEW YORK."

From a photograph by Morrison, Chicago.

plays that Charles Wyndham has tested and found profitable. The first in the list was "The Bauble Shop"; then, after an interval, came "The Squire of Dames," followed by the ever memorable "Rosemary," after which the Wyndham plays were imported in succession: "A Marriage of Convenience," "The Liars," and "The Tyranny of Tears." We present herewith portraits of both Mr. Drew and Mr. Wyndham, who have, it will be seen, but little that is common to both in their personality.

John Drew is thirteen years younger than his brother player, scoring forty six on his next birthday, in November. He began to act when he was twenty years old, appearing at his mother's Arch Street Theater, in Philadelphia. It was in 1875 that Drew first became associated with Mr. Daly, playing *Bob Ruggles* in "The Big Bonanza," and soon afterwards acting in "Pique" with Fanny Davenport. His first essay in Shakspeare was in support of Edwin Booth, as



MARIE LAMOUR (FORMERLY MARIE MURPHY), STARRING IN "A WISE WOMAN."

From her latest photograph by Schloss, New York.



LILA CONVERE, OF THE SOL SMITH RUSSELL COMPANY.

From her latest photograph by Morrison, Chicago.

Rosencrantz in "Hamlet." He became Daly's leading man during the first season of the present Daly's Theater, 1880, and for twelve years divided the honors with Ada Rehan. He was especially happy as *Petruchio* in "The Taming of the Shrew," and as the husband with a predilection for nights off in the comedies from the German, of which Mr. Daly at that period made a feature.

Mr. Drew became a star under Charles Frohman's management, in September, 1892, inaugurating his extraordinarily successful venture at the Davidson Theater, Milwaukee, with Clyde Fitch's dramatization of the French comedy, "The Masked Ball." The next year came "Butterflies," and then "The Bauble Shop." It is a safe assertion that there is no male star now before the American public who can be counted on to draw so large an audience, and one of so fine a quality, as Mr. Drew. He is married, his brother in law being Lewis Baker, a member of his company, and he has a daughter who is being educated abroad.

Charles Wyndham was born at Liverpool in 1840, but, strangely enough, it was in New York, at Wallack's Theater, that he made his first decided hit as an actor. He

had come to America during the Civil War, acting as surgeon, having taken up the study of medicine to please his father. *Charles Surface* in "The School for Scandal" was the rôle that lifted him above the mediocre player, and gave him sufficient prestige to tour the country with his own company. He elected to return to England, however, and there, in 1873, he scored again as *Geoffrey Delmayne* in Wilkie Collins' "Man and Wife."

It was in 1876 that Wyndham became manager of the London Criterion, a position held until the present year, when he is to relinquish the house to Charles Frohman. Among his notable successes there were "Pink Dominos," "Brighton," and "David Garrick." He made another American tour in 1889. His present leading woman is Mary Moore, and among the well known people who have played under his management are Beerbohm Tree, Olga Nethersole, Mrs. Langtry, and R. C. Carton, the author of "Lord and Lady Algy." Mr. Wyndham enjoys the distinction of being the doyen of London managers.

He says that in his early days, when he used to act at the old Queen's Theater with Irving and Toole, he and Irving were anxious to exchange parts. Irving was cast for the villains and Wyndham for the heroes. According to Clement Scott, Wyndham is another of the famous players who were paralyzed with fright on the occasion of their first appearance in a regular part. His speech was to be: "I am drunk with love and enthusiasm," but he could get no further than "I am drunk."

CONCERNING CYRIL SCOTT.

There is one department of stage training which no amount of instruction or rehearsing can drill into a man. It is something he must possess inherently, or he is forever de-

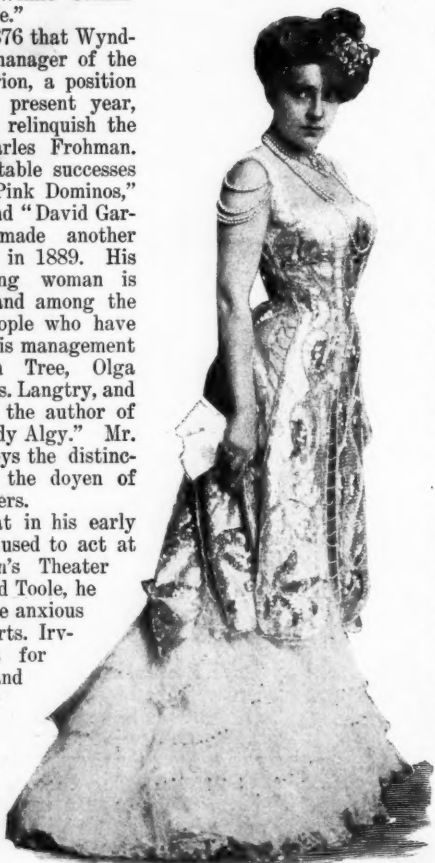
barred from filling acceptably a certain type of part. To play the gentleman in a figment of fancy he must have the instincts of one in fact. There are leading men who have attained high rank despite this lack, to be sure, but there will always be the jarring note in their characteristics of what are supposed to be thoroughbred types. Courtesy and fine feeling may be writ down to be brought out in the rôle, but caddishness responds to the striking of the keys.

Hence it is not surprising that men gifted from their birth with this invaluable trait should be in great demand by managers who cater to the most refined class of theatergoers. A case in point is that of Cyril Scott, now in his third season with Augustin Daly's musical comedy company. To be apparently paradoxical, it is the absence of all art that makes Mr. Scott's work so artistic. He seems never to try to limn a character; he simply is it. And the grace of manner which gives him so engaging a personality on the boards is equally apparent off the stage.

Cyril Scott is thirty three years old, and was born in Banbridge, Ireland, but was brought to this country when a very small child. He went on the stage when he was seventeen, in Paterson, New Jersey, and among the stars with whom he has appeared are Richard Mansfield, in "Prince Karl"; E. H. Sothern, in "Lord Chumley"; "The Highest Bidder," and "The Maister of Woodbarrow"; De Wolf Hopper, in "Dr. Syntax"; Mrs. Leslie Carter, in "The Heart of Maryland," and Mrs. Fiske, when as Minnie Maddern she played "Caprice" and "In Spite of All." When the Empire Theater was opened with

"The Girl I Left Behind Me" he created *Arthur Penwick*, the Quebec doctor who flirted under difficulties with Odette Tyler as *Lucy Hawkesworth*, and the next year he was *Sir Richard Cursitor*, the loud talking, horsy young man in "Sowing the Wind."

He began his career at Daly's as *Dick Capel* in "The Circus Girl," a part that pleased the public more than his *Guy Stanley* of "A Runaway Girl," simply because it gave



OLGA NETHERSOLE, WHO IS TO APPEAR IN A
DRAMATIZATION OF "SAPHO."

From her latest photograph by Strauss, St. Louis.

him more to do. He can be counted on to do good work in any environment, but he has made himself so popular as the blithe, cheery young Englishman that his admirers may regret to see him abandon the type, even to become a Greek god.

CHARLES FROHMAN AND HIS WAYS.

The assumption by Charles Frohman of the management of the Lyric Theater (formerly part and parcel of the Olympia) makes the fifth playhouse in New York under the direct control of this remarkable man. Like all the others, its auditorium is a comparatively small one, and herein is exemplified the Frohman shrewdness. A small house is more easily crowded than a large one, and, although to turn money away from the box office may seem hard lines at the moment, no better advertisement of a piece can be found.

A change of name was deemed advisable, opera being the one line of entertainment in which Charles Frohman has met with poor luck. Criterion was the title selected, in honor, it is said, of Charles Wyndham, whose London house of the same name Mr. Frohman is to lease in the autumn. Some may wonder that none of his theaters bears his own name, but vainglory of this sort is an attribute left out of the make up of our Napoleon of managers. His tremendous ambition may be distorted into personal pride, but the end and aim of his existence is to be known for what he does, not for what he is. To have his name over the doors of a theater would be a cheap way of gaining renown.

There are few men more simple in their tastes than Charles Frohman. Unmarried, he lives at the Waldorf-Astoria, but his housing is the only item of luxury in his bill of personal expenses. After the play, with others about him ordering wine and birds, one may see "the governor," as his players call him, sitting apart with some simple condiment before him, of which milk appears to be the principal ingredient.

He has no fads but his business, and this absorbs him heart and soul. Although he is the best known manager in America, he is very seldom in evidence before the public. In his players he takes a deep personal interest, and his kindness of heart has smoothed a rough way for more than one of them.

Charles Frohman is nine years younger than his brother Daniel, having been born at Sandusky, Ohio, June 17, 1860.

THE SUPPLY OF PLAYS.

Last spring there was some agitation, in England, of the question of founding an association of playwrights, and it was rumored that the Pineros, the Joneses, the Grundys,

and the Cartons were mooted the advantages of banding themselves together, with the object of exacting better terms from the managers before they moved their pens for them again. Of course there was not a grain of truth in the report, but the mere mention of such a possibility accentuates the advantage of widening the sources of supply beyond the few men who, year in and year out, furnish the dramatic pabulum for English speaking audiences.

But managers are not to be frightened into paying closer attention to offerings from unknown hands by any such threats as this. Here in America we have now the Association of Dramatic Authors, and yet last season the showing of native works was smaller than for several years past. We fear, however, that it will take a sledge hammer blow of some description to induce the directors of our playhouses to sift through the mass of brainless mediocrity that pours in upon them, in search of a possible pearl. It is discouraging enough to read over the list of play titles published in the *Dramatic Mirror* from the reports of the copyright office.

We append a few samples: "The Old Trunk in the Garret"; "Alone in Greater New York"; "A Lawyer's Wife's Mistake"; "The Little Baker"; "Flirtation Cured"; "Hard of Hearing"; "At the Fireside." There may not be much in a name, but when one recollects that the chief value of the copyright system is believed to be priority in registering a happy title, managers who read these unattractive lists are certainly justified in fearing the worst.

Gladys Wallis, who recently became Mrs. Samuel Insull, and left the boards, is responsible for introducing to the public the daughter of the president of the Pullman Palace Car Company. This was in 1895, when Miss Wallis was starring. Florence Lillian Wickes later passed to the Hoyt forces, and last season appeared in "A Stranger in New York."

It seems odd that Piner's "Profligate," written several years ago, should never have been played in New York until Olga Nethersole produced it in Harlem in the late spring, with an opportunity for only three performances. While it is prolix at the start and deeply somber later on, its third act contains a scene which for inherent strength and positive effectiveness few playwrights on the English side of the channel have equaled. And however ill at ease Miss Nethersole may have appeared in the portions of the drama calling for girlish innocence and simple trust, she rose superbly to its emotional heights.

The American tours of this richly endowed English actress are uniformly successful.

She is to return again this season, appearing in Clyde Fitch's dramatization of Daudet's "Sapho."

* * *

The primary idea of a roof garden, as any sensible person would understand it, was of a resort on the house top, open to every wind that blows, where an entertainment might be enjoyed without the discomfort of being indoors. But the managers seem to have quite a different ideal. They appear to think that ornamental brick work is preferable to letting in the air, that a glass roof, which the advertisements can refer to as "crystal," is far superior to an untrammelled view of the heavens, and that a glare of electric lights completely discounts starlit dimness.

* * *

In spite of the boasted realism of the modern stage, or perhaps because of it, there are two kinds of "property" sounds used in plays of today that are more apt to bring the smile of derision than the thrill of wonder. One is the clatter of horses' hoofs and the other the drawing up of a carriage to the front door. And the failure to achieve semblance to actuality is due in both cases to excess of effort. The equine feet always click with a rattle that suggests loose shoes or the crossing of a never ending bridge, and the crash that represents the arrival of an unseen vehicle, be it brougham or runabout, gives rise to the suspicion that the property man must have got hold of the thunder machine by mistake.

* * *

Stage managers are more successful in deceiving the eye than the ear. Take the snow storm, for example, which was a scenic feature of "La Bohème," produced by the Castle Square Opera Company last winter. The flakes did not drift down in a haphazard fashion, but had the appearance of being driven by the air currents of nature itself. The apparatus by which the effect is produced is technically known as a snow bag, and consists of a piece of white cloth, about sixteen feet by six, in which are cut slits some six inches apart. The cloth is folded over, and packed with bits of white paper; and at the given cue it is made to rotate slowly in the flies, by means of a pulley. At each movement some of the paper flutters through the slits. As the cloth has a spread of eight feet, the snow flies that distance in all directions.

* * *

We present this month a new portrait of Marie Lamour, hitherto known as Marie Murphy. A mania has prevailed among actresses this year for changing their names. Besides the case in question, there was that of Yvette Violette, who reversed the plan adopted by Miss Murphy and exchanged a *nom de guerre*

for the one that belonged to her, May Cargill. And in our last issue we pictured Grace Elliston, another graduate from the Daly forces, where she was known as Grace Rutter.

Marie Lamour talks of going out at the head of her own company to play "A Wise Woman." Whether she will be this in fact, the issue alone can prove. Last winter she was in the chorus at Daly's, as one of the sabot dancers in "A Runaway Girl," besides acting as understudy for Mabelle Gillman's *Alice*, the maid. She has also played small parts in "The Geisha," and with Ada Rehan in the dramatic company. When she was only nine years old she enacted *Juliet* to the *Romeo* of her brother, Frederic Murphy, now with Julia Marlowe. A little later the two appeared together as *Pygmalion* and *Galatea*.

* * *

While we in America were lamenting, last season, that almost all the theatrical hits were imported from England, the English correspondent of *Le Monde Artiste*, a Parisian weekly, opened his budget in the early spring with the subjoined paragraph:

In London it is only on rare occasions that one sees in the same week the production of two new comedies written by English authors. The majority of the leading attractions are plays adapted from the French, which usually obtain a still greater vogue here than they had in Paris. "A Court Scandal," "On and Off," "The Musketeers," and "The Cuckoo" are not yet near their end, and I hazard the prediction that their careers will be longer than in France.

While this writer was mistaken in regard to "The Musketeers," it is to be noted that the two theaters which broke the run of the Dumas drama to replace it with an English offering, met with disaster—Her Majesty's in the shape of "Carnac Sahib," and the Garrick with "Change Alley."

* * *

When "Cyrano" was played in Rome last winter, it was announced that the Queen of Italy and the Princess of Naples remained in the royal box till the fall of the final curtain. Is it to be understood that this is an extraordinary thing for blue blooded folk to do? In that event one is prompted to feel grateful that no prerogative is exercised to stop the entire play when it ceases to catch the royal fancy.

Queen Victoria, by the way, utilizes her privilege of having things to her personal liking by stipulating for the omission of the second act in "Lohengrin," because dark scenes annoy her. But, then, the representations she attends are given at Windsor Castle for her special benefit, so the public at large is not incommoded by her idiosyncrasies.

LITERARY CHAT

LETTERS OF DEAD AUTHORS.

When next Mr. Andrew Lang, making copy out of his own vexations, attacks those thrifty souls who attempt to make a living out of literature without being themselves writers, it is to be hoped that he will turn his attention to the publishers of the letters of authors who have recently died.

There has been an epidemic of the disease lately, and very tiresome it has been. When the relatives and friends and creditors and autograph hunters and casual entertainers and all others who happen to hold scraps of notes from authors, make a book of them, readers can at least avoid it. There is no compulsion to buy the neatly bound and indisputably labeled epistles of any one. But when a magazine devotes nearly half of two successive issues to the letters of authors not long dead, it is not so easy to avoid them.

There are many things to be urged against this indiscriminate ransacking of desks. The chief one is that it seldom furnishes interesting reading. One acquires the amiable feeling of a listener at keyholes without any compensating advantage. It does not require a particularly supersensitive nature to feel some embarrassment at plunging into the intimate letters of a man or woman whom one might have met a few years ago.

It is a question whether a few years' absence from this sphere destroys all obligations of courtesy and honor toward those who have left it. One would have felt distinctly like, and would have expected the treatment of, a sneak thief to have been found reading Mrs. Browning's letters to Robert, or Stevenson's letters to his friends, or Sidney Lanier's letters to his wife, during the lifetime of any of them. It seems illogical that their deaths and the pecuniary needs of their survivors should so revolutionize standards as to put one at his ease in reading them today.

However, it is not mainly because of a prejudice in good society and in the penal code against meddling with other people's mail that this flood of the correspondence of recently departed authors is tiresome. It is uninteresting. To our great grandchildren a judicious selection of these letters might afford an enlightening glimpse of our habits and customs. It is not so with us. Neither do they afford us illumination in regard to the mind and method of the individual genius which is not more directly and more worthily to be obtained from the work into which the genius put his heart and soul.

Letters should be saved until time makes it clear that a life of their author is desirable. Then they should be placed in the hands of a biographer, not for themselves alone, but that the information they contain may be judiciously welded into the story of his career.

It might not be quite so profitable a course for the heirs and assigns of the author, but it would certainly be a relief to the reading public, which, after all, has letters of its own, and finds those of even a heaven born genius to his mother and his duns extremely like its own.

"WAR IS KIND."

"What is the matter with Stephen Crane?" This is a question that a good many readers of "War Is Kind" have been asking during the past few months. A queerer book has rarely been put on the American market.

Those who have closely followed Crane's work are not altogether surprised by the new volume. Several years ago, before "The Red Badge of Courage" made the young author mildly famous, he had sent out, through one of the dilettante publishing houses, a little volume called "The Black Riders, and Other Lines." But all of the poems in that collection had a definite meaning and a strong point. The work in the new volume is much more obscure and crude. One literary critic, who has been acquainted with Stephen Crane for several years, declares that the author received his poetic inspiration from the untrammelled genius of Emily Dickinson. "The Black Riders" read like an up to date and a masculine expression of the Emily Dickinson style of writing. After a time, however, Mr. Crane evidently forgot about Miss Dickinson, and made his style so ugly and rough that, if the New England poetess were alive today, she would unquestionably shudder away from it.

To those who study "War Is Kind," it becomes clear that Mr. Crane put into it a good deal of thought and feeling and dramatic intensity. But a glance at the first few lines is likely to prejudice most lovers of verse against it. So it is not probable that it will add to Mr. Crane's literary reputation.

MR. CHAMBERS AND "THE OUTSIDERS."

The function of a novel is to amuse—not necessarily to amuse in the lighter and more common sense, but to entertain. A writer has first to decide into what class his book is to fall, whether it is to make people laugh lightly or laugh deeply, but in either case the subject depicted must come within the possibility of

amusement. After a book is written and read we have often to ask, was it all worth while?

It is true that "outsiders" exist. It is too true, and it is doubtful if we can thank Mr. Chambers for showing us this particular *demi monde* in the unartistic, unromantic light of the "iron city." We do not want to shut our eyes to all but the beautiful in our heterogeneous metropolis, and we could not if we would, for the ugly forces itself upon us through the cracks of every one of our senses.

"The Outsiders" leaves you with much the same feeling as do certain plays that send you away from a realistic representation of the sad side of every day life in tears instead of laughter. If the story were enlivened by a little hope for the outsiders, with a bit of the happy hunting ground promised for this life, we could the better excuse the doleful tale. But it is marked by the peculiar streak of morbidness that runs through the otherwise joyful disposition of many Americans. The only characters in the book that are left happily, are the ones that die.

What may have been meant for the primary element of the narrative, its unflattering account of authors, critics, and publishers, can hardly be taken seriously, because it is utterly overdrawn. For the rest, the plot is slight, and such charm as it possesses is mainly that of its clever diction.

"MEN'S TRAGEDIES."

One of the most curious books published in this country in several years is called "Men's Tragedies." It is written by Mr. R. V. Risley, a young man who passed four years in Denmark as the secretary of his father, at the time our minister at Copenhagen. It is plainly a very serious literary effort. The introduction, however, makes it difficult for the reader to take the book seriously, for it is to the last degree sophomoric and self conscious. As for the stories themselves, they give the impression that Mr. Risley is altogether on the wrong track; save when they are commonplace, they have no relation whatever to human life. It is plain that, from the start, he wanted to write a sad, even a morbid book; so he became sad and he kept sad at any cost, even at the cost of common sense. His story of "The Man Who Hated," far from being grimly horrible, as it is designed to be, is really amusing.

Mr. Risley, in other words, has made the mistake of treating the ludicrous and the preposterous as if they were serious and impressive, even awesome. A glance at the stories is enough to show that their young author has been steeping himself in German romanticism, doing the very worst thing for his

artistic development. He would have done far better if he had studied the short stories of his own countrymen, not to speak of the even finer art practised among the short story writers of France. It seems almost grotesque that his long drawn out tales, wholly lacking in skill, in characterization, and in conscious humor, should be offered to readers who have in their midst some of the most brilliant short story writers in the world. Mr. Risley takes three or four pages to describe a character that a more skillful writer could make luminous with a phrase. Moreover, he has a most curious habit of dropping into sententious phrases, which apparently contain kernels of truth, but are discovered on examination not to be true at all. It is a pity that such an earnest young man, and so devoted a workman, should so misdirect his energies. If he would write about what he sees and knows, and try to be faithful to it, instead of trying to be a prose Byron, he might be able to produce work of genuine value.

SINCERITY IN LITERATURE.

If there be one quality which is an absolute essential in successful writing of every kind, it is that of sincerity. The young writer cannot be too strongly impressed with the fact that if he desires to succeed, he must believe in everything that he writes. This literary self respect, as it might be called, has animated almost every writer who has ever made a name, whether by bad or by good literature. Thackeray believed in what he wrote, and so does Hall Caine. Dickens was absolutely sincere in his work, and so is Miss Laura Jean Libbey, whose books sell by the hundreds of thousands. The country editor, if he desires to retain his subscribers, must be thoroughly in earnest when he describes the exhibits at the county fair, or chronicles the loss of Judge Carbuncle's collar button on the road between Jericho and East Mountain.

It is probable that at least once during every day in the year some dolt will remark of a popular play or book or song, "Well, that's the worst yet. I could write one as good as that myself."

The dolt is probably mistaken. He could no more write the novel in question—called, let us say, "The Mad, Mocking, Mysterious Marriage at Midnight"—than he could compose the song, "Potted Pansies on Her Grave," or construct the sensational drama, "Hell Hounds Let Loose." Bad as play, song, and story may be when judged from any decent artistic standard, the chances are that each one of them contains that germ of sincerity which alone can hold the public attention.

It may seem to the scoffer an easy thing to compose a maudlin, mushy song about somebody who died and crossed to the golden shore, but he might do the author of those verses the justice to remember that the words and tune, commonplace as they may be, and reeking with bathos, nevertheless are effective enough to hush into momentary silence a common, vulgar, cheap music hall audience; to awaken memory in callous hearts, and set tears to coursing down cheeks that may be bronzed with wind or sea, or thick with rouge and powder.

It is not merely the words and the tune that produce this result, but the sincerity that permeates both. The author of the song believed in himself and his work when he put his pen to paper; of that we may be pretty sure.

So it is with the cheap and sensational novel. It may seem easy enough to string together a score of lurid incidents on a mere thread of plot, carried out by characters of the most conventional type; and in truth, that part of the work is easy. But it is not easy to put them together in such a manner that they will cast their magic spell over the cigarette girl going down town to her day's work with a volume in her lap, or cause the district messenger boy to forget that it is important for the doctor for whom he has been sent to receive and answer the summons in the shortest possible space of time.

As for the melodrama made up of scenes and situations that have done duty a thousand times before, with a comic element in the shape of the most preposterous stage Irishman that ever wore red whiskers, let us not forget that it completely fulfils the entire mission of the stage—which is to keep people awake. Those keen witted boys in the gallery know too much about finance as well as the drama to pay their hard earned dimes for an entertainment that will not interest them. Any one who believes that playgoers of this class are easily satisfied knows very little about the New York newsboy. Moreover, the difficulty of constructing any sort of a plot that will hold together for two hours and a half is something that only a professional playwright can appreciate.

No, our friend the scoffer could not write that drama, or one like it, if he were to devote ten years to the task, because he would go about his work in the same contemptuous spirit that characterizes his criticism; and his play, even if it were to pass with the manager, would certainly fail when it encountered an audience, for they would know that it was entirely lacking in sincerity.

It is not an easy matter for one who is accustomed to writing for magazines of the higher grade, and who has consequently studied the tastes of the refined and educated

classes, to learn the trick of producing cheap or sensational literature, designed to interest the unformed, uneducated mind. Nevertheless, there have been persons of cultivation who have done this successfully, and it is probable that in every case the writer has forced himself into a sincere belief in what he was writing. For it must be remembered that the district messenger boy is just as particular about what he reads as the college professor, although his standards are not the same; and the shrewd editor or publisher will seldom buy anything of a writer who undervalues his own work.

A chance visitor in the office of a successful periodical noticed recently that two persons who offered manuscript were politely informed that no more contributions were desired at present. Now, there is always a market for contributions of the highest class in this particular office; but it happened that one of these would be contributors was a dull faced literary hack who offered to do "all the kid stuff" that was wanted at a reduced rate; while the other, an offensively "bright" specimen of the modern newspaper woman, observed cheerfully that she could do "any kind of woman's page slush." The editor of this periodical, who is a person of much acumen and long experience, knew perfectly well that nothing good in the way of manuscript would ever be offered in such a manner.

And if it be a difficult task to fool the public with an insincere detective or pirate story, how much more difficult to fool it with one of those insincere imitations of meritorious work that are so common nowadays! And yet an immense amount of work of this description is not only produced every year, but actually marketed, published, and in many cases reprinted in book form and highly praised by such critics as have a little manuscript to sell themselves.

For work of this sort we are indebted to that industrious band of writers of the simian school who are always to be found squatting near the heels of genius. Not one of these men can create anything, but the very moment that the genius of a Kipling wins popular recognition, a score of them begin to move their arms and feet, and, in a limited degree, their brains, saying: "This Anglo Indian business seems to be all the go. I guess I'll have to jump in and do something of the sort myself."

The "something of the sort" thus evolved in imitation of another man's genius, and with the guidance of encyclopedias and books of travel, is generally pitifully weak in quality. And yet, to the shame of the reading public be it said, it frequently finds a profitable market. It has no powers of endurance, however, for although it may fool

the editors all of the time and the public part of the time, it is sure to be found out eventually and cast into outer darkness, for one reason only—its utter lack of sincerity.

THE SLAUGHTER OF THE INNOCENTS.

Nowadays every writer of fiction works with one eye on his editor or publisher and the other on the stage, hoping that the story which he is creating will prove available for dramatic purposes. Indeed, a novel that achieves a great success is likely to attract the attention of some theatrical manager, for ever since those astute and learned persons ascertained that "Trilby," "The Prisoner of Zenda," "Under the Red Robe," and "The Little Minister" were dramatized from novels, they have been on the lookout for stories that would bear transplanting to the difficult atmosphere of the stage.

The writer who is fortunate enough to produce a novel of dramatic interest is likely to receive two or three propositions from hack dramatists and managers; the first named offering to put it into proper dramatic form for, let us say, half the royalties, and the latter proposing to give it a production should the dramatic version prove satisfactory. In nine cases out of ten the manager's offer makes a more favorable impression on the writer than does that of the dramatist, for he sees no reason why, if he can write a successful book, he should not be capable of transforming that book into an equally successful play. Thereupon, elated by this sudden demand from a new and golden source, he sets about the work of dramatization, priding himself as he goes along upon the skill with which he contrives to construct a drama without sacrificing in an appreciable degree the various characters and situations that have proved so successful in their original form. He cheers himself with the thought that when his play is put upon the boards he will receive all the royalties, and will not be obliged to divide with the "mere stage hack" who could do nothing but put his material into proper acting form.

It generally requires the bitter lesson of failure to teach the novelist that half a success is worth infinitely more than an exclusive interest in a fiasco, and it is seldom that even that lesson, mortifying though it may be, teaches him that he is no more capable of putting his novel into dramatic shape than his office boy is of writing the novel.

The truth is that the preservation of the original characters and incidents is of very small consequence in comparison with the difficult work of fulfilling the requirements of the stage. The despised "stage hack" will change, and even altogether sacrifice, the original characters and incidents in order to strengthen the drama, while the literary man

will sacrifice his play for the sake of his story. He cannot bring himself to a "slaughter of the innocents"—a sacrificial offering, in honor of Thespis, of the situations which have been devised through such hard, patient work, and the characters which have sprung from his brain and grown under his pen until he has learned to love them as any author should love the children of his fancy. It tears his very heartstrings to be told that one of these innocents must suffer in order that the leading lady may have a call at the end of the third act, or the humor of the funny scene be intensified.

And yet that is precisely what the author must do in order to produce a successful play. Like Virginius, he must nerve himself to destroy the best beloved of his offspring lest they fall into the hands of the ravishers, the critics; and as there are very few authors of the Virginius stamp of character at the present day, it is much better to call in an experienced dramatist to act as executioner. The dramatist who knows his business would no more think of sparing these luckless innocents, or even of considering the feelings of their parents, than a railroad surveyor would think of diverting the course of his road to spare a pretty garden.

No, unless characters can be made to conform to the new order of things, and adapt themselves to the inexorable demands of dramatic form, they must be swept away like the hollyhocks and lilac bushes, and it often happens that the very qualities which endeared them to readers of the story make them absolutely impossible when there is an audience to be entertained.

A London magazine has been holding a serious symposium on the subject, "What is the best month's holiday for a literary man of moderate means?" And many opinions over valuable signatures have been obtained. Yet, after all, why should it be supposed that literary men enjoy the same class of holiday? A talent in common does not mean tastes in common, and the literary man is as diverse in his make up as the butcher—and more so, for the Marketmen's Picnic is a popular event, while authors have not even that delight in common. They might meet on the universal ground of shop, but shop being distinctly barred by the very term holiday, there is nothing to bind the incongruous assembly together.

Perhaps the best result in the symposium was the take off it inspired in another London magazine, which rounds up the literary opinions with wit and impertinence, from Mr. Richard Le Gallienne's pale, wan "So many things may be done in a moon," to Mr. Dooley's explosive "Holidays, Hinnissy! Holidays is it, for a lithy man?"

THE FROTH OF NEW YORK SOCIETY.

BY JAMES L. FORD.

OUR SOCIAL CHRONICLERS HAVE TOLD US MUCH OF THE LOWER MILLION, MUCH OF BOHEMIA, AND MUCH TOO MUCH OF THE UPPER FOUR HUNDRED, BUT THERE IS ONE INTERESTING FIELD THAT THEY HAVE HITHERTO NEGLECTED.

THE broad fields of metropolitan life have been so sedulously cultivated of late years by our active and enterprising literary husbandmen that in many cases the soil has become exhausted and the toilers have found themselves forced to seek their harvest elsewhere. It is true that the city grows each year in population and in the variety of its life, but it does not begin to keep pace with the demands made upon it through the increase in the number of those writers who find in New York their favorite and most profitable field of fiction. The meadows which lay fallow until long after the Civil War are cultivated today by scores of eager and keen scented toilers, while the search for new territory has thrown open to the world innumerable phases of existence which a quarter of a century ago were practically unknown to the reading public.

It seems strange, in view of the fierce competition, that there should still remain within the limits of Greater New York any considerable extent of territory untouched by plow or harrow. Nevertheless, there are in the metropolis certain very distinct circles of society which are perhaps more in evidence than any other that the town can boast of, and which, so far as my knowledge goes, have never yet gained admittance to the pages of American literature.

The men and women who constitute the social strata to which I refer are continually before our eyes. They patrol Broadway every fine afternoon; they are constant in their attendance at the race track and theater, and they form the greater part of the summer population at Long Branch and Saratoga. Restaurants of the medium and higher grades would not survive if they were to lose their patronage, while those which do a late supper trade on Broadway are devoted to them almost exclusively.

Just now, owing perhaps to the flush times and the rapid growth and development of the town, this class is larger and more in evidence than it ever was before. In theaters and music halls its members surround us on all sides. During the entr'actes we can hear their amiable and intimate chatter about the players on the stage and the conspicuous persons in the audience. The first represen-

tation of a new piece, especially one in a lighter vein, brings them out in full force; and if we hearken to their gossip, we are likely to learn a great deal about the cost of the piece, the financial standing of the manager, the personal traits of some of the performers, and the real reason why Gussie Quicklime, who rehearsed the rôle of *Polly* for two weeks, was taken out of the cast at the last minute and her part given to "Baby" Vinton, who happened, by the merest chance in the world, to be "dead letter perfect" in the lines. Miss Quicklime's severe illness was recorded in the newspapers at the moment of her retirement from the company, and she is believed by the public to be in a critical state at this very moment; but the chattering about us smile as they point to the box in which she sits, half hidden from public view and with a face of supernatural sourness and disgust.

There is something else that is likely to attract our attention if we choose to study these well groomed, cheerful looking men and women who seem to be always in whatever place of amusement we attend, and that is the fact that they form a most important element in the audience, not alone from their numerical strength, but because of the eager attention with which they follow the performance, and the quick appreciation of artistic merit which manifests itself when anything of unusual excellence occurs on the stage. As a class, they possess what is known as the "artistic temperament" in a very high degree, these men and women of the "Froth of Society," and they have emotions which are easily reached by the actor or singer who knows how to strike the right key. Some of us, in fact, can well afford to watch them closely on a first night, if only to learn what there is in the play to applaud and what deserves censure.

When I speak of the froth of society I do not refer to the vicious and hopelessly depraved element, but rather to those persons who are connected in one way or another with the lighter and more entertaining phases of metropolitan life. In many cases they make their living by it—and the number of those who gain their daily bread from the many sided business of providing the public

with entertainment is enormous—but more frequently they are drawn to the playhouse, the race track, and the feverish summer resort by mere force of attraction. What is merely an occasional evening's amusement to persons of conventional habits of life is to these men and women the most talked of, most thought of, and most important phase of existence. Where other people seek only peace and quiet, they look for constant change and novelty and excitement. Broadway is their world, and they are distinctly unhappy when they are away from it. They have a society of their own, which touches at certain points those social circles which have already found recognition at the hands of contemporary writers, but which is nevertheless distinct, and *sui generis*, and thoroughly characteristic of modern New York.

It is only within a very few years that this society has crystallized into actual visible form, but it exists today and it fares luxuriously, too, for its constituent parts love fine apparel and place a high value on what are commonly termed the "good things of life," although there are so many things that are infinitely better. It has, as I have already said, certain points of contact with conventional society; and by this I mean that there are a few men—less than a dozen all told—who really enjoy a high standing in both.

The other persons who are to be found in this metropolitan froth do not, so far as the outward observances of life are concerned, differ materially from those whose names are to be found in the fashionable chronicles of the day, and who affect Lenox and Newport rather than the Saratoga race track. They are perhaps more particular in regard to their clothes than their brothers and sisters of recognized fashion, and have a horror of any old fashioned or dowdy apparel that it would be difficult for certain highly bred women to understand. Indeed, if we have in New York any leaders in dress, they are to be found within these very circles.

There is a great deal more to be said regarding the froth of society in New York, but it is not my intention to say it here. My only purpose in speaking of it at all is to direct the attention of our writers of fiction to a field that is wide and full of interest as well, and that lies before our very eyes, untouched by the literary agriculturist.

Other adjacent fields have been diligently plowed and harrowed for many a long year, and none more diligently than that of fashionable life, which actually touches this one at more than one point. From the moment when the late Charles Astor Bristed brought forth "The Upper Ten Thousand," until the present age of Mrs. Burton Harrison and Julien Gordon, New York society has been made to do constant duty in the

pages of our national imaginative literature, while the Sunday newspapers have harped upon the foibles and fancies of the members of the Four Hundred, and the luxurious habits of the "millionaires of Gotham," "belles of Murray Hill," "prominent club men," and other spectacular figures in the social life of the town, to such a degree that we wonder there can be anything left to say about them.

Two other fields which have received due attention at the hands of our native writers are those of "low life" and "Bohemianism." The first includes what is known as the "congested districts"—a magnificent, vague phrase of the kind in which students of sociology and reporters alike find refuge. In this district are to be found "gangs" whose members say "Hully gee!" and "See?" and are capable of the most desperate deeds of villainy that a publisher can afford to countenance. Squalor and misery prevail here; toughness and repentance stalk arm in arm through the streets. The "slums" are all situated in this district, as are all the saloons, "dives," and "dens" that the city possesses. The population consists largely of fathers who beat their offspring, and pious boys who support their parents.

The field of Bohemianism is one that has known many sowers and reapers since the enormous "Trilby" crop was harvested by Mr. Du Maurier a few years ago. It contains many broad meadows, and its products are many and various. At present its limits are but vaguely defined, and it resembles one of the old fashioned cattle ranges which existed in the Southwest before syndicates bought up the land and fenced it in with barbed wire. In this field are many studios, each one tenanted by a "struggling" artist. In real life the artist is a sedentary character, but in this literary field he is always "struggling," after the fashion of a worm on a hook. In his struggles he receives the support and sympathy of his model, a young person of rare refinement and strict ideas of propriety.

He always has plenty of "grand ideals," which are inadequately described to us, and in entertaining his friends serves refreshments in what is termed a "motley array" of broken goblets, shaving mugs, and other comedy vessels. The cheese is cut with a palette knife, and the omelet cooked in the lid of a blacking box. It is true that a complete supply of domestic utensils can be purchased in any five cent store, but the recognized laws of "Bohemianism" forbid the use of any dish that is not either cracked, broken, or, best of all, intended originally for some other purpose.

Among the frequenters of the Bohemian studio are many of the familiar characters of

metropolitan life. There is, for example, the beautiful young actress who burns to portray noble rôles and at the same time retain whatever grip she may have on society; the millionaire who, coming as a chance guest, discovers that Bohemian society is infinitely better than anything that Newport or Tuxedo can offer, and is so impressed with the artist's talent that he straightway gives him an order for two pictures; and the young newspaper reporter, redolent of Park Row slang, and wise concerning the many phases of life with which his profession brings him in contact.

As a general thing, these characters are sanctified to the use of the refined reading public by some valuable and satisfying social connections. Of course the society in Bohemia is more brilliant and delightful than that of Murray Hill, while the unexceptionable morals of its inhabitants are a living reproof to those devotees of fashion whose hollow, arid lives are but a glittering mockery of true happiness. Nevertheless, the fact that the actress is "received by some of the very best people," and that the artist's aunt gives receptions and dinners which are reported in every greasy society column, lends a certain halo to these "merry studio gatherings" which the reading public is not slow to recognize.

It is at these points that the fields of Bohemianism and society come into contact, while that of low life is entirely cut off from both by a chasm which is temporarily bridged now and then for the benefit of "slumming parties," or writers in search of "local color"—another fine term.

I think my readers will agree with me in my estimate that fully nine tenths of the work of New York's literary husbandmen is confined to these three fields, while, so far as I know, not a shovelful of earth has as yet been turned up in those merry glades and along those breezy hillsides where the froth of society is to be found. Do the other meadows yield such abundant harvests, or is this one so lean and unimportant as to deserve such contemptuous neglect?

It is here that we find the women who set the fashions in dress, and the men and women who mold the popular taste in the matter of stage entertainment. In the work of regulating the morality and decency of the modern drama their influence is far greater than that of the philosophers, dramatic critics, and other thoughtful persons who have so much to say on the subject. Theatrical managers rejoice in their presence on the night of a first representation; and actors, knowing them to be sympathetic, exert themselves to the utmost to please them.

They have a society of their own, and no one who has ever attended any of their eve-

ning parties will dispute me when I say that the entertainment provided by the guests in the shape of singing, playing, or recitation is far better than anything that can be enjoyed in more conventional and dignified circles, while the keen enjoyment with which these people will listen to an interpretation of Wagner or Chopin is in marked contrast to the affable politeness with which these composers are treated at the ordinary drawingroom musicale. The society which is composed of these people has far more stability, and is infinitely more luxurious, than is generally supposed. More than one house could be named in which none but those who constitute the froth of society are ever entertained, unless it be perhaps some man who has strayed in from the adjacent field in which the *beau monde* disports itself. These houses are, in many instances, filled with costly and tasteful furniture, pictures, and bronzes, and kept up in fine style with men servants, horses and carriages, and the very best of food and drink.

The women of this world are, as a rule, more gorgeously dressed than their sisters of a higher social grade, and except for the fact that they smoke more cigarettes and call a larger proportion of the men of their acquaintance by their first names, or the diminutives thereof, it would be easy to mistake them for members of what is called the "fast set" of New York society, for whom, by the way, they frequently set the pace in dress and manners.

It is generally believed that their standard is lower than that which prevails in conventional society, but of that I am not sure. I should prefer to describe it as materially different from the other. Their method of judgment is in many respects totally unlike that to which the majority of my readers are probably accustomed, and I can best illustrate my meaning by supposing the case of a woman who, after having led a notorious life, has reformed and devoted her time to good works. Good society being composed, to a large extent, of good women, would never for an instant lose sight of what that woman had been in the past; the mention of her name would be sure to evoke that pious rolling of the eye and that sad and significant shake of the head that mean so much more than mere words. But let that same woman's name come up for discussion in the froth of society, and mark the difference. She will be spoken of as the woman who paid this or that unfortunate's rent, or sat by this hospital sick bed, or contributed to the support of this poor creature's orphan child. Any remark of the "if I were to tell what I know about her" variety would be frowned down. I am bound to say that I think that in the exercise of the virtue which is commended

to us as the "greatest of all these" the froth of society is not inferior to the upper crust.

The opening of a new playhouse in New York, not long ago, called forth a representation of this peculiar element that exceeded anything of the sort that the city has ever known. On this occasion the seats brought enormously high prices, many of them selling at the auction for five or six times their nominal value, while the boxes were taken at a proportionately high figure. I do not think that there were in the boxes or the lower part of the house a score of persons who were not identified, in one way or another, with this froth of New York society. The toilettes of the women were costly and tasteful to a degree, and the recognition of the good and bad points in the performance was instantaneous and hearty.

There was one player on the stage that night who owes her success in this country very largely to the fact that she made her first appearance here before that very audience. She was only slightly known, even by name, when she first stepped out on the stage, and she seemed then a homely, undersized little squab, a pathetic figure, having for her background the most exquisite combination of form, color, grace, and melody that New York had ever seen. It seemed almost hopeless to expect an audience to turn aside from the superb rhythmic ballet and center its attention upon this little woman; and yet in two minutes she had conquered them completely, and the froth of

society was ready to spread the news abroad that a new genius had come to town. If she had appeared before an ordinary, cold blooded New York house she might have been waiting yet for the recognition that she won that night in two short minutes.

There is more than one reason why the froth of society is denied a place in contemporaneous fiction. To begin with, it is the sort of thing that the average editor or publisher "views with alarm" as a subject so likely to curdle into impropriety under an unskilled hand that it is best to leave it alone altogether. And yet, when we consider the exalted moral tone that pervades the Bohemia which our story tellers have created for us, it is strange that such apprehensions should be felt. There is a better reason than this, however, and it may be found in the fact that there is probably not a single writer of fiction in the country who really knows anything about the class that I have described or has ever seen the inside of one of the drawingrooms that they frequent.

One of these days some enterprising literary husbandman will scale the fence that divides the as yet unbroken meadows of this domain from the overtilled fields of Bohemianism or high life, and proceed on a tour of investigation. And, if I may be permitted to paraphrase an old saying about the kingdom of Heaven, there are two surprises in store for this daring discoverer, namely, the things and people that he will find there, and the people and things that he won't.

THE ROMANY GIRL.

BROWN as the nut brown dress she wears,
Aye! O Romany, Romany!
What though the leering townsman stares,
Little she heeds and less she cares,
Keen is the dagger a gipsy bears,
Aye! O Romany.

Brown was her hair as a colt's rough mane,
Aye! O Romany, Romany!
Combed and smoothed by the wind and rain,
And a bare brown hand with its berry stain,
Fie on the woman who is not vain,
Aye! O Romany.

Her eyes were brown as an autumn pool,
Aye! O Romany, Romany!
With a sunset flame in their depths so cool
That only a bold man's will could rule,
As a master might with a maid at school,
Aye! O Romany.

Her hand was brown as a leaf long dead,
Aye! O Romany, Romany!
And these were the parting words she said
(Brown was her cheek with a splash of red):
"Silver is dross where love hath fled,"
Aye! O Romany.

Ernest McGaffey.

ETCHINGS

A SONG OF THE HILLS.

Out on the hills, love, the breezes are blowing,

The fire of the autumn is flaming on high;
The town could not hold all our hearts overflowing,

So we fled to the mountainside, Cupid and I!

Cupid and I, with your eyes to remember,
The skies smiling down on us scarcely as blue;

With heart strings attuned to the song of September,
To dream in the flame crested forest of you.

With Cupid to comrade me I have turned rover,
Where your breath is the fragrance that mellows the air;

The hill, like your cheek, is all crimsoning over,
The goldenrod sways like a tress of your hair.

Cupid and I, with your eyes to remember,
Your voice laughing out of the rippling rills,
Your being inspiring the world of September,
Have built you a shrine in the heart of the hills!

Ethel M. Kelley.

A BEGGAR.

I'm a beggar, love, nor blush to own it;
And if you will grant me my desire,
I will worship it and will enthrone it
As the Parsee does his altar fire!

What, you ask, have I such earnest need for,
That I urge with most insistent art?
This the gift that I, a beggar, plead for—
(O inestimable boon!)—your heart!

Clinton Scollard.

GOOD ADVICE.

ADVICE is no vice;

This advice is for you.

It is nice to be nice;

It is true to be true.

One is glad to be glad,

And one should when one should.

It is mad to be mad;

It is good to be good;

But the saddest of all the sad things that are sad

Is the very bad thing that it's bad to be bad.

It is best to be best;

It is worst to be worst.

It is rest to take rest;

It's first rate to be first.

It is right to be right;

It is sure to be sure.

It is bright to be bright;

It is poor to be poor;

But the saddest of all the sad things that are sad

Is the very bad thing that it's bad to be bad.

It is wrong to be wrong;

It is low to be low.

It is strong to be strong;

It is slow to be slow.

It is rude to be rude;

It's in vain to be vain.

It is crude to be crude;

It is sane to be sane;

But the saddest of all the sad things that are sad

Is the very bad thing that it's bad to be bad.

Tom Hall.

WHEN ONE LOVES.

WHEN one loves, and love meets no return,
There is no pain that in the heart can burn
More bitterly, unquenched by tears,
And smoldering lie through dreary years—
Like love unloved.

When one loves, and love meets warm return,
There is no joy for which the heart can yearn
Will make the world so beautiful, so fair,
As when love's incense fills the air—
When love is loved.

Minnie Alcyonous Dawson.

FROM OUT BOHEMIA.

PHYLLIS, to your garden nook
I from out Bohemia look.

And I see you dreaming there,
With the sunshine in your hair.

Hands aclasp above your head,
In your cheeks the roses red;

All the air awhir with wings,
Where the loud cicada sings.

And methinks I hear you say,
"Love will come some summer day."

In your fond eyes, Phyllis dear,
Shines the June light of the year.

Life's today a garden close,
Where the tree of pleasure grows;

And its branches, cool and sweet,
Drop the rich fruit at your feet.

Thus my fancy roams to you,
Through the smoke cloud's wavy blue—

Where the dream bridge, fairy spanned,
Crosses from Bohemia land.

Robert Rexdale.

MY PARTNER.

WHEN I with Polly euchre play
She rends my feelings sadly
By asking me at each misplay,
"Now, *did* I do so badly?"
She trumps my aces, oft revokes,
Nor pays the least attention
To what she plays, but laughs and jokes—
A host such I could mention.

She "orders up" in reckless way,
And "passes" when she shouldn't;
When I protest at this she'll say,
"Now, Jack, you *know* I couldn't!"
The trump she never can recall,
She asks the score each minute;
Then, much surprised, says, "Is *that* all?
Let's hurry up and win it."

You think it strange perhaps that I
Should for my partner choose her
In lieu of other girls near by,
And then should thus abuse her?
To tell the truth, I Polly choose,
And vengeful feelings smother,
Because with *her* I'd rather lose,
Than *win* with any other.

Robert T. Hardy, Jr.

THE MAN WHO BECAME WISE.

ONCE on a time two sages, most profound,
Climbed up long learning's ladder round by
round,
Lost to the ringing world of sight and sound.

At first they toiled together side by side,
But in their zeal for knowledge friendship
died
And one estranged the other by his pride.

The one offended delved in books afar;
Became profoundly learned; knew each star,
And what the secret hidden forces are.

At last his fame the wide world sounded
through;
Then to his friend's hut near again he drew.
"Confess," he cried, "I'm now as wise as
you!"

"You cannot be," an unseen voice replied,
"Though you should search the world from
side to side.
While you were gone the other man has—
died."

Seeley Arthur.

THE POET.

"My rhymes," he says, "are only leaves
I cast adrift upon the tide;
If all are lost nobody grieves,
And oh, the sea is very wide!

But leaves may float when ships are lost,
And maybe on some shore apart
Some vagrant fancy, tempest tossed,
May find a haven in a heart."

Arthur Grissom.

THE SUNDAY EDITION.

Ho, for the first part, that's general news,
With cables from Cape of Good Hope, Mad-
agascar,
Ho, government secrets secured by some ruse
And wired from the courts of the dervish
or Lascar.
There's news of the Mahdi, the Sultan, the
Czar,
You read of the Pope's convalescent con-
dition,
But always the things that you want to find
are
On the ninety ninth page of the Sunday
edition.

Ho, for the second part, want ads. and such
Occupy each of the eight or twelve pages;
Ho, for the third part, you here get in touch
With the editor's breadth in the warfare
he wages;
Fashions from Paris and syndicate stuff,
Sunday school lesson in honored position,
But the theme you're in search of—here 'tis,
sure enough,
On the ninety ninth page of the Sunday
edition.

Ho, for the fourth and the fifth and sixth
parts,
Pages well filled with reports of the war,
Critic reviews of the stage and the arts,
Legal decisions and news of the bar;
Yesterday's scores in the League games of
ball,
Tables that show each club's present
position,
But the news that you want you will find,
after all,
On the ninety ninth page of the Sunday
edition.

Roy Farrell Greene.



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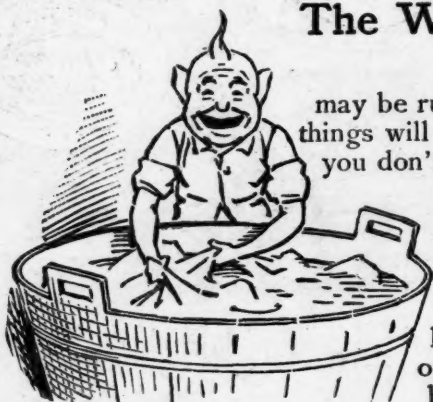
All Styles--Street, Dress, House, Outing--One Price.

OUR ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE describes all styles, and will be sent with address of local dealer on request.

We can send shoes direct on receipt of \$3.25. (Oxfords, \$2.75.)

THOS. G. PLANT CO. - 1 BICKFORD ST. BOSTON.

The Washing that's Easy



may be ruinous, perhaps. Plenty of things will save work in washing—if you don't mind more or less harm to the clothes. But if you do mind it, and want to be sure that you're not running any risk—then get **Pearline**. **Pearline** has been proved, over and over again, to be absolutely harmless. It saves more

drudgery, in washing clothes or cleaning house, than any other thing that's safe to use. You can't afford to use anything that's doubtful.

Send it Back Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers will tell you "this is as good as" or "the same as **Pearline**." **IT'S FALSE**—**Pearline** is never peddled, and if your grocer sends you something in place of **Pearline**, be honest—send it back. **JAMES PYLE, New York.**

532



For Paint is on the U. S. Lighthouses.

AFTER years of investigation our Government specifies their paint shall be made without an ounce of white lead. Why not take advantage of government knowledge? The French Government also prohibit the use of lead on their buildings.

Hammar Paint

NOT READY MIXED

Is the perfection of 27 years' paint-making experience. It is not patent or chemical, but made for wear, out of those materials that intelligent painters use for their best work. It is ground very thick. You mix pure linseed oil (which is the life of paint) gallon to gallon, making two gallons of pure paint for \$2.40, or \$1.20 per gallon, saving 25 per cent. of your paint bill.

If it cracks, peels, blisters or chips off in five years we will refund in cash the entire paint cost.

Read our "Truth About House Paint." It is full of practical information and shows color combinations; also, 1,000 painters' testimonials free.

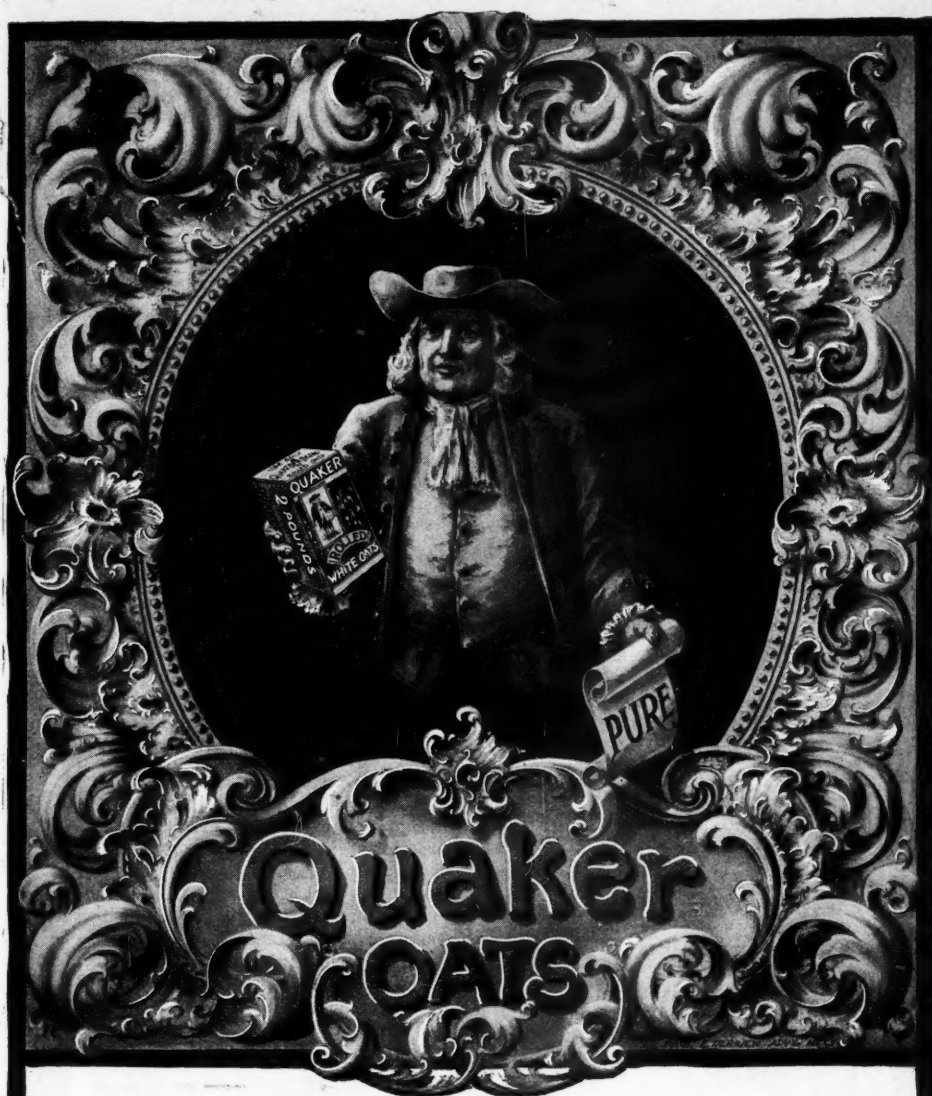
F. HAMMAR PAINT COMPANY,

1210 Spruce Street, St. Louis, Mo.

ESTABLISHED

1872.

In answering any advertisement on this page it is desirable that you mention MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE.



keeps the stomach sweet.

At all grocers in 2-lb. packages only.

R & G



YOU don't have to "break in" an R & G Corset. You don't have to wear it a day and then tighten the strings a little—then another day and another tightening, until your own flesh and blood do what the maker should have done—take the stretch out of the goods.

Our long-short corset—No. 397—shown here, is a dollar corset, and, while we make corsets that cost both more and less, no other has attained so much popularity. It is suited to most figures, and because of its extreme shapeliness in the bust and over the hips is especially desirable for wear with the present dress styles. It is made in white, drab and black.

Nearly all dealers now sell R & G Corsets, but if your dealer will not supply you send us your dollar and state the size and color corset you require.

If you want a higher priced corset—if you want the elegance of finish that can, of course, be put into a corset—we can furnish you with the R & G at \$1.25, \$1.50, \$1.75, \$2.00, and even higher.

Our booklet, "Corset Facts," contains much useful information. It will be sent free.

R & G CORSET CO.,
361 Broadway, • NEW YORK.

CORSETS

"When you wish the latest styles, write to us."

Tailor-Made Suits, \$5.

Our new Fall and Winter costumes and cloaks are exclusive in style and distinctly different from the ready-made garments. When wearing one of our styles you do not run the risk of meeting other ladies wearing garments which look exactly like yours. There are hundreds of firms selling ready-made suits and cloaks such as you see everywhere, but we are the only house making fashionable goods to order at moderate prices. You may select from our catalogue any style that you desire and we will make it especially to order for you from any of our materials. Any suggestions that you wish to make can be carefully carried out.



Our new Fall and Winter Catalogue illustrates an exclusive line of ladies' costumes and cloaks for Fall and Winter wear, selected from the newest Paris models, and the fabrics from which we make our garments comprise only the very latest novelties.

Charming Costumes and Tailor-Made Suits,
faultless in cut and finish, \$5 up.

Handsome Jackets, lined throughout, entirely different from the ready-made ones, \$5 up.

Jaunty Capes, \$4 up.

New Skirts, cut according to the latest French models, \$4 up.

Golf Capes, Newmarkets, Bicycle Suits, etc.

We pay express charges everywhere. Write to-day for Catalogue and samples of the materials from which we make these garments; we will send them to you free by return mail. Be sure to say whether you wish the samples for Cloaks or for Suits, and we will then be able to send you a full line of exactly what you desire.

THE NATIONAL CLOAK COMPANY, 119 and 121 W. 23d St., New York.

A Perfect Shoe
At a
Moderate
Price

\$2.50

STYLE 27
BLACK KID LACE
FOOT-FORM LAST
MEDIUM WEIGHT SOLE



TRI-ON-FA
SHOE FOR WOMEN

\$2.50

ALL STYLE LASTS
— AND —
THE DIFFERENT
KINDS OF LEATHERS

The TRI-ON-FA Shoe fits as well, walks as well, wears as well, and looks as well as any women's shoe costing from 50% to 100% more. TRI-ON-FA SHOES cost \$2.50 a pair. Why pay more? Why not save from \$1 to \$2 for pin money? The woman who buys TRI-ON-FAS pays just what is necessary and no more than is necessary. In this age of Economical, Scientific shoe-making, for Comfortable, Reliable, Stylish foot-wear. In case your Dealer does not keep TRI-ON-FAS, we will send you a pair, express paid, on receipt of \$2.75 and refund your money if you wish. Send us your address and we will send you our new Shoe Book H, showing our different styles. THE HURLEY SHOE CO., Lynn, Mass.

ROOT'S UNDERWEAR

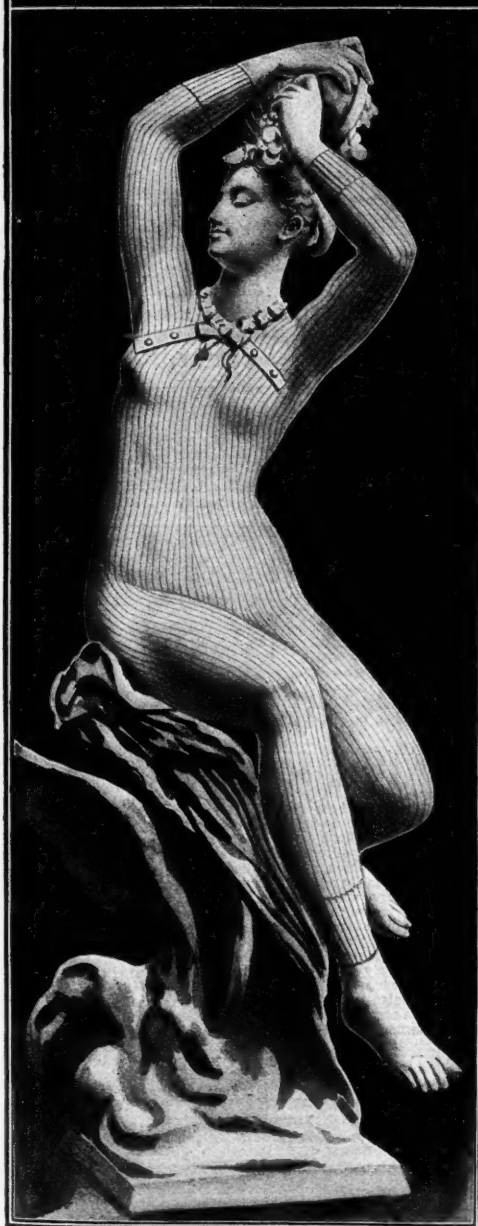
"No, Dolly dear, these
are for me; but if
Root makes them
for Children I will
buy some for you."



N. B.—Root's children's underwear is made for all sizes from babies up. It is the perfection of underclothing for health, comfort, and wear. Made only of the purest wool and merino yarns. No dye stuffs to poison the skin. Ask for it, or send to us for our illustrated catalogue No. 3. **ROOT MANUFACTURING CO., 1 Greene Street, New York.**

THE "ONEITA"

PAT. APR. 25,
1893



Elastic Ribbed Union Suits

Are complete undergarments, covering the entire body. Perfectly elastic, fitting like a glove.



No Buttons Down the Front

Made especially for Women and Misses. Convenient to put on, being entered at top and drawn on like trousers. With no other kind of underwear can ladies obtain such perfect fit for dresses, or wear comfortably so small a corset.

Send for Illustrated Booklet 3.



ONEITA KNITTING MILLS,

OFFICE:

No. 1 Greene St., New York.

HELMET BRAND

2 FOR 25¢



LACONIA 2 3/4 IN
ESSEX 2 1/2 IN
CHANDOS 2 1/2 IN



CYRANO 3 1/4 IN
COMAL 2 3/4 IN



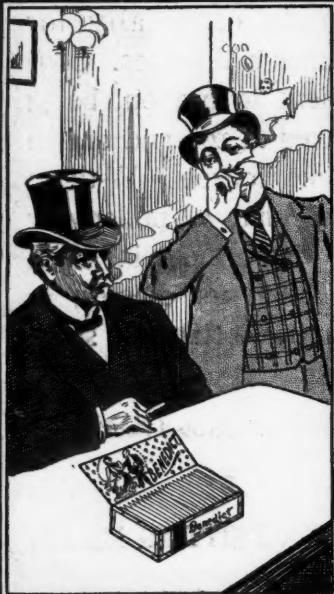
LISCO 2 3/4 IN
CASMA 2 1/2 IN

With best materials and expert workmanship, we make collars and cuffs exclusively. Best for style, fit, wear—and quality to stand the modern laundry. Equal in every way to high priced goods except in cost. A moderate price for fine goods—**2 for 25c.** Your dealer will supply you.

If not, send to us, stating size. **DEPT. A.** Catalogue showing proper dress for all occasions sent free. **TROY, N. Y.**

CORLISS, COON & CO.

NEW YORK CHICAGO BOSTON SAN FRANCISCO



The Benedict Cigar

100 for \$1.00

A mild, sweet, short smoke, such as the Benedict affords, is highly commendable for many reasons.

Few men care for a longer smoke at any one time.

Absolutely all other cigars of all sizes and kinds are either more expensive or greatly inferior.

The rich quality of the Benedict satisfies the most particular smokers, while its low, popular price—one cent—enables the smoker to cut his cigar bill down very materially.

It has a clear Havana filler, and is 3 3/4 inches long. It is the hand work of skilled cigar makers and comes from a large, clean, modern factory that appeals to men of good taste, and contrasts sharply with innumerable factories where cheap cigars are made.

A handsome wooden box containing one hundred Benedicts will be sent to any address for one dollar. And the dollar will be returned, in any case, if the cigars should not suit.

BENEDICT & COMPANY,
319 East First Street, - DAYTON, OHIO

REFERENCE:
The Third, The Fourth, and The City National Bank of Dayton.

CHARLES AUSTIN BATES N.Y.

SMOKERS please note!

Without any artist's allurements or the aid of the professional advertising expert, we endeavor to bring the following facts to your attention.

The Hundred for a Dollar short smoke

which, in the intelligent and honest sense of quality is the finest ever known to the United States,

Lucke's Rolls

for pocket convenience are now put up in ten flat packets of ten each, 100 in a box.

Send us \$1, and we will forward you ten of these packets in their neat wood box, prepaid.

They are the only short smoke of of actual character ever offered to Americans.

LUCKE'S ROLLS are hand rolled of a genuine tropic grown stock—a velvety leaf raised in the richest tobacco soil of Porto Rico, but secured by us at much less than cost of Cuba's recent inferior crops.

They have the true nectar flavor which the knowing smoker cannot mistake. They have the rich tropic taste which now-a-days is a surprise and a pleasure to find.

If you ever use any other short or "convenience whiff," just tear one open and compare it with a Lucke Roll. You'll see it is machine-made—short scrap-filler—bunched and choked draft—probably made of particles from the so-called "Havana," which is native-grown from Cuban seed—and being an unclimatic growth, is coarse and rank. Under different names that kind of a penny cigar has been common in the U. S., for many years.

Then try a Lucke Roll—you'll find something different—you'll find it has the unmistakable rich flavor of the genuine tropic-grown leaf and a free, easy draft. Open one and you'll see three long leaves without a particle of dirt—cleaned free of every atom by dust-blowing machines before made.

Lucke's Rolls are the only little cigar of sterling high character on sale in this country. If a comparison don't prove it to you, we will promptly refund your money in full.

A selection from this stock, we are also rolling up, in a five-inch full cigar-weight smoke called The Lucke Rolled Cigar, at 50 for \$1.25 and 100 for \$2.25. In the satisfying sense there is no difference between this cigar and the very highest values given you at 2 for 25c.

Remit price of goods only; we prepay delivery, also return charges if the goods are not satisfactory.

J. H. LUCKE & CO., (Lucke Block) Cincinnati, O.

Most extensive mfrs. in the world of rare and fine special goods.



A "Lucke Roll,"
Exact size 4 in.

Send Ten Cents in stamps, just as soon as you can, for a trial box of this new pipe tobacco. You will enjoy the tobacco and you will like the curved box. It is a brand new idea for all "out-door" pipe smokers. It fits the pocket.



"A slice to a pipeful."

Don't go away this summer without it.

This is the new curved box.

This Tobacco satisfies experienced pipe smokers, and is surprisingly acceptable to beginners, because it is really mellow and "cool" when smoked. **You can know** all about it in a few days, if you will send us ten cents in stamps, with your name and address, as we will send you a full size box by return mail, and with it we will send an interesting and very practical illustrated talk about pipe smoking that will help you get more solid comfort out of your pipe.

Address Sales Dept. M, The American Tobacco Company, 111 Fifth Avenue, New-York City.

The Vocation is distinctive in the exquisite quality of its tone



Style 20; price, \$2000. Other styles from \$275 upward.

ORGANS BUILT on the Vocation system are pre-eminently fitted for church services.

The following letter received from Walter J. Damrosch, the composer and orchestral leader, will doubtless be a valuable aid to those who have not had an opportunity themselves for hearing the Vocation, but are interested in the selection of an organ, either for church or Sunday-school purposes:

"After having examined the Vocation I must express to you my great surprise at this remarkable instrument, for the word 'reed organs' is no longer synonymous with a tone both shallow and nasal.

"The voicing of your instrument is noteworthy; each stop has its characteristic quality—the flute is really flute-like, and the clarinet preserves the peculiar wooden character of the original. Most remarkable is the close approach of sound to the pipe-organs, many of these not being its equal in quality of tone. Last, but not least, the light, quick action and never-varying accuracy of intonation deserve special mention. Wishing you all success, I remain,

Yours sincerely, WALTER J. DAMROSCH."

The distinctive features of the Vocation are tonal superiority, compactness of form, variety of registration, and price.

For fuller information send for catalogue B.

THE VOCALION ORGAN COMPANY
NO. 18 WEST TWENTY-THIRD STREET, NEW YORK

The Vocation method of tone production is radically different from all others

MOSZKOWSKI

THE GREAT COMPOSER AND PIANIST, ENDORSES THE PIANOLA

(Literal translation)

“Any one hidden in a room near by who will hear the Pianola for the first time will surely think that it is a great virtuoso that plays; but after a while he will perceive his error, because your instrument never plays false notes.” MAURICE MOSZKOWSKI.



Pianola in use with Grand Piano.

Moszkowski is a pianist of world-wide reputation. He is undoubtedly one of the most popular composers of the present day. As such he is familiar to all music-lovers, and his endorsement of the Pianola is therefore interesting and full of significance to those who will stop to consider.

The fact that the Pianola can render a composition in a manner to give satisfaction to the composer testifies to its artistic possibilities and the complete control which the player may exercise over expression. By means of the Pianola he may infuse a musical personality into his rendition of a selection the same as if his fingers came into direct contact with the piano.

The Pianola plays any piano.

Any one can play it.

It supplies technic, the mastery of which has heretofore been acquired only at the expense of years of tedious practice.

The ability to play whole libraries of music without effort, giving to each piece in a great degree your own interpretation, is almost intoxicating in its sense of power.

Is it any wonder that musicians themselves are among the most enthusiastic admirers of this new invention?

For full detailed description send for Catalogue R.

Price, \$250. Our instruments gladly shown to the merely curious as well as to intending purchasers.

The AEOLIAN COMPANY

EIGHTEEN WEST TWENTY-THIRD STREET, NEW YORK

Boston, Mass.: The M. Steinert & Sons Co., 162 Boylston St.
Philadelphia, Pa.: C. J. Hepp & Son, 1117 Chestnut St.
Chicago, Ill.: Lyon & Healy, Wabash Avenue and Adams St.
Baltimore, Md.: Wm. Knabe & Co., 22-24 East Baltimore St.
Washington, D. C.: Wm. Knabe & Co., 1422 Pennsylvania Ave.

Cleveland, O.: The B. Dreher's Sons Co., 371 Superior St.
Detroit, Mich.: F. J. Schwankovsky, 238 Woodward Ave.
San Francisco, Cal.: Kohler & Chase, 26-30 O'Farrell St.
Portland, Ore.: M. B. Wells Co., Aeolian Music Co.
Montreal, Can.: The L. E. N. Pratt Co.

Burlington Route

BEST LINE CHICAGO OR ST. LOUIS TO

Kansas City Omaha

WIDE-VESTIBULED trains are operated also to Denver, St. Paul and Minneapolis, equipped with modern, roomy, comfortable Pullman Cars, Reclining Chair Cars and European Plan Dining Cars.

"I would rather dine on the Burlington route dining car that leaves Chicago at 5.30 P. M. for Kansas City than on any railroad dining car that I know of in the world. The only other railroad service that compares with it in desirability is the Orient Express, in which I traveled between Paris and Constantinople.

S. S. McCLURE,
Publisher McClure's Magazine."

"Colorado Outings"

"California"

Are the titles of descriptive booklets which can be had without charge upon application to P. S. EUSTIS, General Passenger Agent, C. B. & Q. R. R., CHICAGO.



Pleasant Traveling.

Not all the pleasures of travel consist in what may be seen out of the car window. And yet, the country traversed by the great through trains of the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern Railway is most pleasant to look upon, being the richest and fairest portion of the Middle States, with interesting views of its cities and villages and of the Great Lakes.

But to travel comfortably means pleasant traveling. Where your surroundings are made cheerful and pleasant by latest improved conveniences and considerate attention from polite employees. Where the service is safe, fast and punctual. Where roadbed and tracks are kept in perfect condition, causing the train to ride true and easily. Where you get a good night's rest in the sleeping car.

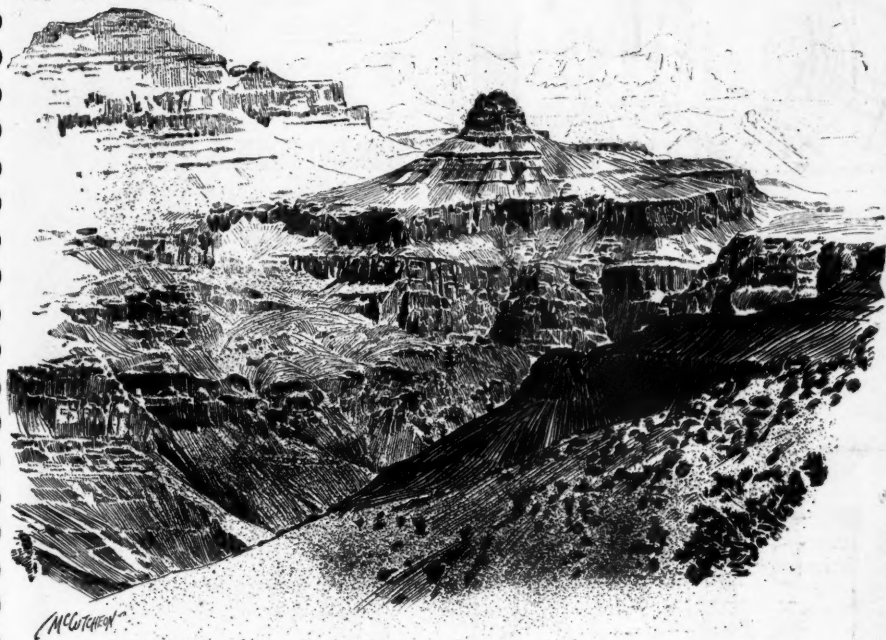
These are features which make pleasant traveling for patrons of Lake Shore & Michigan Southern Railway. Reasons why experienced travelers use this route for travel between Chicago, Toledo, Cleveland, Buffalo, New York and Boston.

The following books for travelers sent for four cents in postage to any address: "Book of Trains," "Justifying its Excellence," "Two Privileges Summer Travel," "Lake Chautauqua."

A. J. SMITH,

General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Cleveland, O.

Grand Cañon of Arizona




220 miles long, 9 to 18 miles
wide, a mile deep, and painted
like a flower.

"The greatest, grandest, most wonderful sight in the world."

Excursion rates via the Santa Fe Route.
Write for illustrated descriptive book and
full particulars to General Passenger Office,
The Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Rail-
way, Chicago.

TRADE MARK
Monarch
CLUETT, PEABODY & CO.



Patented
Bosom
Dress Shirt

Assures a faultless fit
and non-bulging qualities

Cluett, Peabody & Co.
MAKERS

"Correct Attire for Men," the fashion report
for Autumn and Winter, sent to those
who ask. Write care
Station U, CHICAGO.



Tourist Car
Service
Every Week
via
"MIDLAND ROUTE"
between
Chicago and
San Francisco.

Address
GEO. H. HEAFFORD, G. P. A.
Chicago, Ill.



LEAVE NEW YORK

5.30 P. M.

ARRIVE CHICAGO

4.30 P. M. next day,

by the New York Central's "Lake Shore Limited."
The most comfortable and luxurious long-distance
train in the world.

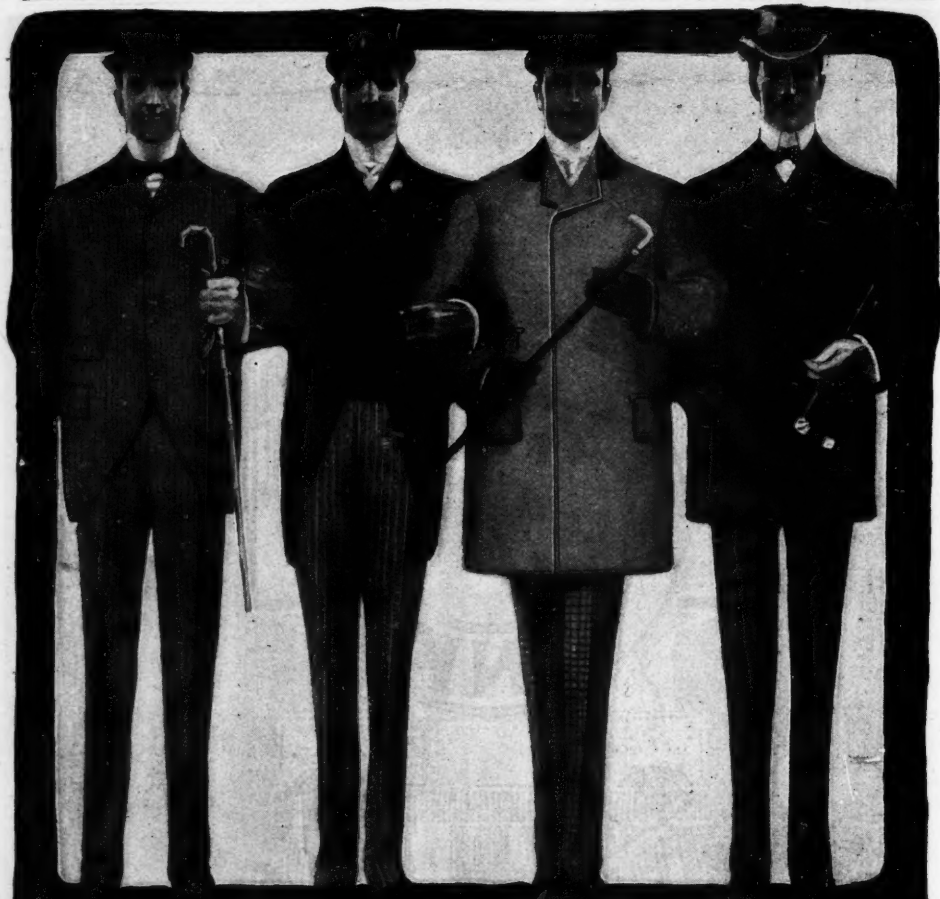
1,000 MILES IN 24 HOURS.

A booklet on the "Lake Shore Limited," containing also a novel
and unique descriptive time table of this wonderful train, will be
sent free by addressing George H. Daniels, General Passenger
Agent, Grand Central Station, New York.

N. Y. C.
N. Y. N. H. & H.
P. E. N. N.
B. & O.
L. & N.

B. & M.
B. & A.
S. U. A. N. P. A. C.
S. O. U. T. H. E. A. S. T.
M. E. X. I. C. A. N.

ALL THE
GREAT RAILWAYS
USE IT
THEY WOULDN'T IF
IT WASN'T GOOD



Hart, Schaffner & Marx *Tailor Made Suits and Topcoats*

We are showing men how to dress better and have more money left for other things. The H. S. & M. ready-to-wear clothes have the smartness and tone of fine merchant tailoring and cost less than half as much. They have what the ordinary tailor so seldom achieves:—graceful proportions and right general effect. Thousands of well-to-do men in the large cities are wearing them in preference to anything else. The styles are right up-to-now, the clothes fit, keep their shape and they're handy to buy. The picture above is from life and shows the actual garments.

Prices: \$10 to \$30 Get Style Book B

Our garments are sold only through the dealer. Ask for "Hart, Schaffner & Marx clothing." If your dealer does not keep it, write to us for the address of one who does. Send for our new Style Book "B," showing what well-dressed men will wear this Fall. It is free.



Be sure to look for this trade-mark inside the collar of the coat.

HART, SCHAFFNER & MARX, CHICAGO, LARGEST MAKERS IN THE WORLD
OF FINE CLOTHING FOR MEN



SINGER National Costume Series.

ALGERIA.

THIS division of Northern Africa has a history as interesting as any fictitious tale of adventure. Once occupied by that strong race of warriors, the Numidians, it afterward passed into the hands of the Turks. Their outrages against Christian people went unpunished until an American fleet defeated the pirate bands, and compelled the Turkish Government to acknowledge the rights of other countries.

Now the French have possession of the country, into which have been introduced those civilizing forces, the public schools, the railroad and the Singer Sewing-Machine.

Singer offices are maintained in Algiers, Bone, Constantine, Oran and Sidi-Bel-Abbes.

Ancient form and custom, and modern civilization are seen in close contrast in Algiers. Our photograph represents an Algerian woman dressed in the costume which for centuries has been peculiar to her race.

Sold on Instalments.

You can try one FREE.

Old Machines taken in Exchange

THE SINGER MANUFACTURING COMPANY

Offices in Every City in the World

Stewart Hartshorn

HARTSHORN'S

IMPROVED

SHADE ROLLERS

**WOOD
ROLLERS**

**TIN
ROLLERS**

PEOPLE sometimes buy shades without regard to the quality of the rollers on which they are mounted. The best shades on inferior rollers are a source of annoyance. The Genuine Hartshorn Shade Rollers always give satisfaction, because they are properly constructed. The Improved Hartshorn Shade Rollers have many advantages, such as unbreakable brackets, fine bearings, scientifically constructed springs and holders for fastening on the shade, doing away with all tacks. The shade when placed on will stay. As the market is flooded with imitations, more or less worthless, the public is cautioned to see that the autograph of Stewart Hartshorn appears on all rollers they purchase.

ACCEPT ONLY THE GENUINE HARTSHORN.

BEST & Co

LILIPUTIAN BAZAAR

This Pretty Dress for 69c.

Is an example of the economy and satisfaction of clothing children at the Children's Store.

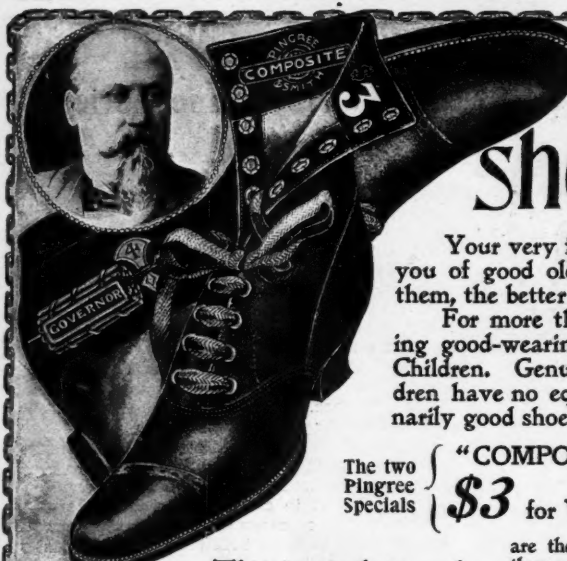
Made of fine nainsook, with yoke of narrow tucks finished with insertion; neck and sleeves trimmed with ruffle of neat embroidery; full skirt with deep hem; sizes 6 months to 2 years, **69c.**
By mail, 5 cents extra.

We publish a catalogue showing what **New York Boys and Girls** are wearing.

Over 1,000 Illustrations.

Mailed for 4 cents postage.

60-62 West 23d Street, New York.



Pingree shoe talk

Your very first pair of Pingree Shoes remind you of good old friends,—the longer you have them, the better you like them.

For more than 30 years we have been making good-wearing shoes for Women, Men, and Children. Genuine Pingree-made shoes for Children have no equal. They are more than ordinarily good shoes.

The two
Pingree
Specials

{

“COMPOSITE”

\$3 for Women

}

and

{

“GOVERNOR”

\$4 for Men

}

are the most satisfactory shoes ever sold for these prices. They come in all reliable leathers, in the very latest styles—in light, medium and heavy-weights. Our name is on every pair. Be sure you get the genuine.

Ask your dealer!!!

**They wear best and
keep shape longest.**

Write for Catalog and “Where to Get Them.”

PINGREE & SMITH, Makers, Detroit.



“Shapeliness”

the Keynote of the Present Fashions.

Braided Wire Bustles and Forms

Conceal any defects, and add grace and style to the figure. A great improvement over “padding.” **Braided Wire Hair Rolls** can’t injure the hair. Match any color.

SOLD IN ALL STORES.
Always ask for “Braided Wire.”
If you don’t find them, we will send, postpaid, on receipt of price. Write for our booklet.

The Weston & Wells Mfg. Co.
1119 Willow Street, Philadelphia

“PERFECTION”

Air Mattresses

Pillows, Cushions,
Etc.



For Sportsmen: Hunting, Fishing, Camping, or Yachting. May be laid on ground or deck, insuring a comfortable bed, free from dampness.

For Invalids: These mattresses afford great comfort to invalids and bed ridden patients.

When deflated and rolled small can be packed in grip; weight, ten to eighteen pounds, according to size. Largely used by U. S. Government, sportsmen, and invalids throughout the world.

Catalogue Free.
Mechanical Fabric Co.
Providence, R. I.

\$4.00
VALUE, FOR
\$1.69

or your money back.

**BE STYLISH—
SAVE MONEY.**

This beautiful brown felt shepherdess model hat is stylishly draped with fine quality brown silk faced velveta, outlined with two rows of tan silk and felt braid; a large pair of iridescent wings harmonizing in color are placed in front where the velveta is caught by steel buckle. The tabs in back under brim have one full rosette of brown all silk satin and gros grain ribbon and one of green velveta. These tabs can be adjusted if necessary to fit any head, at the same time giving the hat a different position if desired. A binding of wide tan silk and velvet braid around brim completes this swell hat. Can be ordered in brown, green, navy, royal, tan, black with color, or all black. For 25c. extra we will send it express prepaid to any point in U. S., safe delivery guaranteed. Write for free catalogue.

**CHICAGO MAIL ORDER MILLINERY CO.,
45-53 E. Jackson Blvd., - CHICAGO, ILL.**



Fat is a Burden

especially in hot weather, that none need carry around unless they like, now that

Dr. Edison's

New.

Treatment for Obesity

has proven so successful in reducing weight safely. The treatment consists in taking Dr. Edison's Obesity Salt and Pills, and in wearing, until support becomes unnecessary, one of Dr. Edison's Abdominal Supporting Bands. Ninety-nine per cent of cures.

Harsh diet rules are not needed and the flesh is reduced without leaving unsightly wrinkles or baggy flesh.

It is the only safe, and the simplest and least expensive, treatment.

Prices: Obesity Salts per package, \$1; Pills per package, \$1.50, or three for \$4; Abdominal Bands, \$2.50 and up. For sale by druggists, or sent, prepaid, on receipt of price, with full instructions for use.

When a complete treatment is taken under our directions we guarantee results.

No samples are sent, because samples, unless dangerously strong, will not show positive results.

Complete Treatise on Obesity free on request. Write for it.

LORING & CO. (Ltd.), Dept. 177, 42 W 22d St., New York.



"Made
by

Beisfeld

when applied to Cloaks, Suits, Skirts, Waists or Furs, means made the right and best way, the way that makes for new and exclusive styles at prices that satisfy the most exacting and economical.

\$5.00

Beisfeld

Label in every garment is our guarantee, none genuine without it; its presence insures you against the ill-fitting, shapeless, "high at any price" kind, that everywhere abound.

\$5.00

Artists who make the fashions have designed more than

200 Beisfeld styles for fall. Catalogue C, illustrating and pricing them all, free upon request.



Fig. 1.

Fig. 2.

3 Leaders for 1899

are here represented.

GUARANTEED SATIN WAIST

in assorted colors; tucked as illustrated. **\$5.00** Give bust measure when ordering.

TUNIC SKIRTS

Fig. 1. Of high-grade Cheviot in grey, green or light blue—black braid trimmed. **\$5.00**

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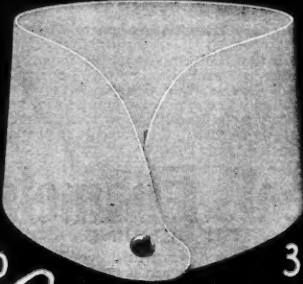
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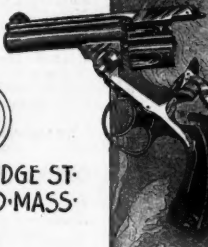

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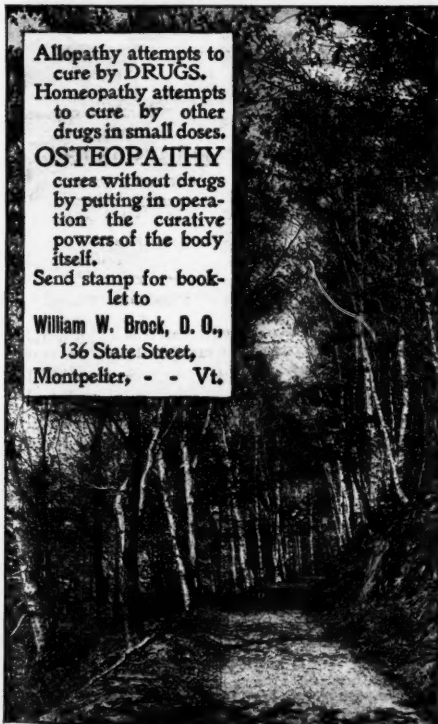

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cures without drugs
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ASTHMA

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FREE. The African Kola

Plant is Nature's Positive Cure for Asthma and Hay-fever. In the short time since its discovery this remarkable botanical product has come into universal use

in the Hospitals of Europe and America as an unfailing specific cure for every form of Asthma. Its cures are really marvelous. Rev. J. L. Combs, of Martinsburg, West Virginia, writes to the *New York World*, Feb. 9th, that it cured him of Asthma of thirty years' standing, and Mrs. E. Johnson of No. 417 Second St., Washington, D. C., testifies that for years she had to sleep propped up in a chair in Hay-fever season, unable to lie down night or day. The Kola Plant cured her at once. Mr. Alfred C. Lewis, editor of the *Farmer's Magazine*, of Washington, D. C., was also cured when he could not lie down for fear of choking, being always worst in Hay-fever season. Many other sufferers give similar testimony, proving it truly a wonderful remedy. If you suffer from Asthma or Hay-fever, in order to prove the power of this new botanical discovery, we will send you one Large Case by Mail entirely free. All we request in return is that when cured yourself you will tell your neighbors about it. It costs you absolutely nothing. Send your address to The Kola Importing Co., No. 1164 Broadway, New York City.



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MADE IN NICE, FRANCE SOLELY FROM SELECTED SOUND OLIVES SOLD BY ALL DEALERS

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Good Salad
is possible only with good olive oil. Some oils are made from cotton seeds, animal fats and similar products, which are often injurious.

Nicelle Olive Oil is a pure, nutritious, perfectly flavored olive oil. It is made from "sound" olives and from nothing else. It makes a perfect dressing for perfect salads. Try a bottle and judge for yourself.

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Breakfast in 5 Minutes for 2c. stamp

Five Minutes before breakfast time is enough to cook it in; all other Breakfast Foods take at least four times as long. Every housekeeper appreciates the worth of this cooking quality.

One Cup of Ralston Breakfast Food makes a good breakfast for five persons—that's economy for you unequaled by any other Breakfast Food for its price or any other price.

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Anything you can boil 6 cups of water in will do the work (it takes 6 cups of water to 1 cup of Ralston Breakfast Food), and that's why it only costs 3 cents for enough for breakfast for 5 persons.



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It is made from wheat rich in gluten. Indorsed by the Ralston Health Club as "the only perfect, and by far the most healthful breakfast food in the country." Ask your dealer for it. If he does not keep it, send us his name and

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Most Extensively Advertised Bluing in the World

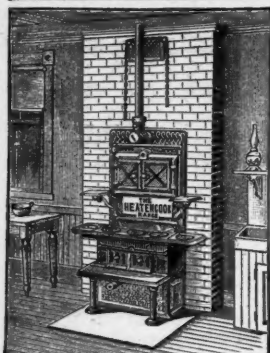
It will not SETTLE. It will not STREAK nor INJURE the clothes. Cannot freeze nor be spilled. A 10-cent envelope package will blue the laundry of the average family for four months.



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House Heating from the Kitchen Fire.

Many cheap imitations have appeared from time to time, but there is only one "Heatencook" range. There is only one system of heating from the kitchen fire that has proven a success. No ordinary stove with a water back attachment is of any account for this class of work. The "Heatencook" range is the only apparatus in the world that will heat the entire house by hot water FROM THE KITCHEN FIRE. It will do this work with a less expense for coal than any other system; it will cost less for repairs; it requires less work to attend to the fire; it is always ready, all that is necessary to heat a room, even should you want heat some damp chilly day in summer time. Send for catalogue. Please mention MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE.

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Fireplace Mantels made of Ornamental Brick.

We have also a large variety of other styles. Our mantels are the

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WE PREPAY THE FREIGHT!

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\$18

Buy this handsome, solid oak (3-ply stock) double pedestal, roll top desk, 30 inches wide, 50 high, 30 deep, with automatic lock and deep book drawer in right side. Well made. Well finished

YOUR DEALER WOULD CALL IT A \$25 DESK

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Revolving Office Chair

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Adjustable spring

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Write for our new 200-page catalogue of Office Supplies and Stationery.



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In the selection of "The Ingersoll" line for '99's gridiron battles quality has been the ruling factor. "The best" was our single aim. The finest of stock, improved methods of construction and skilful workmanship, coupled with many original features, have produced the most complete assortment ever attained.

That the prices are appreciably lower than established standards was incidental with us, but is of pecuniary advantage to the purchaser. A second line has also been manufactured to meet the juvenile and popular demand for a reliable assortment at minimum cost.

Full Padded Canvas Pants, 75c. Mole Skin Pants, \$1.50. Canvas Jackets, 35c. Football Shoes, \$2.50.

Regulation Size Football, \$1.00. Basket Ball Pants in the coming Mole Skin Plaid, \$1.50.

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THE J. B. WILLIAMS CO., Glastonbury Conn.

Dear Sirs:—

I enclose a picture taken by me in one of the leading barber shops in this city yesterday. While awaiting "my turn," the old gentleman in the chair entered and asked if he could be shaved. Being told that he could, he asked what soap they used, and said if they didn't use WILLIAMS' Soap he would go elsewhere. He stated that he was ninety-three years old, and had used nothing but WILLIAMS' Soap for more than half of his life. That many years ago his face had been badly poisoned in a shop, where one of the so-called cheap soaps was used, and he had suffered agonies. He at once quit that shop and went to one where WILLIAMS' Soap was always used. Since then he had fought shy of all barbers who did not use "WILLIAMS' SOAP."

Very Respectfully, J. W. URQUHART,

Detroit, Mich.

MORAL: Protect yourself by insisting that your barber uses WILLIAMS' SHAVING SOAP. Accept no substitute from dealers, if you shave yourself. Williams' Soaps are sold all over the world.

THE J. B. WILLIAMS COMPANY Glastonbury, Conn.

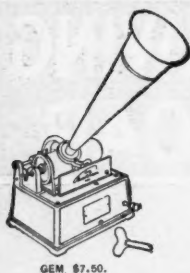
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GEM, \$7.50.

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They require no more care than your tea-cup and are the only records of sound now made that are both loud and clear.

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WITHOUT
THIS
National
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Company,
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TRADE MARK

Thomas A Edison

A REAL GRAPHOPHONE

....FOR....

\$5.00



Simple
Clockwork Motor,
Mechanism
Visible,
Durable Construc-
tion.

NO BOTHER, MUCH FUN

All the Wonders and Pleasures of a
High-Priced Talking Machine.

When accompanied by a Recorder this Graphophone can be used to make Records. Price with Recorder, \$7.50. Reproduces all the standard Records. *Send order and money to our nearest office.*

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San Francisco, 723 Market St.	Buffalo, 313 Main St.
Paris, 34 Boulevard des Italiens.	Berlin, 55 Kronenstrasse

The Musketeer Marches



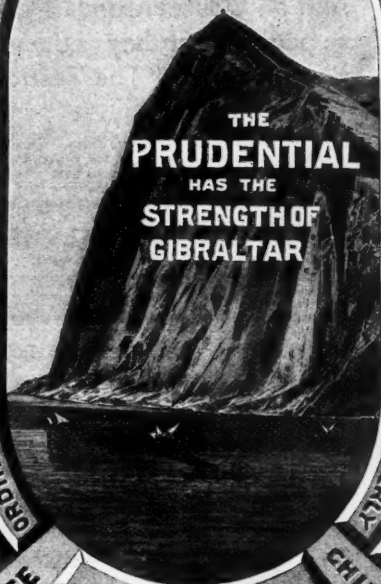
BRILLIANT,
SPARKLING,
INSPIRING.

Athos March,
Porthos March,
Aramis March,
D'Artagnan March.

50 cent pieces, 24cts each.

Try one of them now. Don't wait
until your neighbors have them.

METZGER & CO., 42 Bridge St., Dayton, Ohio.



**THE PRUDENTIAL
HAS THE
STRENGTH OF
GIBRALTAR**

ORDINARY POLICIES ISSUED IN SUMS FROM \$500 TO \$100,000. PREMIUMS PAYABLE YEARLY, HALF YEARLY & QUARTERLY.

**15 YEAR
ENDOWMENT**

**10 YEAR
ENDOWMENT**

**20
PAYMT
LIFE**

**15
PAYMT
LIFE**

**10,
PAYMT
LIFE**

**WHOLE
LIFE**

**20 YEAR
ENDOWMENT**

**GUARANTEED
5%
HIGHEST AMOUNT
\$50,000**

**6% COUPON
BOND
LOWEST AMOUNT
\$4,000**

**5 YEAR
DIVIDEND**

**PARTNERSHIP
POLICY**

**INSTALMENT
POLICY
10, 15, 20 YEARS
OR CONTINUOUS**

ANNUITIES

**ADULT & INFANTILE
INDUSTRIAL POLICIES
AGES 1 TO 70 AMOUNTS FROM \$15.00 UP
PREMIUMS PAYABLE WEEKLY.**

CHILD'S ENDOWMENT

AMONG THESE POLICIES, ALL ISSUED BY THE PRUDENTIAL

will be found those just suited to your needs and conditions no matter what position in life you may occupy. Write for information.

THE PRUDENTIAL INSURANCE COMPANY OF AMERICA

JOHN F. DRYDEN, President. Home Office: NEWARK, N. J.

In bed we laugh, in bed we cry,
And born in bed, in bed we die;
The near approach a bed may show
Of human bliss to human woe.

—ISAAC DE BENSERADE (1691).

Compressing the felt.
Binding and
closing the
tick by
hand.



TRADE
MARK

It seems strange to us that every one who reads our advertisements does not send for our free book, "The Test of Time." Our correspondence shows that some people think our claims exaggerated.

We can always sell an **Ostermoor Patent Elastic Felt Mattress, \$15.**, to these people after they get our book—if they want a mattress. Would you like to examine "The Test of Time"? We mail it free on request.

The price is \$15. (6 ft. 3 in. by 4 ft. 6 in.) If made in two parts, 50c. extra. Smaller sizes at smaller prices. Express prepaid. Sleep on it 30 nights, and if it is not even all you have hoped for, if you don't believe it to be the equal in cleanliness, durability and comfort of any \$50 hair mattress ever made, you can get your money back by return mail, no questions asked. Not for sale by stores. A few unscrupulous dealers are trying to sell a \$5 mattress for \$10 and \$15 on our advertising. Patent Elastic Felt Mattresses can only be bought from us. Our name and guarantee on every mattress.

OSTERMOOR & CO., 114 Elizabeth Street, New York.

Canadian Agency: 290 Guy St., Montreal.

Send for our book, "Church Cushions." We have cushioned 25,000 churches.



WERNICKE ELASTIC BOOKCASE

"A SYSTEM OF UNITS."

Always complete but never finished. Small enough for 10, large enough for 10,000 books. Varieties to suit every taste and requirement. Dust proof glass doors, and every feature of a perfect and beautiful bookcase. Sent anywhere on trial and approval.

Wernicke pays the freight.


THE WERNICKE CO.,

181 Bartlett St.,

Grand Rapids, Mich., U. S. A.


FREE BOOKLET AND LIST OF DEALERS FOR THE ASKING.

In answering any advertisement on this page it is desirable that you mention MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE.



**A BLUNT
PEN.**

ESTERBROOK'S



**JEFFERSON PEN
No. 1743.**

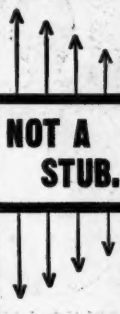
A Particularly Easy Writer.

150 other styles— Including the celebrated **FALCON PEN No. 048.**

ASK YOUR STATIONER.

The ESTERBROOK STEEL PEN CO.,

Works, Camden, N. J. 26 John St., New York.



**NOT A
STUB.**

DIRECT FROM THE FACTORY

\$19.85 BUYS THIS EXCELLENT **"MACEY"**

desk, No. 10-H, direct from the factory. Freight Pre-paid, sent "On Approval," to be returned at our expense if not found positively the best roll top desk ever sold at retail at so low a price.

This desk is 48 in. long, 30 in. wide, 48 in. high. It has a fine quarter-sawn oak front, closed back, front base mould, 22 pigeon-holes, 9 file boxes, 2 arm rests, ball bearing casters, and 3 complete letter files. This desk has a good polish finish, and from a dealer would cost from \$28.00 to \$35.00.



PATENT APPLIED FOR.

WE PREPAY FREIGHT to all points east of the Mississippi and north of South Carolina (points beyond on equal basis).

Write for our Complete Catalogue.

THE FRED MACEY CO., Grand Rapids, Mich.

Makers of Office and Library Furniture.

Letter Files and Card Indexes: We make extensive lines factory at factory prices. Ask for complete catalogues.

A Revolution in Roll-Top Desks



Once Used You Wonder How You Ever Managed Without.

For the past year we have been carefully studying the requirements of the USERS of Office Desks, well knowing that they are the people the manufacturer and retail dealer must eventually please. We invariably found the greatest chance for improvement in the UNSIGHTLY, DUSTY and INCONVENIENT pigeonholes, and to remedy this fault we invented our PATENT DROP-AWAY FRONT Pigeonhole Boxes, which have proved such a success and convenience to the desk user, that we are now making them a permanent feature of our entire line of desks.

We have branches in all the leading towns throughout the U. S. where samples can be seen and inspected before making purchase. We make 150 styles of desks and 200 patterns of filing cabinets. Catalogue and list of branches for the asking.

The Gunn Furniture Co. Grand Rapids, Mich., U. S. A.

Pen Satisfaction

Waterman's Ideal

The Fountain of

Pen

satisfaction.

Satisfaction guaranteed.
Ask your dealer, or send
for a circular.

L. E. Waterman Co.
155 & 157 Broadway
New York



EAGLE \$1 WATCH
TWO-THIRDS SIZE.

EAGLE AMERICAN WATCHES

A new series of reliable time-keepers at phenomenal prices. Guaranteed one year. Sold direct to consumer by mail, postpaid on receipt of price.

These watches are open face, with highly polished nickel cases. The movement is the simplest and most durable known. It has American lever, solid cut steel pinion, patent barrel giving high maintaining power.

Eagle Dollar Watch, open face, keyless wind and set, **\$1.00**

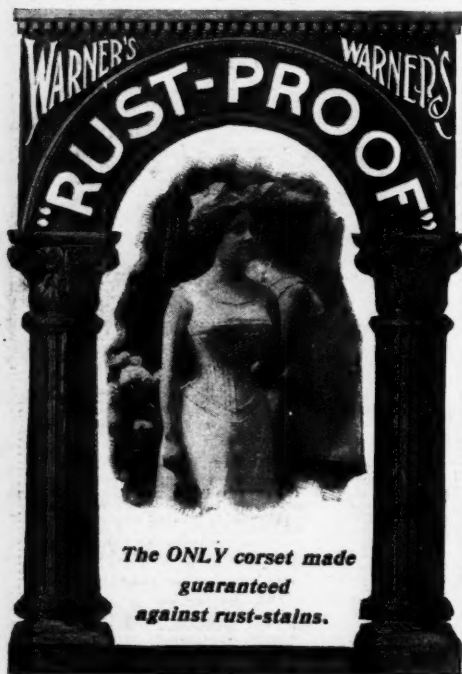
The Herald, the only stem wind and set watch sold at this price, **1.50**

The Narragansett, extra thin model, stem wind and set, porcelain dial, **2.00**

The Westminster, light, neat, ladies' or young man's watch, **3.00**

FREE: Illustrated catalogue showing the entire series of the Eagle American Watches and our large line of diamonds and gold and silver jewelry offered at manufacturers' prices.

J. A. FOSTER COMPANY, 62-70 Weybosset St., Providence, R. I.



**The ONLY corset made
guaranteed
against rust-stains.**



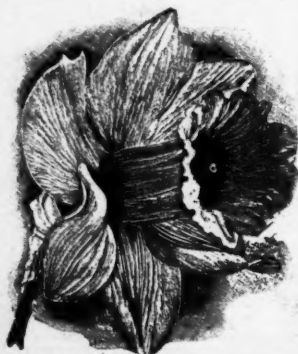
Beautiful Designs

and the largest assortment of
Spoons, Forks, etc., can be selected
in this reliable brand. Equal in
design and finish to sterling silver,
at one-fourth to one-eighth the
cost. Remember "1847" the
"Silver Plate that Wears," the
standard of quality for 50 years.

Made only by
MERIDEN BRITANNIA CO.,
Meriden, Conn.

Sold by leading dealers
everywhere.

Send for catalog No. 53 F.



DAFFODILS

or Narcissus

The sweetest of all Spring flowers. Planted out-of-doors this Autumn they will produce their lovely silver and golden blossoms next Spring. Can also be grown in pots, and will flower indoors through the Winter.

We offer fine bulbs of the best single and double sorts mixed, at **25 cts. per dozen**, including postage.

Our beautiful **AUTUMN CATALOGUE**, showing eight of the finest Daffodils in colors on the cover, will be sent **FREE** to all applicants. Every lover of flowers should have a copy.

HENRY A. DREER, 714 Chestnut Street, PHILADELPHIA.

In answering any advertisement on this page it is desirable that you mention MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE.

COVER YOUR OWN UMBRELLA

Take the measure (in inches) of your old umbrella cover; count the number of outside ribs; state if the centre rod is steel or wood. If you cannot get the Jones Umbrella "Roof" of your dealer send \$1.00 to us, and we will mail, postpaid, a UNION TWILLED SILK 25 or 26 INCH "Adjustable Roof" (27 or 28 inch, \$1.25; 29 to 30 inch, \$1.50). Umbrella "Roofs" at all prices from 50 cents to \$8.00 each, according to quality. If not entirely satisfactory your money promptly refunded, including stamps you have used for postage. Booklet, "Umbrella Economy," with simple instructions necessary, mailed with your order. Agents wanted.

THE JONES-MULLEN CO., Dept. Z, 396 Broadway, New York.

Manufacturers of the highest grades of umbrellas to the largest stores in the world.

The Jones Umbrella "Roof"

Put on in
One minute.
No Sewing

Fits any
Frame.

MEASURE FROM TIP TO TIP OF RIBS



\$1.00

for a new
UNION
TWILLED
SILK
Adjustable Roof

MENNER'S BORATED TALCUM TOILET POWDER



THE CONTINUED
USE BY ALL
CLASSES OF
PEOPLE PROVES
ITS GREAT
WORTH

Delightful After Bathing A Luxury After Shaving

A Positive Relief for **Frickly Heat, Chafing and Sunburn**, and all affections of the skin. Removes all odor of perspiration.

GET MENNER'S (the original), a little higher in price, perhaps, than worthless substitutes, but there is a reason for it. Refuse all other powders, which are liable to do harm. Sold everywhere, or mailed for 25 cents. (Sample free.)

GERHARD MENNER CO. Newark, N. J.



THE GENUINE Eau de No. 4711 Cologne

THE standard of
all Colognes
for over 100 years.
Used by the Royal
and Imperial Fam-
ilies of Europe.
An indispensable
Toilet Accessory
to all persons of
refined taste.

Manufactured
only by

Ferd. Mulhens
No. 4711
Glockengasse
COLOGNE 9/R.

U. S. Agents:
Mulhens & Kropff
85-87 White St.
New York



THE NEW LABEL

A BATH FOR 2 CENTS

is furnished by the

Victor Instantaneous Water Heater

which occupies but little room; is ready for use night or day; furnishes hot water **instantly** for bathing, shaving, sickness and all domestic purposes when hot water is required. Uses Gas or Gasoline. Ask your dealers for it, or send for free catalogue.

W. J. ADAM, - Joliet, Ill.





Mr. Pozzoni

The pioneer manufacturer of Toilet Powder in America, originally Compounded Pozzoni's Medicated Complexion Powder for use in his private family, using the purest and most costly ingredients, it has now a world wide reputation, the formula and package have never been changed. It has always been packed in a wooden box to preserve the perfume and beautifying qualities.

Pozzoni's Powder could not have stood the test of 40 years had it not been pure, harmless and beneficial.

J. A. Pozzoni Co.

New York.

St. Louis.



Would Such Men

TRADE MARK REGISTERED NOV. 24, 1896.



OXYDONOR APPLIED.

Make Such Statements

If Such Were Not Facts?

Hon. Geo. F. Drew, Ex Gov. of Florida, writes :

"My health has been better since I have used Oxydonor than at any period since I arrived at manhood, and I am now nearly seventy-two years old."

Mr. W. W. Manning, of Marquette, Mich., writes :

"No one thing, so far as I know, is so efficient and reliable to reinforce our powers in the struggle for existence, outside of Divine aid, as is Oxydonor."

Mr. Geo. P. Goodale, Sec'y Detroit Free Press, says :

"Oxydonor is the chiefest single blessing with which I have made acquaintance on this earth, and I would not voluntarily forego its benefits for a deed in fee simple of Greater New York."

Senator Joan W. Mix, of Yalesville, Conn., writes :

"Sciatica had literally brought me to death's door. After applying Oxydonor to my surprise the immediate relief and subsequent cure came like magic. The Oxydonor restored me to perfect health."

Col. C. S. Kingsberry, 30-32 Decatur St., Atlanta, Ga., writes, May 31, 1899: "I used Oxydonor for Eczema, and in the course of two months every trace of it had disappeared and I have had no sign of it during the past three years. Oxydonor also relieved me of Insomnia."

WE HAVE THOUSANDS OF SIMILAR GRATEFUL REPORTS FROM PROMINENT MEN AND WOMEN AND MORE COMING IN DAILY.

One Oxydonor will serve a family. It is always ready for immediate use, and will last a lifetime.

The Original is made by the Inventor and Discoverer, Dr. H. SANCHE, and is the only safe instrument to use.

IMITATIONS OF OXYDONORS ARE DANGEROUS TO USE.

The Supreme Court at Washington, D. C., has decided in favor of Dr. H. Sanche against imitators. We are operating under the only patents that have been granted on this process and these instruments.

Further information and book "Grateful Reports," mailed FREE on request.

DR. H. SANCHE & CO.,

261 Fifth Avenue, New York City. 57 State Street, Chicago, Ill. 61 Fifth Street, Detroit, Mich. Canadian Office, 2268 St. Catherine St., Montreal, P. Q.



In Grandma's Day

soups were slow and tedious of preparation. They are yet, if you follow ancient methods.

Van Camp's

Concentrated SOUPS,

Mock Turtle, Bouillon, Tomato, Vegetable, Chicken and Ox Tail.

are not only quickly prepared and most delicious, but at ten cents a can are cheaper than the laborious, uncertain kinds made in the antiquated way. Always ready—dilute and heat. Sample can, either kind, six cents in stamps. Booklet free.

Van Camp Packing Company,
306 Kentucky Avenue, - Indianapolis, Ind.

Van Camp's Macaroni and Cheese, prepared with Tomato Sauce, is just as good as the home made kind without the bother. Sample can for six cents in stamps.



The above picture taken from life shows the BERRY BROTHERS' TOY WAGON in use.

ASK YOUR DEALER IN PAINTS AND VARNISHES ABOUT IT, OR DROP US A LINE AND WE WILL MAIL YOU COPY OF ABOVE PICTURE AND PARTICULARS.

NEW YORK, 252 Pearl St.
BOSTON, 520 Atlantic Ave.
PHILADELPHIA, 26 & 28 N. Fourth St.
BALTIMORE, 22 E. Lombard St.

CHICAGO, 15 & 17 Lake St.
CINCINNATI, 304 Main St.
ST. LOUIS, 704 N. Fourth St.
SAN FRANCISCO, 117 & 119 Market St.

BERRY BROTHERS, Limited,
Varnish Manufacturers,
DETROIT, MICH.

In answering any advertisement on this page it is desirable that you mention MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE.



Eagle Liqueurs

(CORDIALS)

On receipt of \$2.00 we will ship, express paid, One Dozen Assorted Liqueurs, put up in Good Luck Flasks, each flask holding two drinks. Write for Illustrated Booklet and Prices.

EAGLE LIQUEUR DISTILLERIES,

Rheinstrom Bros., Distillers and Exporters. Established 1876.
923-945 Martin Street, 931-944 East Front Street, CINCINNATI, OHIO.

HAIR REMOVED

Finberg's Magic Depilatory



Removes hair from face or person in **two minutes**, without the slightest irritation, injury or inconvenience. By occasional applications the hair follicles can be permanently eradicated. Warranted to do as stated and to be perfectly safe for anybody to use, and totally unlike the

many poisonous and caustic preparations offered. **Sent sealed for \$2.** We refer to the First National Bank, the Postmaster, or any first-class business house in this place as to our standing.

JOSEPH FINBERG & CO.,

Chemists and Perfumers,

Dept. 1,

Attleboro, Mass.

Occuline

A tonic and beautifier for the eyes, used by society ladies and stage artists and absolutely harmless. Strengthens and adds brilliancy to the eyes and causes the lashes to elongate. Sold by dealers or sent sealed for \$2.

JOSEPH FINBERG & CO.,

Chemists and Perfumers,

Dept. 1,

Attleboro, Mass.



A Syringe

Such as physicians use is now offered direct. It consists of two nickel cylinders, with an air pump between to create compressed air in one cylinder and a vacuum suction in the other. Open a valve and the compressed air forces the liquid from one cylinder in six streams through the top of the nozzle. The vacuum sucks it back to the other cylinder. All done in ten seconds without a drop of leakage.

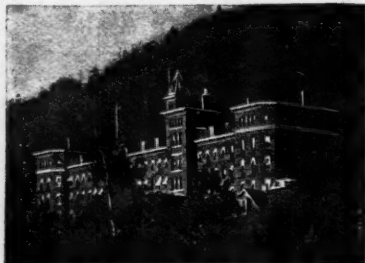
This is the only effective syringe—the only one that physicians recommend—the only one that any person will use when its value is known. We send it for testing without any advance payment. Send today for our catalogue.

Sipho Manufacturing Co.

RACINE, WISCONSIN.

THE JACKSON SANATORIUM

at Dansville, New York,



Main Building Absolutely Fire-proof.

For thirty-eight years the leading Health Institution in America, is under the personal care of regularly educated and experienced physicians, and is distinctive in its methods and character.

A delightful home for health and rest seekers in which every provision is made for recreation, comfort, and good cheer, as well as for skilled medical care and treatment.

A beautiful illustrated pamphlet with full information will be sent on application. Address

J. ARTHUR JACKSON, M. D., Secretary, P. O. Box 1866.

In answering any advertisement on this page it is desirable that you mention MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE.

EARN A GOLD WATCH

by selling 50 lbs. Baker's Teas, Coffees, Extracts, etc.

among your friends. The Watch is fully warranted, Waltham or Elgin Works, Stem-Wind and Pendant Set, Case of beautiful design, in two sizes for ladies and one size for gentlemen, open face or hunting case; or sell 25 lbs. for a Solid Silver Watch and Chain; 7 lbs. for a Nickel Watch and Chain; 75 lbs. up for Bicycles for boys and girls, ladies and gentlemen; 8 lbs. for Boys' or Girls' Nickel-Plated Skates or Air Rifle or Lace Curtains; 10 lbs. for Gold Ring or Crescent Camera or Rugby Football; 50 lbs. for Dinner Set or Baker Folding Camera; 25 lbs. for Mackintosh or Banquet Lamp or Willow Rocker; 65 lbs. for Graphophone.

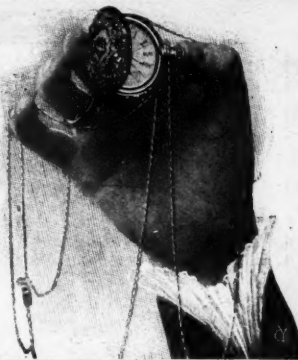
W. G. BAKER—Dear Sir: I received my watch and chain and I was very much pleased with it. It was just lovely and exactly what you represented. The picture did not show half of the beauty of it. Many have seen it and think it is so nice they will try and get one, too. My customers are all very much pleased with your goods; have not heard any complaints, but I think you are a good reliable firm and have done exactly what you said you would and nothing else. Again thanking you for the beautiful present, I remain,

Yours very truly,

JENNIE W. WEED, Darien, Ct.

Our agents are all pleased. Write for complete catalogue and papers.

W. G. BAKER, (Dept. L), - Springfield, Mass.



Woodward's



Gripe Water

Ensures
Easy
Teething.
Prevents
Convulsions.

The Old-Established Popular English Remedy for all Disorders of Infants and Children.

Dr. W. H. WRIGHT, Medical Officer of Health, Derby, England:—"For over 20 years I have prescribed your excellent 'GRIPE WATER'."

GORDON STABLES, Esq., M.D., C.M., Twyford, Berks, England:—

"WOODWARD'S 'GRIPE WATER' is the only safe Medicine for infants. It is therefore recommended by the profession, if it became the only medicine in our Nurseries, we would have more healthy, happy Children, and fewer puny, wretched Men."

Mrs. ADA S. BALLIN, Lecturer upon "The Health and Management of Infants and Children":—

"I had your 'GRIPE WATER' analysed on the occasion of The 'Baby' Exhibition, as I was requested to mention it in my lectures. The result of this analysis was such that I had pleasure in recommending it."

Ask Medicine Vendors everywhere for it.



"A FORM DIVINE"
Le FEVRE'S
CELNART

WILL

DEVELOP THE BUST.

Price \$2.00 the Jar

SUCCESSFUL IN ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND CASES TREATED DURING THE PAST ELEVEN YEARS.

For Wrinkles, Sunken Cheeks and Hollows in the Throat and Neck

"VELVO"

A PERFECT FLESH AND TISSUE FOOD. WILL REMOVE AND PREVENT WRINKLES AND LINES. AN EXQUISITE RETIRING CREAM, DAINILY PERFUMED

Price, \$2.00 the Jar

ART SOUVENIR Handsomely Illustrated Book, Entitled "BEAUTY SECRETS," containing interesting knowledge and FIVE samples Toilet Preparations mailed you for 25 cents postage. Advice by mail on Health and Beauty FREE. Address all correspondence to

MME. JOSEPHINE LeFEVRE,

1208 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

For sale in New York City by

Walter S. Rockey, Druggist, { Columbus Ave. and 6th St.
{ Eighth Ave. and 35th St.

Geo. B. Evans, Phila., Pa., { 1106 Chestnut St.
{ Eighth and Arch Sts.



THE HIGHEST PRODUCT OF BRAINS AND STEEL IS A MAHER & GROSH KNIFE.

Our blades are razor steel; the finest texture known; the highest quality made. This is one great difference between them and other knives. We deal direct with consumers and warrant every blade hand forged, razor steel. This cut is "Chauncey Depew's Pet," has three blades (one is a file). Handle is choicest selected pearl; German silver back and ends. Price, in chamois case, \$1.50, postpaid. Same knife, 2 blade, \$1; plainer finish, 3 blade, same quality, \$1; smaller, 2 blade, for lady, \$1; plainer finish, 75 cents. Razor steel jack-knife, 2 blade, price 75 cents, but 48 for a while; \$ for \$2. This knife and 60c. shears for \$1. Hollow ground Razor, strop and brush, \$1.25. Illustrated 80-page list free, and "How to Use a Razor." Be kindly, write us.

MAHER & GROSH CO.,
75 A Street, Toledo, Ohio.

In answering any advertisement on this page it is desirable that you mention MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE.

Turkish Baths for 3 Cents.



The best of all bath cabinets is now sold at maker's prices direct to the user. Sold even lower than the inconvenient affairs that are advertised for this service. A tight, double-walled room, rubber coated inside and outside, and fitted with a door. Made so that merely tipping folds it into a 6-inch space. Handsome, convenient and strong.

With this cabinet, Turkish, vapor and medicated baths may be taken at home, exactly the same as in Turkish Bath rooms. The cost is three cents per bath. Nothing else is so effective in keeping the blood pure, preventing sickness, stopping colds and curing most chronic diseases. Nothing else accomplishes perfect cleanliness, or so clears the complexion, so quickly quiets the nervous and rests the tired. The habit of Turkish bathing keeps the mind and body up to the highest vigor.

The Racine Cabinet is guaranteed to be the best one on the market. We sell on approval, to be returned at our expense if not satisfactory. Sold direct to users at from \$5 to \$12., express or freight prepaid; alcohol stove, vaporizer and face steaming attachment included. Send today for our handsome illustrated catalogue, and order from that.

RACINE BATH CABINET CO.,
Box B, RACINE, WIS.

Impure Blood, Pimples, Tetters, Eczema and Acne

Are permanently cured by

Sulphume

Price \$1, express paid.

SULPHUME is pure sulphur in liquid form,—a new chemical discovery. Sulphur heretofore was considered insoluble. Sulphume when taken internally, and applied as a lotion, will cure any skin disease.

SULPHUME BATHS can be taken at home, having all the advantages (and more) of the most famous Sulphur Springs. One 1-oz. bottle of Sulphume makes 12 strong sulphur baths, or 1200 doses.

SULPHUME SOAP is the only soap in the world made with Liquefied sulphur. That is why it is a Genuine Sulphur Soap. It stops itching and all skin irritations, softens and whitens the skin, and has no equal for the toilet and bath. Price per box (3 cakes), 75 cents, express prepaid. One cake for trial mailed on receipt of 25 cents.

SULPHUME PILLS act directly on the liver, kidneys and bowels, but do not gripe or nauseate. Price 25 cents. ALL intelligent people know what valuable remedial properties sulphur possesses, but FEW realize what wonderful cures are effected by liquid sulphur, Sulphume. Gargling once will cure an ordinary sore throat.

Drop a postal card and we'll mail you our **SULPHUME BOOK** and **SKIN BOOK** both FREE—in them you will find solid facts about the care of your skin and blood.

Correspondence invited. Consultation FREE, and strictly confidential.

SULPHUME COMPANY, 117 Marine Building, CHICAGO.

Lyman, Sons & Co., Montreal, Canadian Depot.

THE SKIN CURE

FOUR DROPS

BLOOD AND BLOOD PURIFIER

OF

SULPHUME

IN A GLASS OF WATER MAKE AN INVIGORATING AND HEALTHFUL DRINK OF SULPHUR WATER NATURE'S BLOOD PURIFIER.

RHEUMATISM AND

USE SULPHUME SOAP

WEAK KIDNEYS CURED

"LINENE" COLLARS and CUFFS



DO NOT WILT.

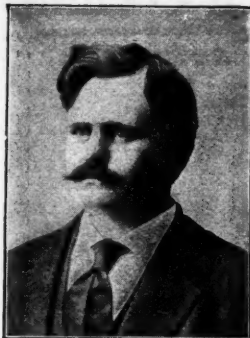
Stylish, convenient, economical, made of fine cloth, and exactly resemble fashionable linen goods. The turn down collars are reversible and give double service.

NO LAUNDRY WORK

When soiled, discard. Ten collars or five pairs of cuffs, 25c. By mail 30 cts. Send 6c. in stamps for sample collar or pair of cuffs. Name size and style. REVERSIBLE COLLAR CO., Dept. A, BOSTON.



Lost 54 Lbs. of Fat



MR. E. MEYER,
of Bethany, Ill., says "It reduced my weight 54 pounds, and in no way injured my health."

ARE YOU TOO STOUT?

If so, why not reduce your weight and be comfortable? Obesity is a disease and predisposes to Heart Trouble, Paralysis, Liver disease, Rheumatism, Apoplexy, etc., and is not only dangerous but extremely annoying to people of refined taste. We do not care how many reduction remedies you may have taken without success, we have a simple treatment that will reduce weight as thousands can testify. The following are a few of the thousands who have been reduced in weight and greatly improved in health by its use.

Reduced

Mr. W. A. Pollock, Hartington, Neb., . . . 50 lbs.
Mrs. M. M. Cummins, Ottawa, Ill., . . . 75 ..
Miss M. Hoisington, Lake View, Mich., . . 50 ..
Miss M. Nobles, Racine, Wis., . . . 54 ..

We are going to give away barrels and

BARRELS OF SAMPLE BOXES FREE

just to prove how effective, pleasant, and safe this remedy is to reduce weight. If you want one, send us your name and address, and 4 cents to pay for postage, packing, etc. Price of large box, \$1.00, postpaid. Each box is sent in a plain sealed package with no advertising on it to indicate what it contains. Correspondence strictly confidential.



HALL CHEMICAL CO.,

Dept. H. M., St. Louis, Mo.

"WEARS LIKE IRON" JAP-A-LAC

YOUR FRONT DOORS
IF THEY ARE WEATHER-
BEATEN AND LOOK BADLY—AND

WATCH RESULTS

INSIST
ON
JAP-A-LAC

AT
PAINT
DEALERS

NOTHING
LIKE IT

WHEN USED
ON FLOORS, WILL
OUTWEAR ANY FLOOR FINISH MADE

It produces a smooth, hard, brilliant finish, and is as lasting as Japanese Lacquer. Samples of finished wood showing the following colors mailed free: Oak, Cherry, Walnut, Malachite Green, Ox Blood Red, Spruce, Drab, Mahogany, Black, Yellow, Ivory and Natural. "Easily Applied, Quickly Dried." Full quart can sent prepaid for 50c. Address THE GLIDDEN VARNISH CO., Dept. 1, Cleveland, Ohio. Makers of "Jap-a-lac" for all purposes.

Save \$8 to \$20

on Your Suit or Overcoat.



If you wish to be well dressed in every particular—Style, Cloth, Lining, Workmanship—in fact, everything that pertains to a perfect suit or overcoat at

NO MORE EXPENSE
than if you were ready-made clothes, send for

**KRAMER'S SAMPLES OF
\$10 SUITS or
OVERCOATS**

All Wool Goods
actually cut, trimmed and made to your order in any style. Fit guaranteed. We do not handle ready-made clothes, custom-made clothes, tailor-made clothes, as many houses advertise, but **Actually Make** each individual garment according to measure.

All our garments are strictly Merchant Tailor Made. Others are satisfied, so why not make use of our 22 years experience and have your clothes made by us.

Trousers \$5.50 and up.
Suits \$10 and up.
Full Dress Suits \$25 and up.
Overcoats \$10 and up.

All garments sent C. O. D. with privilege of examination and trying on before you pay for them. We are the only exclusive merchant tailors in America that prepay express charges.

New Fall and Winter booklet with **Five Reasons** Why we sell our Suits and Overcoats below others, with samples, fashion plate and tape measure **Free**.

KRAMER & CO., Adams Ex. Bldg., Dept. 5, Chicago.

We also desire a responsible local representative in every City or Town where we are not already represented.

Wool

Wool Soap is an absolutely pure soap, and contains no alkali or adulteration or filling of any kind.

There is no purer soap than Wool Soap, no matter at what price, and there is no better soap for toilet and bath purposes. The most expensive soaps, such as the highest grade of French and other imported soaps, cost more to make, and are more carefully moulded or milled and of finer texture, perfumed with costly perfume, enclosed in expensive wrappers and handsome boxes, paying high duties, but none of these expensive soaps are intrinsically better than Wool Soap.

The economical side of Wool Soap is of particular importance. Few families can afford to use the higher priced soaps in the toilet and bath, and thousands compromise by using costly soaps in the spare room, low-priced soaps for the bath room basin, and ordinary laundry soap for the bath tub. The Wool Soap user needs only one kind of Soap for the spare room, the bath room and the bath tub. Wool Soap costs so little per cake that the whole family may use it freely and at all times without thinking of the price.

Swift and Company, Makers, Chicago

Soap

Hood's Tooth Powder

Hood's Tooth Powder

Hood's Tooth Powder

You will be so much pleased with Hood's Tooth Powder, if you will just try it once or twice, that you will continue to use it always. It happily combines all the qualities of an ideal dentifrice. It is prepared from the purest, cleanest, best materials. It possesses sufficient substance thoroughly to cleanse and polish the teeth, its antiseptic and astringent properties render the gums hard and healthy, while its delicious fragrance imparts a pleasing sweetness to the breath. Sample for trial and book on care of the teeth sent for 2-cent stamp to cover postage. Regular size, 25 cents. Mammoth size 50 cents. Sold by druggists or sent by mail by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

A Sample Free will demonstrate to you that

Milk Weed Cream



Cures Complexion Faults.

It feeds the skin; puts purity in place of pimples; gives fairness of face for freckles; takes away tan; banishes blotches.

Bernhardt, the "divine Sarah," says of Milk Weed Cream: "Marvelously good for the Skin and Complexion. It removes all spots from the face." 50 cts. per jar; at druggists, or by mail,

or, Will you have a Sample sent for Two Cents—a Stamp?

FRED'K F. INGRAM & Co.

54 TENTH STREET,

DETROIT, MICH.

LADIES' SUPPLY CO.

Mackintosh \$2.50
Dress Skirt

In rich dark blue, black gray or tan serge, cloth lining. Regular length. Special sizes extra.

Cape to Match, \$2.50



New Style Double-Breasted Cape, if preferred.

"Ladies Supply Co." trade mark on hanger, guarantees the genuine garment—always made to order. **Agents Wanted.**

Silk-Lined Mackintoshes and Imported Cloths if desired.

LADIES SUPPLY CO., 111 Wabash Ave., B. 10, Chicago, Ill.
FALL CATALOGUE of special articles for women's wear hard to buy satisfactorily by mail, sent free upon request.

Express
Prepaid.

These separated garments avoid the over-heating caused by a one-piece water-proof. Illustrated circular free.

ABSOLUTELY FREE TO EXAMINE.

Send no money in advance, but just send your order, giving your name, address, number of the garment desired, and your bust measure, and we will forward the garment to you, C. O. D., with privilege of examination. You may examine same at your nearest express office and satisfy yourself that it is exactly as ordered and represented before paying the express agent our Special advertised price and charges.



Price, \$4.98

This illustration represents our greatest leader in ladies' seal plush capes.
No. 545. This cape is made of a very good quality silk seal plush, is 24 inches long, cut in four gores, elaborately beaded and braided, and trimmed around collar and down front with black thibet fur, has black merized lining.

No. 546. This cape is 27 inches long, otherwise the same as No. 545, **\$5.48.**

No. 547. This cape is 30 inches long, otherwise the same as No. 545, **\$5.98.**

Our magnificently illustrated Fashion Catalogue No. 55 is free for the asking. It contains half-tone illustrations of all that is new in Ladies', Misses', and Children's wearing apparel. Write for it.

EDWARD B. GROSSMAN & CO.
170-172 STATE ST. CHICAGO
THE GREAT MAIL ORDER CLOAK HOUSE

ACME HYGIENIC COUCHES.

THE ONLY "BEST."



Patented.



Bottom view of Acme Couch—every spring in sight.

No. 53½, 27 in. wide, 6 ft. 2 in. long, full spring edge, seat and head. 56 springs in plain view from bottom. Price in best Corduroy or Acme Velours, any color, freight paid **\$8.00**
Identify Acme Couches by our printed Guarantee Card, patented construction (as shown), great durability, comfort and cleanliness in use, finished alike on both sides. Spring section composed of oil tempered steel springs, intercolled into steel woven wire fabrics, steel wire holding steel springs in place; no twine or webbing to wear out or break down. If dealer cannot show you an "ACME" Hygienic Couch we will ship direct on receipt of price.

Our Acme Hygienic Mattress



depends largely on air—the most resilient force known to science—for its remarkable softness and elasticity, having for its center an air and spring section consisting of 88 steel springs intercolled into woven wire fabrics at top and bottom. Around this is placed antiseptic pure white cotton felt. Making the mattress pneumatic, self-ventilating and of downy softness. Superior to all others.

To introduce our **\$15.00** FREE "ACME" Hygienic Mattress we will for 30 days include with every order a fine White Enamelled Brass Trimmed Metal Bed. Like cut, and one of our celebrated supported Acme Bed Springs free. Send us One Dollar, state size wanted. When they arrive you can examine and pay the balance—\$14.00—and freight charges—only when satisfied that the Mattress is alone worth \$15.00. Where all cash—\$15.00—is sent with order we will prepay freight charges from this end. Free booklet containing testimonials.

ACME HYGIENIC FEATHERS.

HEALTH
PILLOWS

If your dealer cannot show you Acme Hygienic Feather Pillows we will send by express, prepaid, on receipt of price. Our pillows are readily identified by round tags bearing the name "ACME HYGIENIC FEATHERS"



These feathers are subjected to our special scientific antiseptic treatment in addition to the usual steam curing process and are guaranteed to remain forever healthful and absolutely odorless. Ours is the only method of scientific antiseptic treatment of feathers and it is this only which makes such a guarantee possible.

Our popular standard grades are as follows and should not be confused with others using same grade marks.

Grade "A"—Live Goose Feathers, almost pure white. Pair pillows weighs four pounds; size each 20x26. Price per pair, express prepaid **\$3**

Grade "B"—Best Imported Duck Feathers, thoroughly cured, excellent quality. A satisfactory medium priced pillow. Pair weighs five pounds; size each 20x26. Price per pair, express prepaid **\$2.50**

"Peelless"—A popular pillow mixture, one-half Duck Feathers and one-half Turkey Down. Pair weighs six and one-half pounds; size each 20x26. Price per pair, express prepaid **\$2**
Turkey Down—Best Turkey Feathers, with quills crushed and blown out, nothing but the downy portion of the feather left. Cured with special care. Pair weighs seven lbs.; size each 20x26. Price per pair, express prepaid **\$1.50**

Small sample bag of any grade on receipt of 5c in stamps.
ACME SPRING BED CO., 421 W. 42d St., Chicago.

DR. RICHARDSON CURES

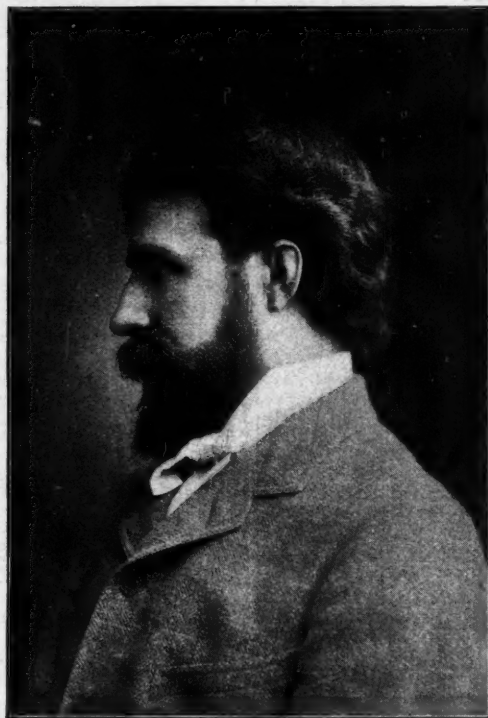
Paralysis, Varicocele and Nervo-Vital Diseases.

Not until recent years was the prevalence and gravity of Pelvic diseases, True Rupture or Breach, False Rupture or Varicocele, Stricture, Prostatic affections, etc., recognized by the medical profession.

Dr. Richardson's researches and investigations along these lines resulted in the discovery of his Electro-Chemic system of treatment, and by his personal application of this method he CURES TO STAY CURED the diseases of the Pelvic organs which are directly responsible for derangements of the Nervo-Vital or Sympathetic System.

These diseases are essentially obstructive in character, and their effects are invariably to impede circulation, cutting off the normal supply of healthy blood from important organs, and thus lowering the vitality, interfering with natural functions, and ultimately inducing Paralytic conditions. In the stagnated blood of the diseased veins of Varicocele, organic poisons and gaseous toxines are generated by a process known as auto-infection, subsequently to be carried into the general circulation. The effect on the nervous system is disastrous.

The deposit of toxic material in nerve cells causes irritation and interference with nerve impulse, and LOCOMOTOR ATAXIA, PARAPLEGIA, HEMIPLEGIA, PARALYSIS AGITANS, and other Paralytic manifestations appear.



D. D. RICHARDSON, M. D.

LOCOMOTOR ATAXIA

is also caused by specific blood poison, either inherited or acquired, which injuriously affects the cellular substance of the spinal cord, through which impulse governing locomotion is transmitted.

He cures these troubles by a rational method, removing the cause, which restores Vital Power.

He then proceeds, by the administering of diffusible anti-toxines having an affinity for morbid matter (blood poison), to break down and expel from the organism the poisonous deposits in nerve matter.

The terrible lance-like pains of Locomotor Ataxia are relieved

by the first administering of his Electro-Aerial treatment. Continued use of these vitalizing agencies liberates nerve-currents and restores normal co-ordination.

Each patient must receive Dr. Richardson's personal professional attention.

"The Home" is amply provided with all facilities and conveniences for those under his care, and its scientific equipment is unequaled by any sanitarium on the continent.

He will freely answer all questions you desire to ask, provided you will describe your case fully as you understand it.

His books on Rupture, Varicocele, Stricture, Paralysis, Nervous and Mental Diseases and Vital Power, will be sent only to actual sufferers. Inclose ten cents to prepay postage on sealed books in plain package. Please write name and address carefully.

DELMER D. RICHARDSON, M. D.

THE RICHARDSON HOME, 1256-1262 MICHIGAN BOULEVARD, CHICAGO.

Adlake Cameras

There are no Cameras better than Adlakes for Amateurs, no matter what you pay.

ADLAKE "REGULAR" $3\frac{1}{4} \times 4\frac{1}{4}$ \$6.50 — 4x5 \$10.00

ADLAKE "SPECIAL" 4x5 - - - - - \$12.00

ADLAKE "REPEATER" $3\frac{1}{4} \times 4\frac{1}{4}$ \$5.50 — 4x5 \$ 8.00

The "Adlake Book" tells all about them. A postal brings it.

Glass plates cost half the price of films.

THE ADAMS & WESTLAKE CO., 120 Ontario Street, CHICAGO.

MAKERS OF ADLAKE BICYCLES.

X-RAYS CYCLE OIL LAMPS.

ADLAKE ACETYLENE CYCLE LAMPS.

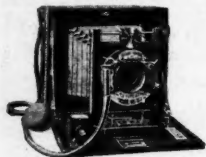
The Eye of a Camera is the Lens,

and it works precisely the same as the human organ. Some cameras have better eyesight than others, hence the importance of selecting a camera with the most perfect lens. **Manhattan Lenses** are the truest and most advanced yet produced, and are made in our factory, the same as all the other parts of our cameras.

"WIZARD A" or "CYCLE WIZARD A"

4 x 5 Folding Cameras

fitted with rapid Achromatic lens, Wizard pneumatic shutter, and made of polished mahogany (not cheap stained imitation), nickel-plated, and specially adapted for all-round snap-shot work, hand or tripod.



\$10

By far the best value up to date in the camera line, and as for results, you get the same as from a higher-priced camera.

WIZARD CAMERAS

are made in 27 styles, and cover the entire camera demand, from the low priced snap-shot box to the elaborate professional, and range in price from \$5 to \$80.

We make every part of our Cameras, and everything that is best in the photographic line.

Send for new Catalogue of Manhattan Products.

MANHATTAN OPTICAL CO. OF N. Y.

Address Factory, CRESSKILL, N. J.

RAY Cameras

Have been the stepping stone of many an amateur to fame in photography.

34 Styles

All the latest improvements. Don't forget our Photo Contest which closes December First.

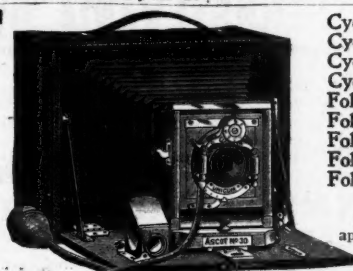
Free trip to Paris Exposition for first prize of twelve best negatives.

Circulars at agencies, or sent free by mail to any address, giving full information. Also our handsome illustrated catalogue.

RAY CAMERA CO.

206 Centre St., - - Rochester, N. Y.

ASCOT
STRONG
COMPACT
ORIGINAL
TRY ONE



Cycle No. 1,	size 4 x 5	..	\$ 8.00
Cycle No. 5,	" 4 x 5	..	15.00
Cycle No. 6,	" 5 x 7	..	20.00
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Folding No. 25,	" 4 x 5	..	10.00
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Free descriptive booklet.

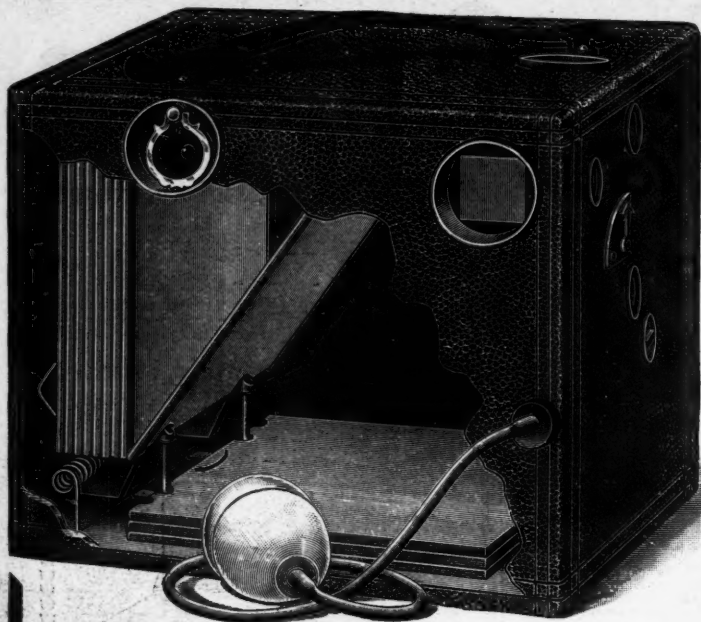
Manufacturers of and dealers in photographic apparatus, materials, and supplies.

Established 57 years in this line.

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Improved Magazine Cyclone Cameras!

are sold by all live dealers because they give the greatest satisfaction. Every Magazine Cyclone has pneumatic bulb release, automatic shutter, automatic register, aluminum plate holders, 3 diaphragms, shutter lock and the quickest and best lens made. You can change plates without opening the camera, and remove exposed plates without handling those remaining, and you can make

"12 Pictures in 12 Seconds."

\$8 No. 4.
3 1/4 x 4 1/4
\$10 No. 5.
4 x 5

The *Cyclone Camera* has always been and will always be the best for the money—the cheapest Camera at any price. For amateurs (just starting) our **\$5.00 Complete Outfit** consists of Cyclone Junior—3 1/2 x 3 1/2—with everything needed to take, develop and finish pictures, is the greatest bargain ever offered. Send for magnificently illustrated catalog of cameras and supplies.

WESTERN CAMERA MANUFACTURING CO., 131 Wabash Ave., Chicago.

Whiskey bearing the name "Schweyer" is guarantee of the best—none so delicious—money can hardly buy its equal

Goods shipped in plain package without marks to indicate contents, and if not perfectly satisfactory send them back at our expense and we will refund your money at once.



4 FULL QUARTS WHISKEY

We are the only Distillers in America shipping Pennsylvania Pure Rye to consumers direct. Bear this in mind.

SCHWEYER'S PURE 8 YEAR OLD \$3.60 EXPRESS PREPAID PENNSYLVANIA RYE

The prime old whiskey prescribed for medicinal and general use.

The famous Pennsylvania Rye, for 27 years double copper distilled and aged in wood under personal direction of Mr. John Schweyer himself. Never less than 8 years old, most of it 10 and 12 years old when first bottled. Sold direct to the consumer from our distillery at the low price of \$3.60 for four full quarts that cannot be bought elsewhere for less than \$6.00.

We also offer our **SEVEN YEAR OLD**

CABINET PENNSYLVANIA RYE at \$3.00 EXPRESS PREPAID

We save you all middlemen's profits and guarantee absolutely pure whiskey without adulteration.

\$3.00 for four full quarts. This is the finest 7 year old rye ever drank and cannot be duplicated for less than \$5.00.

We refer to any Commercial Agency, Bank or Express Company in United States.

JOHN SCHWEYER & CO., DISTILLERS,

Address all orders to Warehouse BK.

609, 611, 613 W. 12th St., CHICAGO.


Orders for Ariz., Cal., Idaho, Mont., New Mex., Nev., Ore., Utah, Wash., Wyo., must call for 20 quarts freight prepaid, or write for particulars before remitting.

THE
POINT
IS
THE BEST VALUE TYPEWRITER

SMITH PREMIER
TYPEWRITER

Claims this Distinction
and POINTS with pride
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**CONSTRUCTION,
SIMPLICITY,
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DURABILITY.**

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THE SMITH PREMIER TYPEWRITER CO.
Syracuse, N.Y. U.S.A.




Beautiful Work in 1799.

THE YOST

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is noted not alone for its Beautiful
Work, but for the way
it continues to pro-
duce it during years of
constant use.



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YOST WRITING MACHINE CO.
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PRICE \$60.

**EQUAL TO ANY \$100 MACHINE ON
THE MARKET AND SUPERIOR TO ALL
IN SEVERAL IMPORTANT FEATURES.**


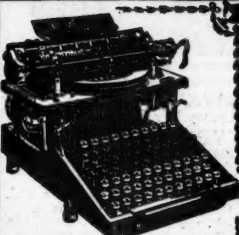
A Practical Business-Like Typewriter at a Reasonable Price.
Not an experiment, but a tested machine that has
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Business offices of this country.

Money returned in any case where after
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Full information
will be cheerfully
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Writing Machine
Company,
316 Broadway
New York

THE NEW CENTURY

write with

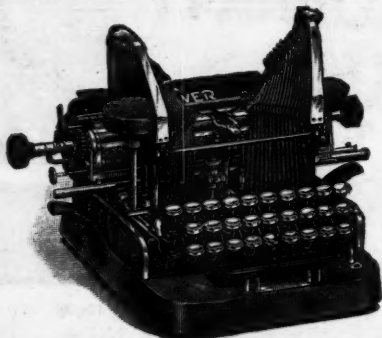
Stafford's Inks

They do not thicken or fade.

J. S. Stafford. New York, London Berlin.

THE OLIVER

SHOWS EVERY WORD AS YOU WRITE IT.



It took 25 years to find out that typewriters have been built upside-down. The Oliver is built right-side-up, where the work is in sight.

AGENTS WANTED.

Send for our "Exclusive Agency" Proposition "C," to

THE OLIVER TYPEWRITER CO.,
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OLIVER TYPEWRITER CO., Limited, London, England.

This Hat, \$2.

SENT ANYWHERE BY EXPRESS, CHARGES PREPAID.

THE very latest Fall novelty; made of high quality felt (pearl, navy, brown, cardinal, or black), trimmed with an extra large rosette and folded band of fine black satin, and long quill, either black or natural.

Send order and remittance and we will forward the hat, charges prepaid, and if not satisfactory, you may return it at our expense and we will refund your money.

Our Fall catalogue of Paris millinery is now ready, and will be sent **FREE** on request. It illustrates, describes and prices.

TRIMMED HATS, \$1.50 UP.

UNTRIMMED HATS, 75c. UP.

It also shows a full line of all grades of trimmed Paris Millinery, but at very moderate prices. Everything is sold upon the understanding that it may be returned at our expense, if not satisfactory, and the money will be cheerfully refunded. *We pay the express charges everywhere.*

Write to-day for our Fall Catalogue.

THE GEROME CO., 139 Fifth Avenue, New York.



This is an Exact Picture—Front and Back—of the

**ONLY
\$1.00**



New Watch Wonder.

American enterprise has again demonstrated its unparalleled progress. The New Dollar Watch is a marvel of ingenuity, and is beyond a doubt the best thing ever offered to the public. It is well and strongly made, neat in appearance, and made on the latest thin model of modern high-grade watches. This watch is the greatest achievement of its kind this century. It is guaranteed an absolutely perfect time-keeper, and will be sent to any address on receipt of

\$1.00

SPECIAL NOTICE.—We positively warrant complete satisfaction. You can have your money back for the asking if you want it.

THE NEW HAVEN WATCH CO.,
384 Bourse Building, Philadelphia, Pa.

**SCHLESINGER
MAYER**

Double-Faced

'Golf Plaids'

New Fall Reversible
Skirting Plaids

For rainy day skirts, golf
skirts, or bicycling skirts

\$1

Wonderful
Value

\$1 a yard for genuine double-faced Golf Plaids—so popular this fall for rainy day, golf or bicycle skirts.

Through a fortunate trade turn we have secured the entire production of an English manufacturer at practically half the current market price.

It's a most complete line—including all the pretty plaids, all the chic checks, all correct colors and combinations, and confined exclusively to S. & M. In no other store would these goods sell for less than \$2 to \$3 a yard.

We shall fill all mail orders as received, but in view of the tremendous demand sure to follow this announcement, we advise early selecting. Write for samples of these plaids and other new fall black and colored dress goods, carefully stating price and color desired.

FREE Write us about Sept. 15th for the most beautiful fashion catalogue yet issued

SCHLESINGER & MAYER, Chicago, Ill.

**Real
Double
Faced
Reversible
Golf
Plaids**

\$1, \$1½, \$2

...The...

**Waldorf
Shoe**



\$2.50

Waldorf Easy Walking

Invisible Cork Sole

Waterproof

ALL STYLES

ALL KINDS LEATHER

BLACK AND RUSSET

**Worn all over the world
and seldom fails to please.**

Sold only in our own stores, or sent, prepaid from factory, on receipt of **\$2.75.**



Waldorf \$1.50 FOR BOYS,
Sizes, 11 to 4

**Fit and style equal to our men's
Wear twice as long as others**

Send for Illustrated Catalogue.

Address **R. H. LONG, - Springfield, Mass.**
Factory and mail order department.



WM. T. BLANDIN, of Riceville, Ia., was cured by Dr. Rice after 32 years suffering with a bad rupture. No more remarkable experience than his was ever recorded.

He Cures Rupture

Remarkable Successes of the Dr. Rice Method

Even Old Men Ruptured All Their Lives Cured

Any person who is ruptured or knows of anyone suffering with this blighting affliction should interest themselves in the now famous Dr. Rice method, a system invented by Dr. W. S. Rice, of Adams, N. Y.

His plan differs from all others in the fact that it not only holds any kind of a rupture continually and securely with perfect comfort day and night, but causes new flesh to form in the ruptural opening, thus binding the broken place firmly and producing an absolutely perfect and permanent cure. No other method does this.

Those who have been ruptured for years and have tried everything without success will doubtless be skeptical about this new method, but it is worth while investigating. And when it is considered that the sufferer may go about his daily work with all the freedom of one having a sound body, without pain of any kind, with no danger and without undergoing an operation, then it is certainly a method that one ought to look into and learn all about. Upon application to Dr. W. S. Rice, 290 R Main St., Adams, N. Y., he will mail free to your address an explanatory book which tells all about his method and is a very convincing proof of the fact that he cures rupture. Write to-day while the idea is fresh in your mind.



GEO. F. MULFORD.

44 E. 5th St., Boston, Mass., was a sufferer 18 years; tried various trusses and was cured by Dr. Rice in a few weeks. Mr. Mulford naturally recommends Dr. Rice to all sufferers.

The Berkshire Hills Sanatorium,



FOR THE SCIENTIFIC TREATMENT OF

CANCER



Tumors, and all Forms of Malignant and Benign Growths.

Without the use of the Knife

THE LARGEST AND BEST EQUIPPED PRIVATE INSTITUTION IN THE WORLD.

We have never failed to effect a permanent cure where we have had a reasonable opportunity for treatment.

Please state your case as clearly as possible and our book with complete information will be mailed free. Address,

Drs. W. E. Brown & Son, North Adams, Mass.

NO TERRORS

in taking "Antipoton," the Celso cure for Alcoholism, Opium, Morphine and Cocaine addictions.

We impose no restraint on patients—none necessary, because "Antipoton" takes away the craving for these poisons. Recovery is brought about without the "heroic treatment" characteristic of some "cures." No hypodermic injections. The



period of treatment is full of the joy of returning vitality, mental power, self confidence and self respect. Denis J. Swenie, Chief of Chicago Fire Department, says:

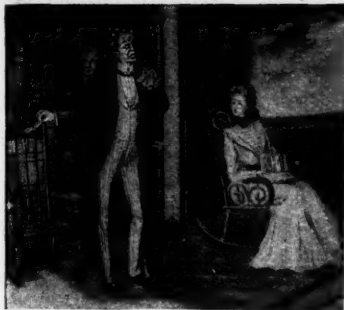
"From personal knowledge and observation, I cheerfully endorse "Antipoton" and advise any one who desires to abstain from strong drink to take this remedy."

Treatment is administered at our magnificent Sanatorium by specialists, or can be taken at home under our

direction. Write for book about "Antipoton." Your personal inquiries will be courteously answered.

CELSE DRINK CURE

1258 Michigan Avenue, Chicago



Why Suffer the Tortures of....

Hay Fever or Hay Asthma,

When EU-THY-MEN, if taken before the time for the annual attack, will prevent it; or, when applied after the attack, will abate it at once and effect a quick and complete cure? We are so confident it will do all we promise that we will mail **FREE** to any address, on receipt of name and five

two cent postage stamps, an entire treatment. Use it for ten days strictly according to directions. If it benefits you, remit us \$3.00. If it does not, return the unused portion. **EU-THY-MEN** is a fine antiseptic, germicide and deodorant, prepared from a scientific formula and put up handsomely in collapsible tubes, ready for immediate application, and convenient to carry in the pocket. The treatment consists of eight tubes, numbered, and the directions accompanying these will explain explicitly the order and way in which they're to be used.

Testimonials furnished upon application.

EU-THY-MEN CHEMICAL CO., LTD., PITTSBURG, PA.



A BEAUTY RECORD

17,431 Boxes of Dr. Campbell's Safe Arsenic Complexion Wafers Sold in the Month of July.

And at the same time we sent out Twenty-eight Thousand Sample Packages.

We want you to try both wafers and soap before you invest a dollar.

THAT'S OUR HONEST WAY OF DOING BUSINESS.

This unprecedented demand fully demonstrates the beautifying qualities of these marvelous and world famous complexion remedies, and also proves that nothing will cure, clear and whiten the complexion as quickly and permanently as Dr. Campbell's Wafers and Fould's Arsenic Soap. To demonstrate to the readers of MUNSEY'S that the Wafers and Soap are all that is claimed for them, and that they will remove positively in a short time all skin and facial blemishes, such as pimples, freckles, moth, blackheads, wrinkles, yellow or muddy skin, flabbiness under the eyes, hollow cheeks, etc., we will send upon receipt of 10c. in silver or stamps, a Trial Package of Wafers, and also a sample cake of Fould's Medicated Arsenic Soap. Send your 10c. to-day while you think of it.

Address all orders to H. B. FOULD, Room 50, 214 6th Avenue, New York.

Full sized boxes of Wafers, 50c. and \$1.00; 6 large boxes, \$5. Soap, per cake, 50c. Will last three months if used as directed. SOLD BY DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE.



Open—step in or out.

REMARKABLE INVENTION BY AN OHIOAN.

All our readers who want to enjoy perfect health, the most luxurious, cleansing, invigorating bath known, prevent disease, or are afflicted, should order at once one of these wonderful Quaker Thermal Bath Cabinets which gives Turkish, Hot Vapor or Medicated Baths for 3 cents each, opening the millions of pores all over the body, drawing out all impurities and poisons which cause disease. Makes you healthy, vigorous and seemingly ten years younger. This is a genuine Cabinet with a door, handsomely made, best materials, rubber lined, has steel frame, and will last a lifetime.

Thousands of Remarkable Letters have been Written the Inventors from Users.

Dr. E. L. Eaton, M.D., of Topeka, Kansas, was so astonished at the wonderful cures made by this treatment, that he gave up his practice, and has already sold over 500. Rev. R. E. Peale, Una, B. C., recommends them highly. J. A. Hagan, afflicted 15 years with rheumatism, was cured in six days. L. B. Westbrook, Newton, Iowa, afflicted 45 years, was cured in three weeks, of Catarrh, Asthma, Rheumatism, Heart, and Kidney troubles. The long sought for means of preserving and restoring health has certainly been found.

THE MAKERS GUARANTEE RESULTS. and assert positively as do thousands of users, that this cabinet will cure Nervousness and Debility, clear the skin, purify the blood, and cure Rheumatism. (They offer \$50 reward for a case not relieved.) Cures Woman's Troubles, Malaria, Sleeplessness, Neuralgia, Headaches, Piles, Dropsy, Liver, Kidney and Nervous Troubles. The best spring blood and system purifier known. A Face and Head Steaming Attachment is furnished if desired, which clears the skin, beautifies the complexion, removes pimples, blackheads, eruptions, and is a sure cure for Eczema, all skin diseases, Catarrh and Asthma.

The price is wonderfully low, Cabinet complete with stove, formulas and directions, sent to any address upon receipt of \$5.00, Head Steaming Attachment, \$1.00 extra. Write today for valuable book and testimonials, or, better still, order a Cabinet. Don't delay. The Company is perfectly reliable. Capital \$100,000.00. Ship promptly, and refund your money after 30 days, if not just as represented. Send for booklet anyway.

AGENTS WANTED—Men and Women, \$100.00 a Month and Expenses. Address, World Manufacturing Co., 481 World Building, Cincinnati, O.

Hair on Face, Neck or Arms

Instantly dissolved and removed without the slightest injury to the most delicate skin, by using the new solution

MODENE

In COMPOUNDING, an incomplete mixture was accidentally spilled on the back of the hand and on washing afterward it was discovered that the hair was completely removed. We named the new discovery MODENE. It is absolutely harmless but works sure results. Apply for a few minutes and the hair disappears as if by magic. **IT CANNOT FAIL.** If the growth be light, one application will remove it; the heavy growth, such as the beard or growth on moles, may require two or more applications, and without slightest injury or unpleasant feeling when applied or ever afterward. MODENE SUPERSEDES ELECTROLYSIS.

Used by people of refinement, and recommended by all who have tested its merits.

Modene sent by mail, in safety mailing cases (securely sealed), on receipt of \$1.00 per bottle. Send money by letter, with your full address written plainly. Postage stamps taken.

LOCAL AND GENERAL AGENTS WANTED. MODENE MANUFACTURING CO., Dept. 32, CINCINNATI, O. Every bottle guaranteed.

We offer \$1,000 for failure or the slightest injury.





C. P. ZACHER & CO.
Engravers, Chicago.

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KNOWLEDGE THAT PAYS

Recommended by brainy, thinking people. Idle moments made profitable. Phenomena of success attained by thousands following my marvelous methods. Fame world-wide and nothing equaling it extant. Write at once; only limited number received at present prices, which are entirely inadequate with value imparted. Thousands of letters like these.

Rev. S. J. Carlock, San Diego, Cal., writes: "Every moment brings its own reward and life grows sweeter and better every day. Nervousness cured, health increasing, mind clear. Others are swayed by the restless force. I have always believed in a perfect life, but now I realize it."

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P. Seefeld, Philadelphia, Pa., writes: "If down in the world, with no confidence in self, this study will bring success; if already successful it will bring more. By your teachings I can truthfully say all my ambitions have been realized."

Distance no bar to success; patrons in all parts of the world; business entirely by mail.
"KEY TO POWER" 30cts. or 12cts. and addresses of three ministers, lawyers or doctors. Circulars to immediate applicants. Address, **PROF. L. H. ANDERSON, M. M. 99, MASONIC TEMPLE, CHICAGO, ILLS.**



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A new method of **MUSCLE BUILDING** without the aid of apparatus, for the Athlete or Invalid, Student or Business Man. You can increase your strength, build up your health and improve your form by this new method of exercise. Illustrated Book containing rules and full particulars, 50 cents.
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Easy, Painless, Permanent Home Cure.
We will send any one addicted to MORPHINE, OPIUM, LAUDANUM, or other DRUG HABIT, a trial treatment, FREE OF CHARGE, of the most remarkable remedy for this purpose ever discovered. Containing the GREAT VITAL PRINCIPLE lacking in all other remedies. Confidential correspondence invited from all, especially PHYSICIANS.
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BE A MONEY-MAKER. \$30 A WEEK SURE.

GOLD, SILVER, NICKEL AND METAL PLATING. NEW QUICK PROCESS.

MR. REED MADE \$\$\$ FIRST 2 DAYS. Mr. Cox writes: "Get all I can do. Plate 20 sets a day. Elegant business." Mr. Woodward earns \$170 a month. Agents all making money. So can you.
Gents or Ladies, you can positively make \$5 to \$15 a day, at home or traveling taking orders, using and selling Prof. Gray's Platers. Unequalled for plating watches, jewelry, tableware, bicycles, all metal goods. Heavy plate. **Warranted. No experience necessary.**
LET US START YOU IN BUSINESS. We do plating ourselves. Have experience. Manufacture the only practical outfit, including all tools, lathes and materials. All sizes complete. Ready for work when received. **Guaranteed. New modern methods.**
WE TEACH YOU the art, furnish recipes, formulas and trade secrets FREE. Failure impossible.
THE ROYAL, OUR NEW DIPPING PROCESS. Quick. Easy. Latest method. Goods dipped in melted metal, taken out instantly with finest, most brilliant plate, ready to deliver. Thick plate every time. **Guaranteed 5 to 10 years.** A boy plates from 200 to 300 pieces tableware daily. No polishing, grinding or work necessary.
DEMAND FOR PLATING IS ENORMOUS. Every family, hotel and restaurant, have goods plated instead of buying new. It's cheaper and better. You will not need to canvass. Our agents have all the work they can do. People bring it. You can hire boys cheap to do your plating, the same as we, and solicitors to gather work for a small per cent. Repeating is honest and legitimate. Customers always delighted. **WE ARE AN OLD ESTABLISHED FIRM.** Been in business for years. Know what is required. Our customers have the benefit of our experience.
WE ARE RESPONSIBLE and Guarantee Everything. Reader, here is a chance of a lifetime to go in business for yourself. **WE START YOU.** Now is the time to make money.
WRITE TO-DAY. Our New Plan, Samples, Testimonials and Circulars **FREE.** Don't wait. Send us your address any way. Address
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THE NATURAL BODY BRACE

**CURES AILMENTS PECULIAR TO WOMEN
COSTS YOU NOTHING TO TRY IT.**

WORN WITH OR WITHOUT CORSET—ENDORSED BY EVERY PHYSICIAN WHO HAS USED IT.
BE COMFORTABLE
BE HEALTHY AND STRONG
BE MORE ATTRACTIVE
WORK AND WALK WITH EASE

The following letter is one of many thousands:

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MONEY REFUNDED IF BRACE IS NOT SATISFACTORY.
Address THE NATURAL BODY BRACE CO., Box 194 Salina, Kansas.
Every woman anticipating motherhood should have this Brace.



SIMPLE IN CONSTRUCTION — COMFORTABLE — ADJUSTABLE TO ANY FIGURE

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Vapo-Cresolene.

Instantly Relieves and Quickly Cures

Hay Fever, Asthma, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Coughs, Colds.

Don't dose the stomach to cure throat, lung and bronchial troubles. Vapo-Cresolene vaporized in the room where you sleep will be inhaled with every breath and will cure you as it has thousands of others during the past twenty-one years. Cresolene is infallible in the treatment of whooping cough and croup. **Best Disinfectant.**

Descriptive booklet with testimonials free.

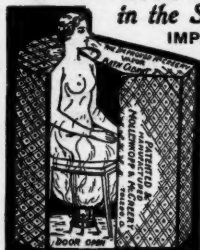
Sold by all druggists.

VAPO-CRESOLENE CO., 69 Wall St., New York.

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Wonderful Invention

Tones Every Organ and Nerve in the System



Every home should have THE LATEST IMPROVED MCCREERY FOLDING VAPOR BATH CABINET

Has a Door. It opens the

several million pores all over the body, and sweats out of the system all impure and poisonous matter which causes disease. Gives absolute cleanliness and without medicine, keeps the body healthy and vigorous. Will cure a hard cold and break up all symptoms of typhoid and other fevers with one bath. Reduces surplus flesh; cures rheumatism and

all blood, skin, nerve, kidney diseases. You will have all the invigorating, cleansing and purifying effects of the most luxurious Turkish, hot-air or medicated bath at a trifling cost. Price \$5.00.

The Rev. J. W. Bailey, D. D., Topeka, Kans., recommends this Thermal Bath Cabinet highly for nervous diseases. S. E. May, Haven, Kan., suffered fifteen years with rheumatism. After using our Bath Cabinet a short time he was entirely cured. Dr. Wm. F. Holcombe, one of New York's ablest and best known specialists, recommends this Cabinet for Bright's disease and all kidney troubles, and also says it is the greatest cure known for pneumonia.

Ladies should have our Complexion Steamer, used in conjunction with the Cabinet, in which the face is given the same vapor treatment as the body. The only harmless and sure method of drawing away all impurities, leaving the skin clear and soft as velvet. It is the only cure for pimples, blotches, and other disfiguring sores and blemishes. Invaluable for the successful treatment of Catarrh & Asthma. Price \$1.50 extra **FREE** Descriptive Book and Testimonials to all who write. Special Inducements to Agents.

MOLLENKOPP & MCCREERY, 102 Summit St. Toledo, O.

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Is Curable.

Our treatment is taken at home without the publicity and expense of an institute treatment. No Hypodermic Injections with their evil effects. It cures; not temporarily relieves. The expense is much less than the institute treatments. It braces the nerves, tones the stomach, and leaves the patient in good condition. Consultation and correspondence free and confidential. Write for our book on Alcoholism and narcotic diseases, mailed free in plain envelope.

We are successfully treating hundreds of patients by mail every month. Under our system of correspondence each patient receives individual care and instruction.

It would not be possible to get such indorsements as the following did we not do all we claim.

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Women Made Beautiful

by VESTRO. Develops the Bust 6 inches, fills all hollow places, adds grace, curve and beauty to the neck; softens and clears the skin. Beautiful women everywhere owe their superb figure and matchless loveliness to VESTRO. Harmless, permanent. NEVER FAILS. Every lady should have this unrivalled developer. Adds charm and attraction to plainest women. Full particulars, testimonials, etc., sealed for 5 cent stamp.

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The Old Way.

WILL develop or reduce any part of the body

A Perfect Complexion Beautifier and

Remover of Wrinkles

Dr. John Wilson Gibbs'

THE ONLY

Electric Massage Roller

(Patented United States, Europe, Canada, Cuba, etc.)

"Its work is not confined to the face alone, but will do good to any part of the body to which it is applied, *developing or reducing* as desired. It is a very pretty addition to the toilet table."—*Chicago Tribune*.

"This delicate Electric Beautifier removes all facial blemishes. It is the only positive remover of wrinkles and crow's feet. It never fails to perform all that is expected."—*Chicago Times-Herald*.
"The Electric Roller is certainly productive of good results. I believe it the best of any appliances. It is safe and effective."

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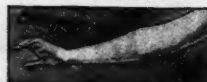
FOR MASSAGE AND CURATIVE PURPOSES

An Electric Roller in all the term implies. The invention of a physician and electrician known throughout this country and Europe. A most perfect complexion beautifier. Will remove wrinkles, "crow feet" (premature or from age), and all facial blemishes—POSITIVE. Whenever electricity is to be used for massaging or curative purposes, it has no equal. No charging. Will last forever. Always ready for use on ALL PARTS OF THE BODY, for all diseases. For Rheumatism, Sciatica, Neuralgia, Nervous and Circulatory Diseases, a specific. The professional standing of the inventor (you are referred to the public press for the past fifteen years), with the approval of this country and Europe, is a perfect guarantee. PRICE: GOLD, \$4.00; SILVER, \$3.00. By mail, or at office of Gibbs' Company, 1870 Broadway, New York. Circular free.

The only Electric Massage. Others so called are fraudulent imitations.



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"Can take a pound a day off a patient, or put it on."—*New York Sun*, August 30, 1891. Send for lecture on "Great Subject of Fat" and blank.

No Dieting.

No Hard Work.

DR. JOHN WILSON GIBBS' OBESITY CURE

For the Permanent Reduction and Cure of Obesity. Purely Vegetable. Harmless and Positive. NO FAILURE. Your reduction is assured—reduce to stay. One month's treatment, \$5.00. Mail or office, 1870 Broadway, New York. "On obesity, Dr. Gibbs is the recognized authority."—*N. Y. Press*, 1890. REDUCTIONS GUARANTEED. POSITIVE. "The cure is based on Nature's laws."—*N. Y. Herald*, July 9, 1893.

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Mr. Calvin O. Bliss.

Blind the poisonous Uric Acid, Lithates, etc., which cause the disease.

Disorders of the Kidneys and Bladder cause Bright's Disease, Rheumatism, Gravel, Pain in the Back, Bladder Disorders, difficult or too frequent passing water, Dropsy, etc. For these diseases a Positive Specific Cure is found in a new botanical discovery, the wonderful KAVA-KAVA Shrub, called by botanists the *piper methysticum*, from the Ganges River, East India. It has the extraordinary record of 1,200 hospital cures in 30 days. It acts directly on the kidneys and cures by draining out of the

Rev. John H. Watson testifies in the *New York World* that it saved him from the edge of the grave when dying of Kidney disease, and terrible suffering when passing water. Mr. Calvin G. Bliss, North Brookfield, Mass., testifies to his cure of long standing Rheumatism. Mr. Jos. Whitten, of Wolfboro, N. H., at the age of eighty-five, writes of his cure of Dropsy and swelling of the feet, Kidney disorder and Urinary difficulty. Many ladies, including Mrs. C. C. Fowler, Locktown, N. J., and Mrs. Sarah Tharp, Montclair, Ind., also testify to its wonderful curative power in Kidney and allied disorders peculiar to womanhood.

That you may judge of the value of this Great Discovery for yourself, we will send you one Large Case by mail FREE, only asking that when cured yourself you will recommend it to others. It is a Sure Specific and cannot fail. Address, The Church Kidney Cure Company, No. 409 Fourth Avenue, New York City.



The New Way.

To Fat People.

I KNOW you want to reduce your weight but probably you think it impossible or are afraid the remedy is worse than the disease. Now, let me tell you that not only can the obesity be reduced in a short time, but you will admit you never felt better in your life. I am a regular practising physician, and make a specialty of this subject. Here is what I will do for you. First, I send you a question blank to fill out; when it comes, I forward a five weeks' treatment. You are to make no very radical change in your food, but eat as much or as often as you please. No bandages or tight lacing. No harmful drugs nor sickening pills. The treatment can be taken privately. You will lose from two to five pounds weekly according to age and condition of body. At the end of five weeks you are to report to me and I will send further treatment. When you have reduced your flesh to the desired weight, you can then retain it. You will not become stout again. Your face and figure will be well shaped, your skin will be clear and handsome, and your eye will have the sparkle of youth. You will feel ten to twenty years younger. Ailments of the heart and other vital organs will be cured. Double chin, heavy abdomen, flabby cheeks and other disagreeable evidences of obesity are remedied speedily. I treat by mail, correspondence strictly confidential. Plain sealed envelopes and sealed packages sent. Satisfaction guaranteed.

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A Coin like this is worth



\$1500

"NUMISMATIC"

a PROFITABLE but NEGLECTED Science.

WHILE there are some people that have a vague idea that coins issued 100 or 1000 years ago are worth fabulous sums, yet very few know that coins issued only a few years ago are at a large premium. For instance, the first Columbian half-dollar issued 1892, sold for \$1,000. All the half-dollars from 1879 to 1890 are at a premium, also Isabella quarters of 1893, twenty-cent pieces 1876 to 1878; five and three-cent pieces of 1877; last issue of the two-cent copper and three-cent silver pieces; first issue of the nickel cents, all gold dollars and three-dollar gold pieces; all Territorial and California coins from 1849 to 1860, and thousands of earlier American and Foreign coins. There is also a premium on some coins with MINT MARKS O, S, C, D or CC; also on fractional currency, colonial, continental and Confederate bills and old POSTAGE STAMPS. THE GLOBE reports that a coin was found in Galveston worth \$5,000. THE NEW YORK JOURNAL says that a cent was pined up at Aurora, N. Y., worth \$1,200, and that Mr. Castle paid \$4,400 FOR A STAMP found at Louisville, Ky. THE WORLD says: "Many people have become wealthy by looking after old coins and stamps." THE HOME JOURNAL says: "Coin and stamp collecting is a profitable business, as there are but few in it. The Numismatic Bank buys from Agents all over the country, and pays them big sums." Coins that are very hard to find in one section are often easily found in others. A Boston baker sold 116 coppers for \$6,915, 29 silver coins for \$1,713, and 4 gold coins for \$1,700, and others have done nearly as well. Mr. F. W. AYER sold recently a lot of stamps, collected since 1892, to Stanley Gibbons for \$250,000. THE COMMERCIAL AND FINANCIAL NEWS says: "The Numismatic Bank is not only the largest institution of its kind, but as reliable, safe and trustworthy to deal with as any National Bank. The enormous business done by them is the result of SURETY DEALING and liberality." Send two-cent stamps for our illustrated circular on rare coins and stamps. It will give you information on a subject of most importance to you.

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TUFTED COUCH \$5.45

SEND US ONE DOLLAR and we will ship you by freight C. O. D., for examination, this beautiful tufted couch. If it is as we represent it pay the freight agent the balance, \$4.45, and freight charges. If not as represented we refund your money. This couch is 76 in. long, 28 in. wide, hard wood frame, castors, covered with figured plush or corduroy in red, brown or green, 28 full tempered steel springs, full spring edges and ends, deep cord fringe and fancy tassels. It's an honest made article at a very low price. Ask any bank or express company in Chicago about our reliability.

HOUSEHOLD SUPPLY CO., 44 Market St., Chicago, Ill.



Star Lathes

Foot power Screw cutting Automatic Cross feed 9 and 11-inch Swing. New and Original Features. Send for Catalogue B. SENECA FALLS MFG. COMPANY, 678 Water St., Seneca Falls, N. Y.

Kelly Shower Bath Ring

Nickel Plated; with six feet of Hot-Water-proof Hose.

\$2.00 Express to any part of United States, add 25c.

THOS. KELLY & BROS.,

199 Madison Street, CHICAGO.



NEW IDEA IN TRUNKS.

The Stallman Dresser Trunk is constructed on new principles. Drawers instead of trays. A place for everything and everything in its place. The bottom as accessible as the top. Defies the baggage smasher. Costs no more than a good box trunk. Sent C. O. D. with privilege of examination. Send 2c. stamp for illustrated catalogue.

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19 W. Spring St., Columbus, O.

Easy Walking, Increased Height, Arched Instep, Better Fitting Shoes, Ease and Comfort.



Simply placed in the heel, felt down. Do not require larger shoes. Invisible, durable, healthful, recommended by physicians. Raised or lowered by adding or removing layers of cork. 1/4 in. 25c; 3/4 in. 35c; 1 in. 50c. per pair. Ladies' or Men's. Send name, size of shoe, height desired, and 2c. stamp for pair on 10 days' trial.

GILBERT MFG. CO., 68 Elm St., Rochester, N. Y.

OUTFIT No. 2.

SEND US ONE DOLLAR

and we will ship these three pieces by freight C. O. D. subject to examination. If as represented pay your freight agent the balance, \$6.00, and freight charges. Bed comes in two sizes, full size and three quarter size; finished in baked white enamel, brass rosette centers, posts are extra strong mounted with brass knobs, castors are ball bearing. Mattress, good sanitary cotton top. Springs, best woven wire, reinforced in center with eleven coil springs to prevent it from sagging. If not as advertised write us at once and get your dollar back. Ask any bank or express company in Chicago about our reliability.



IRON BED \$7.90
BED SPRINGS
AND MATTRESS
ALL FOR \$7.90

WRITE FOR FREE CATALOGUE.

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ALL WOOL SUIT \$5.95

Man's Suit made from rich Black Cheviot woven by America's Best Woolen Mill from fine picked wool yarn, dyed by a new process and cannot fade—famous everywhere for its perfect weave and deep black color.

SKILLED SUIT TAILORS will make the suit in latest sack style to fit perfect, line it with fine, heavy Farmer's satin and sew it with pure silk and linen thread, guaranteed far better in quality, style and looks than others best \$10 suit.

SEND NO MONEY but send this adv. and we'll send you a large sample of this beautiful Cheviot and our big book of cloth samples of other suits from \$6.95 up, or send us your Height, Weight, Chest, Waist and Crotch measure with \$1.00 deposit and we'll express the suit to you C.O.D., subject to examination; examine it carefully, try it on, see that it fits perfect, then pay the express agent the balance (\$4.95) and expressage, only after you find it exactly as represented, a perfect fit and far better than others best \$10.00 suits. Send today quick for suit or free sample book.

REFERENCES The Royal Trust Co. Bank, Chicago—any wholesale house in Chicago or any express company in America.

THE D. LOUIS VEHOR CO., 157 W. Jackson St., Chicago.

Mlle. AIMEE'S FACE BLEACH

Makes a Perfect Skin.



You will never know the secret of a beautiful complexion until you try Mlle. Aimee's marvelous beautifier. A Trial will thoroughly convince any lady that Mlle. Aimee's Face Bleach is the most remarkable complexion maker and the only Face Bleach that absolutely and permanently removes freckles, tan, sunburn, pimples, blotches, flesh worms, blackheads, sallowness, crows feet or any skin eruption whatever. It produces a clear, transparent skin; gives a refined, fascinating complexion and enhances a lady's loveliness beyond her most extravagant expectations. It is pure and harmless as the smile of a babe and full particulars, two handsome beauty books containing invaluable information to every lady will be mailed Absolutely Free. Do not fail to write today. You will be delightfully repaid for your trouble.

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For years, and almost frantic With HEAD-NOISES.

I tried every known treatment and device without help—Finally I cured myself by Galvanic Electricity. If you are deaf or growing deaf or have head noises don't waste time and money as I did—Write me and I will gladly send you full information FREE. Address with stamp W. J. TINDALL, PAINTER, GOSHES, N. Y.

Silk
Lined
Jacket

All Wool Material



TAILOR MADE SUIT \$5.98

THE SUIT is made by Expert Men Tailors from Ford's Best All Wool Fast Color Ladies' Cloth famous for its rich, soft bloom and beautiful appearance. The Jacket is made in latest single breasted style, superbly trimmed with fine satin bands, beautifully silk faced and elegantly lined with real French silk. The skirt is lined and interlined, has nobly welted seams, new style back, cut full width and hangs graceful and stylish. Guaranteed strictly tailor made and worth fully \$10.00. Choice of black or blue colors.

SEND NO MONEY but send this adv. and we'll send Free a large sample of the cloth and our Big Catalog of other Suits, Jackets, Capes and Skirts, or send us \$1, with color desired, give bust and waist measure, length of skirt down front from skirt band to bottom and we'll express the suit to you C.O.D., subject to examination; when it arrives examine it carefully, try it on, see that it fits perfect, then pay the express agent the balance (\$4.98 and expressage) only after you find it a perfect fit, exactly as represented and equal to the best \$10 suit you ever saw. Send today quick for free sample and catalogue or suit.

REFERENCES The Royal Trust Co. Bank, Chicago, Chicago and Chicago wholesale house or any express company in America.

THE D. LOUIS VEHON CO., 157 W. Jackson St., Chicago.



AGENTS—Gold Watches

for a few hours' work. If you wish to earn a Gold Watch, Gold Ring, Camera, or any other of our long list of premiums, send us your name and address on a postal card, and we will send you a package of our fast selling Jewelry Novelties to sell at 10 cents each. No money required. We give watches if you only sell 25 pins at 10 cents each. Thousands are doing it every day. So can you.

NOVELTY MFG. CO.,
Pine St., Attleboro, Mass.

LADIES

I Make Big Wages at Home and will gladly tell you all about my work. It's very pleasant and will easily pay \$18 weekly. This is no deception. I want no money, and will gladly send full particulars to all sending 2c. stamp.

Mrs. A. H. Wiggins, Box 28, Benton Harbor, Mich.



Bell Odometer FOR CARRIAGES

Records the distance traveled. Write for descriptive circular D.

A. H. DAVIS & CO.,
(Successors to Davis, Stebbins & Co.)
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PROF. I. HUBERT'S MALVINA CREAM

For Beautifying the Complexion. Removes all Freckles, Tan, Sunburn, Pimples, Liver Moles and other imperfections. Not changing but removing all blemishes and permanently restoring the complexion to its original freshness. For sale at Drug Stores sent postpaid on receipt of 50c. Use Prof. I. Hubert MALVINA CREAM SOAP 25 Cents a Cake. TOLEDO, O.

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has been used for over FIFTY YEARS by MILLIONS of MOTHERS FOR THEIR CHILDREN WHILE TEETHING with perfect SUCCESS. It SOOTHES THE CHILD, SOFTENS THE GUMS, ALLAYS ALL PAIN, CURES WIND COLIC, and is the BEST REMEDY FOR DIARRHŒA. Sold by druggists in every part of the world.

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Hyacinths, Tulips, Daffodils, Crocus, etc.

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FOR LADIES AND CHILDREN.

No garters. No supporters. Button to waist. Up to stay. Most comfortable, summer or winter. Best, cheapest, and most durable. Ideal stocking for bicycling, athletic sports, and for every day use. Children's sizes, 25c. to 45c. Ladies', 50c. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Mail orders solicited. We pay postage. Circulars free.

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and mistakes in carrying forward don't occur where the Comptometer is used. It saves half the time in doing the work and all time looking for errors. Solves with great rapidity and absolute accuracy all arithmetical problems. Write for pamphlet.

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a device which

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the form of
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For it to fail is
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THE CASS CORSET BELT.

(Patents Pending)

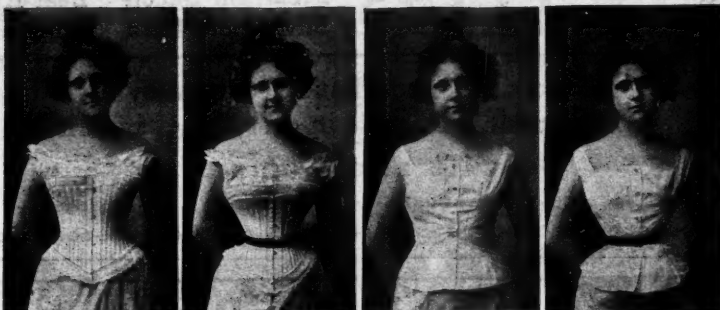


Photo of figure wearing ordinary corset laced to a fit.

Same figure and corset after putting on a Cass Corset Belt. The stylish, perfect waist.

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IT GIVES ANY WOMAN A SUPERB FIGURE

FLESHY OR SLIGHT PERSONS. For either fleshy persons, who lack symmetry, or slight persons inclined to a flat waist, its work is unfailing. **ITS EFFECT.** Heavily magnetized, a stimulating electric current constantly plays upon the circulation at the confined points of contact—a great tonic and comfort to the whole system when one is dressed-up and wishes to appear at one's best. It quickens the temperament in a way that gives color and brightens the eye.

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Our standing is thoroughly established. By arrangement the American Garment Company and the Royal Trust Company certify to our unquestionable reliability. You may refer to their Chicago or any branch office. Address,

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Described in book "Entertaining with Cards" (illustrated), newly enlarged and revised (price, 25c.) Describes novel card parties, and how to entertain successfully. Sample copy, postpaid, for 10c. in stamps, or we will send you an order for one FREE at your dealers, on receipt of four wrappers from Fashion Series packs. (Mention dealer's name and address.) Booklet "Fashion Series in Miniature," revised, sent FREE, prepaid.

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\$25.00 PRIZE.—To aid in bringing out new card-party ideas, we offer a prize of \$25.00 for best description of the most novel card party held between Sept. 1, 1899, and June 30, 1900, at which Fashion Series Playing Cards were used. Competition articles must be received by July 5, 1900. Address COMPETITION DEPT., U. S. PLAYING CARD CO.

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cures headache caused by jar in walking. Your headache may be caused in that way—many have found it so.

DYKES is different than any other heel—galvanized wire preserves their form, leather tips in nail holes prevents slipping and dirt adhesion. 40c by mail if your dealer doesn't keep them.

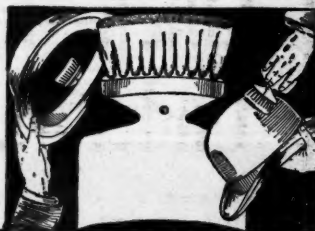
Dykes Hat Brush

fills a long-felt want—can be easily produced when needed—when not, is out of sight and mind.

Made of aluminum and best bristle—no weight—entire size not 2 inches square—does the work as well as \$5 brush—price 25c—with name engraved, 10c extra.

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A malady which carries off more people than is generally thought."

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Woolen underwear is far more deadly in winter than in summer. The idea that it protects is a fallacy. It overheats first, and then it chills, predisposing the system to attacks of colds, catarrh, la grippe, pneumonia and rheumatism.

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Is sufficiently warm to be healthy, and puts the skin in such condition as that one ceases to fear draughts. There will be no colds to take, no rheumatism to suffer from. Try Linen-Mesh this winter, and you will enjoy solid comfort.

A common-sense pamphlet about it free.



The Deimel Linen-Mesh Undergarments for men, women and children bear this trade mark. If they are not for sale in your community, we

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Do you know that we also manufacture the finest dress shield in existence?

Chester Suspenders



**fit
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The "Endwell" at 50 cts. A cheaper model at 25 cts. Sample pairs postpaid on receipt of price. Nicked drawer supporters free to purchasers who send their furnisher's name if he does not keep Chester's.

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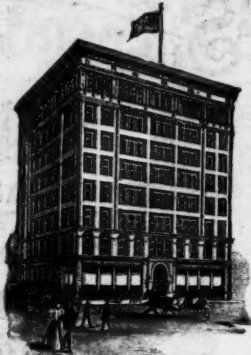
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Prices guaranteed 25 to 45 per cent lower than department stores.

Send for samples.

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